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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Melbourne artist Bruce Petty, creator of the space-age cartoon on the opposite page, says he is mostly "self-taught."

BRUCE, aged 31, has worked in London and New York.

While in London for four years from 1955, his cartoons were published in "Punch," "Lilliput," and "Spectator."

Early in 1959 he spent four months in New York, working in the "New Yorker" office.

On his way back to Australia Bruce visited Cuba, arriving just after the beginning of the Castro revolution. He toured South America by motor-bicycle, returning to Melbourne late in 1959.

Bruce is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Les Petty, of Doncaster, Victoria.

THE two months' public appeal for £1,000,000 for Victoria's new National Art Gallery and Cultural Centre (pages 10 and 11) does not officially open until August, but already £200,000 has been contributed in four donations of £50,000 each.

Each of these gifts will be used to endow a gallery in the centre.

The Victorian Government will add £750,000 to the appeal when it opens. The Government also will guarantee a loan on the balance needed for the final estimated cost of more than £4,000,000.

Staff photographer Jonathan Evetts took the color picture of the centre on page 11; staff photographer Jim Ellard the color pictures—day and night—of Kings Bridge on page 10.

A MILITARY cap (see picture below) has also been among the many types of head-gear Pope John has worn in his varied and adventurous life (pages 6, 7).

The occasion was World War I, when the Pope, then Sergeant Angelo Roncalli, served with the Italian Medical Corps.



POPE JOHN as a sergeant in the Medical Corps in World War I.

IT'S a surprise to hear someone with a good word for Victoria's dry north winds.

That "someone" is Maureen Lusson, author of the charming story "Variations on a Romantic Theme" (page 29), who lives at Hampton, Victoria.

Our cover

● The delightful little animal with its paws on the edge of a pool at Sydney's Taronga Park Zoo is an otter. The picture is by staff photographer Ernie Nutt. More pictures and story, page 14.

She told our Fiction Department that during the summer she had neglected writing for gardening and bottling.

Her shelves are filled with bottles of peaches, apricots, passionfruit, herb vinegar, candied peel, candied rose-petals, and her rooms are scented with potpourri adapted from old English recipes.

She says that making potpourri in Australia is a joy after struggling to dry petals and leaves in the summer in England, her former home.

It used to take her weeks, but "here, two or three days in a dry north wind and, hey presto, the drying is complete."

"THE BIG SHOW," now touring Australia, was to have included Troy Donahue (Teenagers' Weekly, pages 2, 3, 5), but a sudden crisis in the filming of Troy's big TV show, "Surfside 6," prevented him from making the trip.

Lee Gordon's office, however, assures us that Troy will be coming to Australia as soon as new arrangements can be made.

NEXT WEEK: Children's handknits — Seven new designs for juniors in a four-page pull-out for easy knitting . . .
"A Pound of Mince" — Recipes for appetising main-course dishes that begin with a pound of minced sausage meat.



FIRST STOP: MOON!

● When will it come to this? Artist BRUCE PETTY, saluting the opening of the Space Age on April 12 last, looks forward to a luxury cruise in the not-too-distant future . . . to the moon and beyond.

Valentina shared Yuri's secret

● One of the proudest and most admired women in the world today is a dark-haired, unassuming young mother of two, with the romantic name of Valentina.

UNTIL two weeks ago, this young mother was just another Russian housewife.

Now Valentina Gagarin's face has been televised and radioed around the globe.

She has stood in the Red Square before topmost dignitaries of her country while Prime Minister Khrushchev paid her the supreme compliment of saying she had "a great soul," which had given her husband the courage to undertake his superhuman task of being the world's first spaceman.

It is also the first time in recent years that a woman in Russia has been accorded so much reflected glory. A woman in her own right may receive equal honors for any service she gives to the Soviet. But 26-year-old Valentina's only part in this epoch-making trip has been that of wife and mother.

To watch her as I did on television in London on the day of her husband's triumphal entry into Moscow after he'd orbited the earth was to take

a lesson in how to be the perfect wife in public.

She stood with Prime Minister Khrushchev, Soviet President Brezhnev, and former President Voroshilov on a great dais at Vnukovo Airport with quiet dignity, as to the manner born.

Yet three days before she was unheard of.

She watched quietly as her husband strode briskly to the

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

da's, saluted, and was heartily embraced by greeting politicians. When finally her Yuri was free to go to her and clasp her in his arms, she seemed utterly unconscious of the thousands of people watching from the tarmac. Then graciously she released him to go to his parents.

In every action there was happy pride, but not one of her gestures was awkward, affected, or presumptuous. They were the movements of a woman who feels completely secure in herself and her husband.



SPACEMAN Yuri Gagarin (right) with his wife, Valentina, and their elder daughter, Elena, at their home near Moscow.

It was the same when she was led by Khrushchev to the vast waiting car bedecked with flowers, which was to carry her with the Prime Minister and Gagarin through great crowds into the Red Square. Never before had she travelled in anything so grand.

Yet watching her sitting there one could see her only thought was for her husband—his happiness and success.

It was the same when she stood with his parents, Anna Timofeyevna, 58, and Alexi Ivanovitch, 59, on the steps of the Mausoleum in the Red

Square. For nearly as long as her husband was in space she listened to praise of him. Arms full of flowers and eyes wet with tears of joy, she stood motionless and attentive while new orders and honors were piled upon Yuri.

Only when Khrushchev referred to her personally did she permit herself the ghost of a smile.

Her appearance was symbolic of the change which has come over her country in the past 50 years.

She wore a smart turban-shaped hat and neat, well-cut

overcoat. Beside her, her mother-in-law's scarf and her father-in-law's cloth cap were a perfect reminder of the home from which the world's first spaceman has come.

For Yuri Gagarin is the son of a carpenter. He had ordinary opportunities of schooling. He trained for the humble manual job of moulder in a foundry.

Neither of his parents could ever have imagined that one day he would be the most famous man in the world. Neither could his future wife, young Valentina.

She was studying to be a nurse at the Medical College in Orenberg when he, dissatisfied with monotonous foundry work, joined Orenberg Aviation Academy as a trainee pilot.

From their first meeting she found the quiet, imaginative young trainee with the thoughtful, deep-set eyes the most attractive man she had ever met. His sense of humor appealed to her and she shared his love of books and music.

By the time Elena, now 3, was born he had begun his years of concentrated training at the giant space laboratory in Central Asia.

Yuri became a member of the Communist Party a year ago. It was probably at this stage that he knew he might be chosen to undergo the unprecedented strain of being the first man in space.

He decided, as months of physical, mental, and technical trials went on, that he would not burden his wife with the possibility just yet.

Then, when she became pregnant, Yuri was sure he had been tight in keeping the news from her.

He waited until their second daughter, Galina, was born on March 27 before he broke the news.

"I thought the suspense might be bad for her and the baby," he revealed later.

But when he spoke to Khrushchev just after his successful landing from cosmo and was asked if his wife had known he was to be shot into space, Yuri answered: "Yes, she knew, Nikita Sergeyevich."

Behind this sentence lies a world others can only guess at.

Von Braun—father of the rocket

By LARRY FOLEY, of our New York staff

WERNHER VON BRAUN, who has long believed that man would conquer space, will be in Australia next January—just eight months after Russian Yuri Gagarin's triumph.

MEET OUR INTERIOR DECORATOR

● Mrs. Josephine Bull, our expert American interior decorator, who has been brought to Australia by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the Venetian Blind Industry of Australia, will give demonstrations in capital cities.

SYDNEY: Farmer & Co., Monday, May 15, to Saturday, May 20. Two sessions daily at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. and at 10 a.m. on Saturday. Admission is free, but tickets must be obtained in the Furniture Department, Sixth Floor, from Monday, May 8.

Rocket man von Braun would have liked to launch the world's first man into space.

But the world's first spaceman, be he Russian or American, means for von Braun as for many other far-seeing scientists a dream come true.

Von Braun, head of America's rocket programme, will come to Australia as the guest of the Nuclear Research Foundation to give five lectures at the Foundation's Summer Science School, January 8-19.

He has aimed at the stars all his life.

Had Hitler won the war, he may well have been instrumental in launching a fellow-German into space.

Hitler lost, and the U.S. got von Braun—perhaps the most important single war-prize of all. For, without him, without the genius of Peenemunde, whose brains devised the infamous V-1's and V-2's

that thundered down on Londoners' heads, the U.S. today would probably be even farther behind Russia in rocketry.

But because Hitler lost, von Braun found himself working to put an American into orbit.

And if it had been the Russians who got von Braun at the end of the war, he would no doubt have worked just as hard to put a Russian into space.

German, Russian, American—they're all one to von Braun; he has asked only that he be given the tools that he may get on with the job.

Von Braun remains something of an enigma.

Many have wondered how, for example, a man could switch loyalties so smoothly from Germany to a conqueror, the U.S.

His attitude is understandable if you see him as a man dedicated to science, which knows no national boundaries, and as simply a human being obsessed by an idea, born with the genius that puts realization of his ideal within his grasp.

He is a trail-blazer in the great tradition.

Von Braun himself will never set foot on the Moon; but he has set foot there, in his mind. And, within the next ten years, he says, man will probably do so.

He is perhaps the chief prophet of the space age. He sees visions, and has made blueprints of them, of interplanetary life, of space-ships and commuting timetables for journeys hither and yon.

His dreams seem to keep him young. He is a big man, fleshy, with thick unruly hair, wears his clothes untidily, is always bustling about.

Over his office door at Huntsville, Alabama, is a sign: "No talkie, no tellee, no cathee hellee!"

He and his German wife have two daughters, born in the U.S.—11-year-old Iris and 8-year-old Margrit.

Von Braun was born the second son of Magnus, Baron von Braun, once Secretary of Agriculture of the German Republic before Hitler, on March 23, 1912. Wernher's



WHEN von Braun visited London in 1959—shown here at a Press reception at the Dorchester—he agreed that the Russians might be the first to send a man into space.

older brother, Sigismund, is Chief of Protocol of the Bonn Republic, his younger brother, Magnus, lives in the U.S.

As children, Sigismund and Wernher fired home-made rockets in Berlin, to the alarm of their family and of the neighbors.

Last January von Braun

said: "This space effort of ours is bigger even than a rivalry between the U.S. and Russia. The heavens beyond us are enormous beyond comprehension, and the further we penetrate them, the greater will be our human understanding of the great universal purpose, the Divine Will itself."



Governor-General and his family

● Viscount De L'Isle with his family at their ancestral home, Penshurst Place, Kent. His eldest daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Elisabeth Colthurst, 20, the Hon. Anne, who is 13, and the Hon. Kat (Catherine), 18, are seated; the Hon. Lucy, 8, dressed for horse-riding, and Lady De L'Isle (in cardigan) behind them; son and heir, the Hon. Philip, 16, is seated, almost hidden by Catherine. All the family except Elisabeth, who is expecting her first baby soon, and Philip, who is at boarding-school, will come to Australia.

● A slim, pretty woman of 35 and a smiling, short, stout man of 79 will talk together in the Vatican on the morning of May 5. This visit by the Queen of England to Pope John XXIII will be the first by a reigning British monarch to the Vatican since King George V went there almost 38 years ago.

By CHARLOTTE and DENIS PLIMMER, whose journalistic "beat" runs from Buckingham Palace to Vatican City.



NOT long ago we were in the high-ceilinged, damask-walled private study of Pope John XXIII. A huge globe dominates one corner of that sun-filled room, a modern globe, in sharp contrast to the gilded antique chairs and elaborately carved tables.

It is lighted from within so that all the seas and continents stand out clearly, and is geared to an electric motor. Whenever His Holiness presses his scarlet-slippered toe on a foot-pedal he makes the world turn.

A Vatican official said to us, "This globe will interest Prince Philip. I understand he's rather like the Holy Father—fond of gadgets."

The Pope and the Royal couple who will visit him are globe-conscious as never before. Both Queen and Pope head vast commonwealths, the Queen's a political entity, the Pope's an entity of the spirit. Their influence directly touches every continent.

As Queen Elizabeth and Pope John meet, each must have the same provocative

thought: "Many of our subjects are the very same people—and owe their allegiance to both of us."

Within the Vatican itself are English, Scots, Irish, Canadians, as well as Commonwealth Africans and Asians. The world's first negro cardinal, a Tanganyikan, is a subject of the Queen.

In the archives of the Queen's family are many stories of Crown-Vatican co-operation. Even the rigidly Protestant Victoria held out an olive branch; she offered Pope Pius IX sanctuary when it was feared that he might be driven into exile.

In World War II the escape route for British prisoners lay through the office of



QUEEN ELIZABETH (left) will pass through this entrance to the Pope's apartments in the Vatican Palace. The sentries belong to the Swiss Guard.

When the Queen

the British Minister to the Holy See, then located within the Vatican itself.

And when the late British envoy to the Vatican, Sir Marcus Cheke, a Protestant, was dying, Pope John came to his bedside, not as a priest but as a friend.

The State of Vatican City must strike Queen Elizabeth as a very curious place.

It is as though, in London, she should suddenly find all of Whitehall plus St. James' Park surrounded by a high wall, each entry guarded by soldiers of a foreign land, and the territory within a separate and self-governing nation.

The Vatican, which covers a mere 109 acres, is a jumble of tile-roofed ochre buildings—a post-office, a bookshop, a grocery, a museum, a marble railway station—all dominated by the world's biggest church, the Basilica of St. Peter.

The Queen approaches the little kingdom along a broad, straight avenue, the Via della Conciliazione. She sees before her the historic church set at the end of the street with the same dramatic perfection as Buckingham Palace is set at the end of the Mall.

As her car drives into the huge, colonnaded square, the Piazza San Pietro, she has left Italy behind and is in the sovereign State of Vatican City.

The car approaches the Arch of the Bells, just to the left of the church. It is flanked by Swiss guards in their Renaissance costumes of blue, yellow, and red. They spring to attention, their lofty halberds glinting.

Gardens in tiers

This is the point where the ordinary visitor is challenged. "Pass?" asks a cocked-hatted Papal policeman. If you don't have one—it is the equivalent of a visa, and you must have legitimate business inside to get one—you can no more get through the Arch of the Bells than you can gate-crash Buckingham Palace.

Last time we followed the Queen's route, which leads behind the apse of the Basilica, we came upon a cheerful Italian craftsman creating, in the sunshine, a lofty, gilt mosaic.

And we were surprised—forgetting for a moment that of the thousand citizens of the miniature State, many are not priests—to see a young woman wheeling a pram.

A little farther on we saw a group of gardeners drinking from a chianti bottle which they had hung on one of Pope John's trees.

No such casual sights greet the Queen, for everything is super-tidy for her—more's the pity. As her car rounds a broad curve she gets a brief glimpse of the soft green gardens that rise in tiers behind her and of the tall antennae of the Vatican radio station.

"How like Windsor Castle," she must think as she moves through courtyard after courtyard where bricks and stones of many centuries touch. "But how different—this Italian sunshine and these butter-colored buildings."

Long climb ahead

The car stops in the broad Cortile San Damaso, which is overlooked by the Pope's state apartments. The pontiff Damaso was a man after Prince Philip's practical heart. We hope the splendidly garbed Chamberlain of Cape and Sword, who greets the couple, has time to whisper into the Prince's ear:

"Saint Damasus was the Pope who built our drains, Your Royal Highness, sixteen hundred years ago. And they still work!"

The Pope's personal rooms are in the attic of the Apostolic Palace, and his formal apartments are only one floor below. So up the steep marble stairs—139 steps!—goes the Queen.

There is a lift, and when the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret were there in 1959 two gilt chairs were placed inside so they could ride. But this island race is sturdy. They chose to climb. Said the Princess, "We wanted to make sure we didn't miss anything."

In the old days honored visitors used to reach the Pope, gasping and speechless. Now the Vatican has a little face-saving trick.

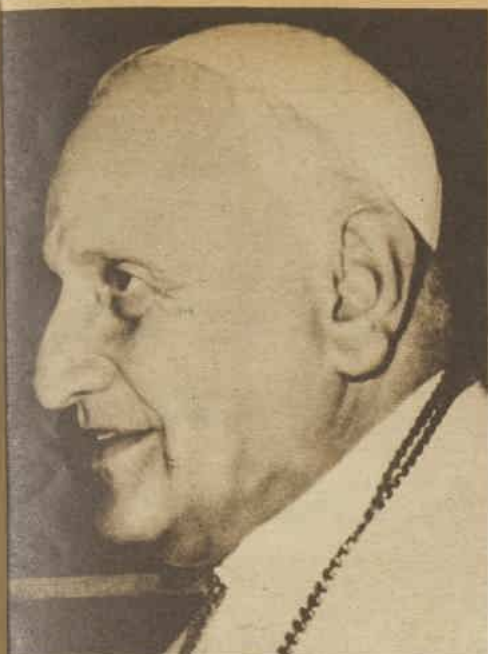
Every dozen steps or so they place an official whose job it is to make some welcoming comment and give the guests a chance to catch their breath.

There is probably nowhere else—except in her own Parliament on State occasions—where the Queen could encounter so many parrot-bright courtiers: men in scarlet bro-



THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET both wore black when they arrived in the Vatican to meet Pope John in private audience two years ago. They were greeted by the Papal Chamberlain (back to camera). At the Pope's wish, the Queen Mother wore some of her magnificent jewellery.

The Pontiff and his hats



● A Pope traditionally has five kinds of headgear available to be worn, according to what he is doing. There is, most commonly, the SKULLCAP, which he wears "at home," that is, when he works in his office and when he gives private or public audiences in the Vatican. This he will wear when he receives Queen Elizabeth. Sometimes the skullcap is black, but Pope John on this occasion will be wearing a white one.



THE "ROUND HAT" may be worn outdoors. It can either be black (when the Pope makes a private call) or red (when on an official visit).



THE TRIPLE TIARA consists of three crowns, representing the Pope's spiritual, temporal, and divine powers. It is reserved for the most solemn ceremonies.



THE MITRE, tall and beautifully worked, is the ancient symbol of episcopal office. The Pope wears it at services in St. Peter's.

visits the Pope

rade breeches, in sweeping cloaks, men with starched white ruffs at their throat, with gleaming gilt epaulets, who serve as escorts and pages in the dozen salons Her Majesty walks through to reach the Pope's study.

As she moves from room to room, she must be reminded once more of Windsor. For these chambers are not unlike some of her own smaller State rooms, with silken-covered walls, richly decorated ceilings, and dozens of paintings.

One painting, unfortunately, that the Queen does not see is a superb Sir Thomas Lawrence of her "wicked" forebear, the Prince Regent, who morganatically married the Catholic Maria Fitzherbert. The Pope keeps this one in the Vatican Picture Gallery, not in his own apartments.

Popes are apparently very sensitive about rooms being the right fit for the number of visitors. This long vista of salons accommodates audiences of varying sizes — the Hall of the Tapestries (scenes from the Life of Christ) for bacciamano (hand-kissing) audiences of 30 or 40 pilgrims; the Room of the Noble Guards for important groups of three or four.

Only the top people ever get inside the study—Prime Minister Macmillan, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Grace and Rainier, Princess Margaret, and the Queen Mother.

Air of informality

We have a way of turning up in important places just when the workmen come in. At Windsor we once found them assembling a colossal crystal chandelier, and in the Vatican we came across men repairing the red velvet canopy of the papal throne, which lay on its side on the floor.

But the Queen, of course, never sees this make-and-mend sort of thing. With everything in apple-pie order, she probably thinks, "How it has all changed since Philip and I were here in 1951 to see Pope Pius."

For Pope John is a bustling, housewifely sort of pontiff. When he took over, he made a lot of changes.

Out went heavy bookcases, threadbare wall silk. In came air-conditioning and

pots of paint to revive old gilding and freshen time-stained ceilings.

He chose two splendid tapestries from the museum for his study, and commissioned a series of portraits of previous Pops to surround the walls.

He ordered new curtains for the ante-rooms—simple green silk edged with a Greek key border in white — and for his own office the same design in regal crimson.

And—a considerate gesture from the boss—he had the tops of doors leading into his study raised so that the Swiss Guards need no longer dip their halberds awkwardly to enter.

In gleaming white

How does the Pope greet the Queen?

Pope John is an informal man and he likes to open his door and stretch his arms out like the jovial proprietor of an Italian inn.

He never expects non-Catholics to kiss his ring, and not long ago when the Anglican rector of St. Bride's, London, paid a call, the Pope threw an arm around his shoulder and said warmly, "I've heard a lot about you!"

He is a resplendent figure in gleaming white, his gold-embroidered scarlet slippers peeping out from beneath his cassock. For once Her Majesty is outshone.

She is most likely in sombre black, her long skirt reaching the floor, her arms completely covered, her head veiled. But the Vatican is, after all, a man's world. Custom and courtesy make women the lesser sex.

Queen Elizabeth would be the last person to commit a fashion gaffe; she would no more dress improperly to visit the Pope than she would open Parliament without her crown.

But, as any jeweller knows, when it comes to backgrounds for diamonds, black is best. And diamonds are a Queen's best friend.

Before the Queen Mother visited the Pope in 1959, uninhibited John sent a message to Clarence House: "We have seen so many photos of Her Majesty in her magnificent

jewellery, that we would be grateful if she would wear as much as possible."

She did.

The Queen crosses the carpet of salmon, royal-blue, and gold, and sits on a little gilt chair with red damask upholstery—there are a dozen in a semicircle in the centre of the study under a gigantic multicolored Venetian chandelier.

Perhaps His Holiness leads her to one of the tall windows. He likes his view. She looks out over a sloping tiled roof and, beyond a parade of sculpted saints, down to the Piazza San Pietro where the fountains play and where, just as at home, there are always crowds hoping to catch a glimpse of the head of the house.

Turning back, she probably notices what a Pope keeps on his desk — an elaborate French clock with glass sides so John can watch the wheels move: a tray of often-sharpened, stumpy pencils; a little cardboard box of paper-clips; a small jar that holds a damp sponge; a pair of reading-glasses; a white, thumb-indexed Bible. And, on the table adjoining, two telephones—one black, one white.

What do they talk about?

The issue of Christian unity is at its hottest in five centuries. Do the Defender of the Faith and the Supreme Pontiff debate world-shaking policies?

The official announcement will doubtless be as noncommittal as usual, but it's our bet that, if anybody could conceal himself behind a tapestry, he would find the main topic was children.

They'll speak French

The Pope loves them, the Queen has them. In 1959 he asked the Queen Mother anxiously about Princess Anne's chickenpox. Now he says, "And your children—are they well?"

The conversation is in French—both the Queen and the Pope speak it fluently. He can speak a little English (an Irish priest has been coaching him), but his efforts sometimes move him to uncontrolled laughter, and he says, "Oh, these terrible vowels!"

He once apologised to an American



THE CAMAURO, a small velvet hood lined with fur, has been revived after more than a century of disuse. Pope John leaves the Vatican much more often than his predecessor, and he favors the camauro for these visits to schools, hospitals, and other establishments around Rome.

group: "Please, signori, forgive the bad language."

To the Queen now he may joke, "Your little Prince Andrew, no doubt, speaks better English than I!"

Some 60 years ago, when the late Princess Marie Louise, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, was received by Pope Leo XIII, the old man was a bit high-handed with his Royal guest. When she started to say something, he held up his hand: "Hush, my child, I am talking."

Times have changed. Of one thing we may be sure. When Queen Elizabeth speaks, Pope John hears her out.

In this tempestuous Year of Our Lord, 1961, the Holy Father is deeply concerned with every word the Queen of England says.

For in the corner, a reminder that neither Queen nor Pope can ignore, is that globe, turning on its axis, as slowly and as inexorably as Fate.

"Take it as Red"



it's a new lip colour by **Lournay**

LIPSTICK 10/6 - SWITCH-STICK REFILL 7/6



LOURNAY COSMETICS ARE RECOMMENDED BY GUILD CHEMISTS - ALSO LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES

Decline of Debbery

"Coming out" in London now costs more, means less than ever before

From **DIANA GIBSON**,
in London

● Never has the Deb world been bigger, more expensive, or meant less socially than it does in London today.

ANY girl in the world whose parents have about £8000 sterling and a year to spend can come to London and be a Deb; so nowadays those whose mothers made their debuts in the days of Court presentation are tending to discourage publicity for their daughters.

Since the Queen abolished presentation at Court a few years ago, debutantes in the old accepted sense of the word have ceased to exist and the Royal family has tended to ignore everything connected with Debbery.

The Deb world is now almost entirely commercial. Even the title "Deb of the Year" is fabricated by society reporters and photographers, who tend to band together and give it to the most amenable and photogenic girl available.

Back in the mid-1930s being a debutante really meant something. It meant, first of all, a girl's eligibility for presentation at Court, for with-

out presentation you were not a debutante and you did not "come out."

You made your debut with a curtsy before Their Majesties at an Evening Court when, wearing full evening dress and an elaborate hairdo topped with three ostrich feathers, you were presented by your mother or a close woman relative.

In order to present you she had to have been presented twice herself—at her own debut and after her marriage.

"Out of hand"

Standards of behaviour were high. Girls were "dropped" from the social season for the smallest indiscretion or breach of manners, and chaperonage tended to be of Victorian severity.

"Coming-out" dances then were fewer and smaller than they are today.

Today many of the dances have become mannerless and uncontrolled affairs attended by very few adults and several hundred young people, many



LADY JUDITH COMPTON, who is having a quiet "coming out."

of them unknown to their hostesses.

Many mothers consider that the Deb Season is entirely out of hand.

In fact, the Deb world is going back slowly to the country, where it started.

This year many parents, such as Lady Norrie, Lady Killearn, Lady Hawke, Lady Wedgewood, and the Duke of Duchess of Marlborough, are giving their girls smaller dances at home among carefully selected friends.

Backed by Royal disapproval of the new Debbery, the old country families will tend to withdraw their girls more as each year passes, leaving it to those with money and social ambitions to concentrate on the big hotels and parties.

Typical of two completely different girls leading the two different attitudes are Judy and Jane.



JANE BARLOW, whose Deb year is costing a fortune.



MARY OPPENHEIMER, typical of the publicised girls, whose year will cost her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Oppenheimer, of Johannesburg, about £8000.

in your flat (about £20 a time) for 10 to 15 lunches.

You attend other such lunches given by other Mums, where you swap lists of girls and available young men and pick up the knowhow.

Your daughter does not come into it until Debs' Teas start in March and April (average £10 a time, and you will have to give about six). You plan about 25 dinner parties (average 12 people, £2 a head a time).

In February you start shopping for the season.

Clothes for mother and daughter for everything until September will cost between £300 and £2000, and only the very lucky and clever can do it for £300.

By November, 1962, your daughter will have attended 60 to 120 dances, endless other cocktail parties, social events, and weekends. She will have hundreds of new acquaintances, perhaps two or three friends.

She may have met the man she will one day marry, but it is unlikely.

During this season she can meet almost any celebrity whose name and photograph appear frequently in the papers. She will meet and probably dance with all the young sons of the nobility.

She is certain not to meet any member of the Royal family, although she may be able to see them from a few yards' distance in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot if she is lucky enough to get a ticket. (Cost of four days' racing, about £50.)

Total cost between £6000 and £10,000.

More and more mothers in London today are beginning to think as one said to me: "It just ain't worth it!"

How to be a Deb

How could you make your 17-year-old daughter a 1962 Deb, and how much would it cost?

Here's how:

You reach London in September, 1961. You take a flat in Mayfair (rent up to 50 guineas a week) with a large drawing-room and dining-room suitable for entertaining.

You hire a cook (wages £10 to £15 a week), parlor-maid (wages about £7 a week), and other staff (wages about £15 a week).

You enlist a lady known for her knowledge of the social scene and you take her advice (from £100 to £500).

You fix and announce in "The Times" (£5/5/-) the date of a dance (£2000 to £5000) in June, 1962. You repeat the process for a cocktail party in April (£300).

If the thought of this begins to worry you, you hire a social secretary (£15/15/- a week, and worth it to you).

In January you start giving a series of "Mums' Lunches"

"Very selective"

"We shall be very selective," said her mother. "There is no point in asking people you don't know, don't want to know, or don't like."

Typical of the girls whose mother was not presented 30 years ago is Jane Barlow, daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Barlow (actress Margaret Rawlings).

Jane, whose father heads a vast manufacturing concern in London, lives with her parents at the Dorchester Hotel, where she will have her dance.

Jane has complete freedom to do as she likes. She can be photographed and publicised as much as she or any newspaper wants.



ROSE KEPPEL, daughter of Viscount Bury and Lady Mairi Bury. She is a granddaughter of the late Lord Londonderry.



PENELOPE WALKER, 17, daughter of a retired Army officer, Captain John Walker. She is one of England's best skiers.



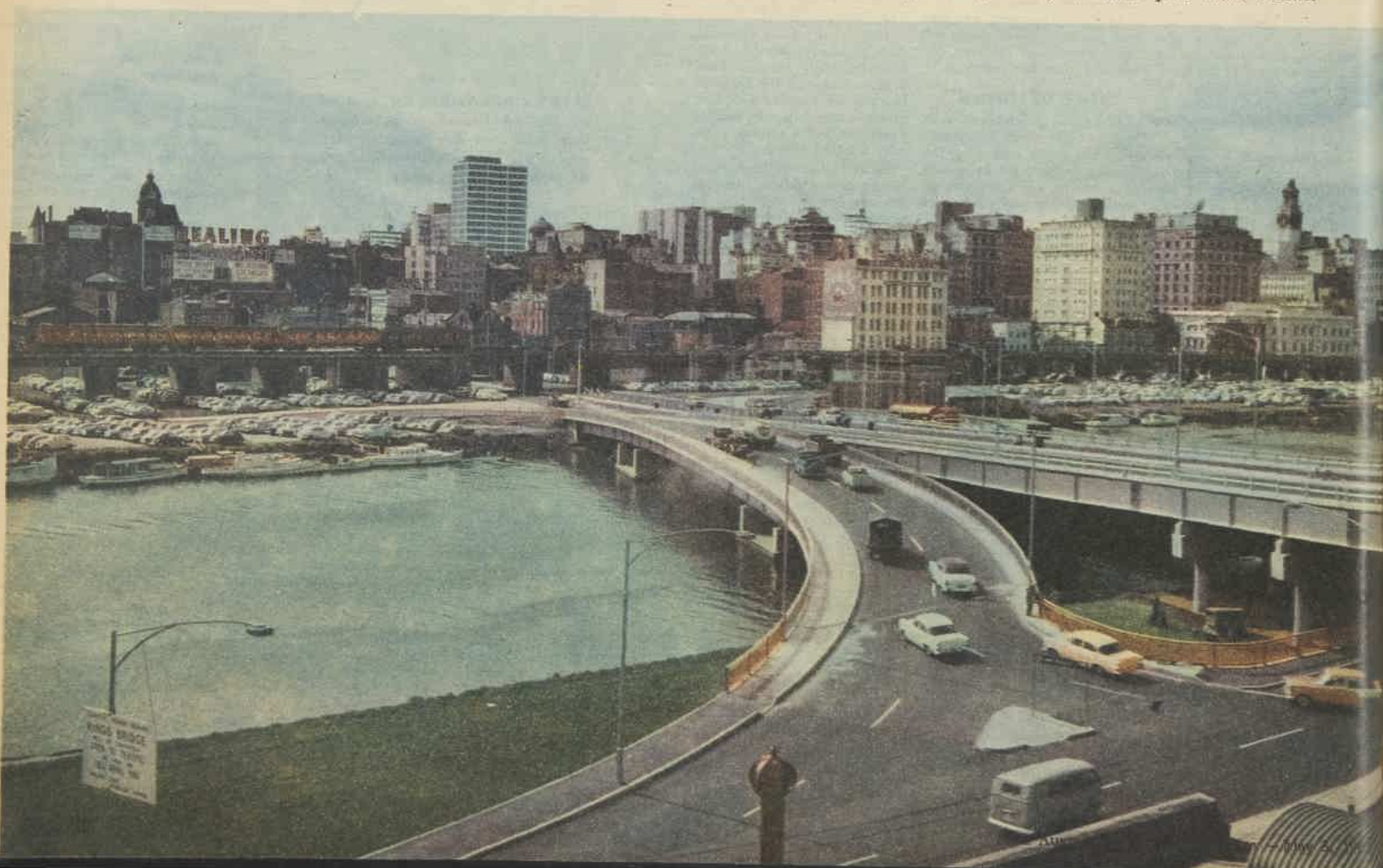
LAVINIA WOODHOUSE, daughter of Lord and Lady Terington. She hopes for a career in one of the fashion houses.

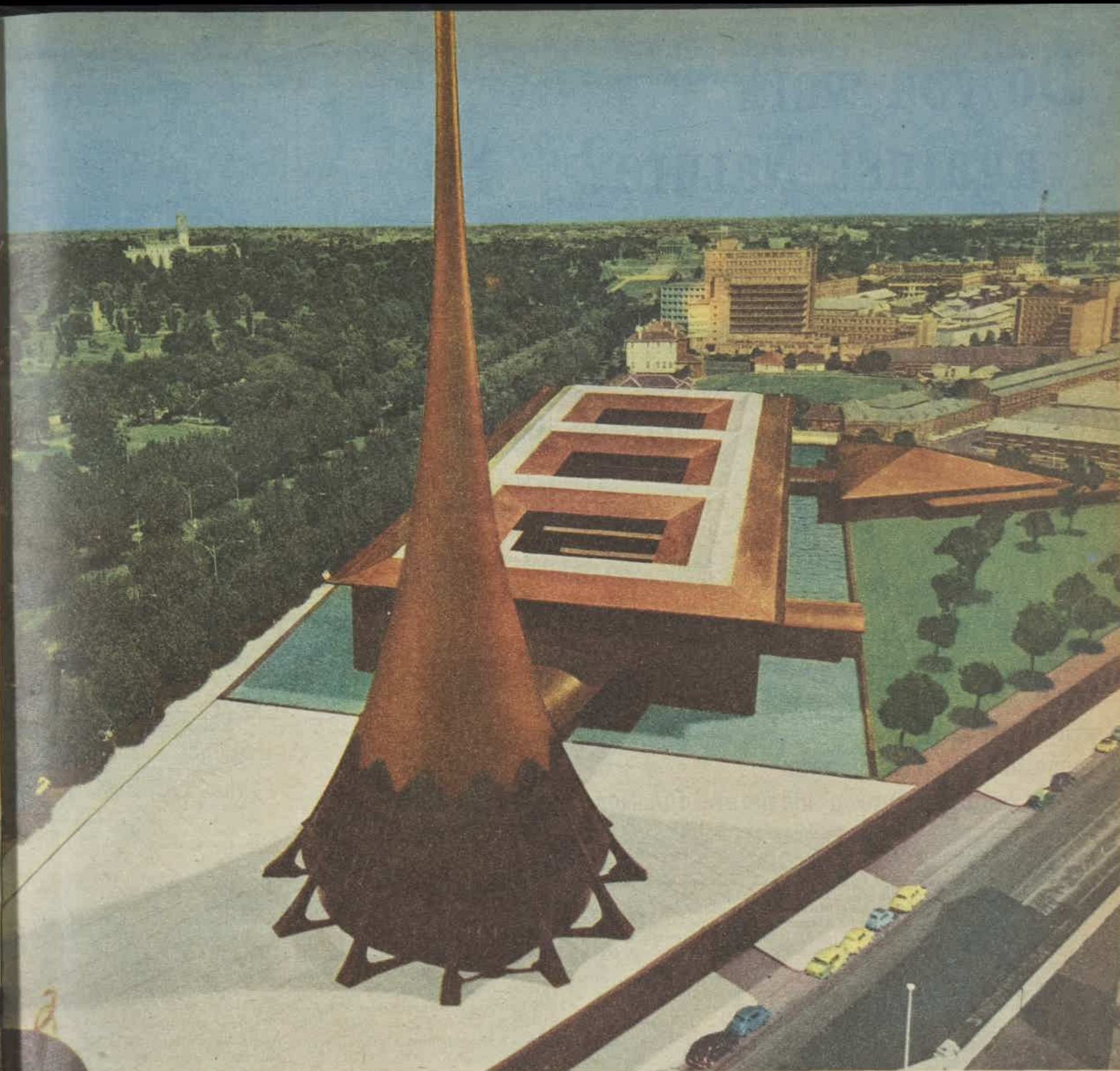
MELBOURNE'S NEW LOOK



THE TRIPLE BRIDGE

● By night and by day the £4,000,000 Kings Bridge, the city's new southern outlet which spans the River Yarra between Queens Bridge and Spencer Street Bridge, makes a graceful sight. Actually, it is a triple bridge with two low-level carriageways and a high carriageway, nearly half a mile long, which passes above busy streets. The railway line beyond the far bank of the river is the main line linking the Flinders Street and Spencer Street stations, and behind this is a 300-yard overpass along Flinders Street and over King Street, with four lanes plus tram tracks.





AND THE SOARING SPIRE

● Work of pulling down buildings to clear the site for the new National Art Gallery and Cultural Centre, on St. Kilda Road, will begin next week. Picture above shows a perspective model superimposed on a photograph of this corner of Melbourne. The spire, which some people are likening to a "giant exclamation mark," will rise 415 feet, sheathed in copper and gilded for the top 100 feet to shine far above the city. It will hold a restaurant, and beneath its base, below street level, will be three halls for music, ballet, and drama. The adjoining building, surrounded by water and enclosing three courtyards, will house the Art Gallery, and on the right is the Art School. Roy Grounds is the architect. The project will cost more than £4,000,000.

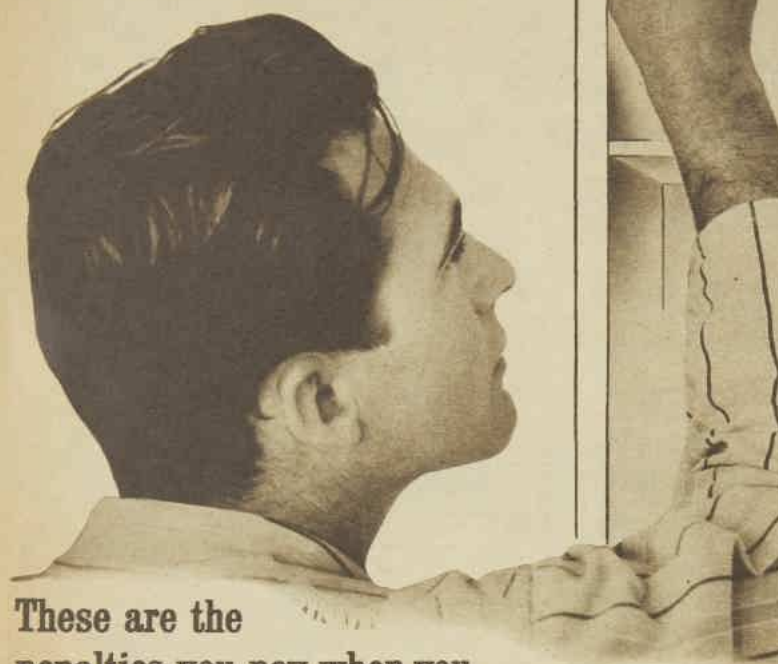
● The project from a different direction. Close by is Princes Bridge, and beyond the far bank of the River Yarra stands St. Paul's Cathedral.



Do you work against Nature?

Check these questions carefully for your own sake!

- (1) Am I naturally regular? (Yes/no)
- (2) Do I take purgatives? (Yes/no)
- (3) Am I sure I get sufficient bulk in my diet? (Yes/no)



These are the penalties you pay when you work against nature in this natural function

Irregularity need never occur! But if it does, look for its cause—not just for immediate temporary relief. The cause is usually lack of bulk in your diet.

The penalties for ignoring Nature. Purgatives may bring quick relief from constipation, but in doing so, they make your system increasingly lazy. Very shortly you will find that your system won't work by itself! It needs a crutch! This is Penalty Number One. Penalty Number Two is that your whole system is being drained of vitality and essential elements every time you resort to purgatives.

The Third Penalty, is that all this shows—it shows in the aging of your face; it shows in lack of vitality; worst of all, it must have its effect on your relationship with others!

Enjoy natural regularity! The natural way to ensure healthful regularity is to make sure that your system gets sufficient bulk.

What better time than breakfast? All-Bran, made by Kellogg's is specially made from Bran and it is this Bran which is Nature's best source of health-ensuring bulk. All-Bran is a delicious

nut-sweet food—not a medicine so why not try a plateful tomorrow! You will be making sure that you get sufficient natural bulk to enjoy better health through natural regularity.

Make this simple 10 day test! At each breakfast for ten days, enjoy a cupful of All-Bran either on its own with milk and sugar or, sprinkled over your present breakfast cereal. Drink plenty of water. If at the end of ten days you haven't experienced the benefit of natural regularity, return the packet to Kellogg's who will gladly refund double your money.

NOW! MORE ESSENTIAL VITAMIN B2 AND D THAN BEFORE

All-Bran contains at least twice as much Vitamin B2 (essential to a healthy body) as Bran itself. Vitamin D (for teeth and bone) not found in bran.

PLUS THESE VITAMINS AND MINERALS

- .250 mgs./oz. Vitamin B1 for steady nerves and normal appetites.
- .267 mgs./oz. Vitamin B2 for clear skin.
- 3.5 mgs./oz. Niacin for clear healthy skin.
- 67 I.U./oz. Vitamin D for strong teeth and bones.
- 3.0 mgs./oz. Food Iron to maintain correct level of red corpuscles in the blood. (Represents .010 p.p.c.)
- 18 mgs./oz. Calcium the most important of the body's minerals. (Represents .064 p.p.c.)
- 240 mgs./oz. Phosphorus essential for complete operation of the Calcium intake. (Represents .846 p.p.c.)
- Plus Bulk—for natural regularity.



Reach for new health and natural regularity with ALL-BRAN

ALL-BRAN is a trade-mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

FATHER



MOTHER



ELIZABETH MACINTYRE

It seems to me

ONE of these days the real names for history from the Russian space flight may emerge from the news.

It was, of course, brave of Major Gagarin to go off into the blue with the chance of never coming back, but his deed may eventually seem no braver than many which preceded it.

The name of Yuri Gagarin will have its assured place. In the 21st century competitors in interplanetary quiz programmes will be winning a fortnight on Mars (or a fortnight on Earth) for remembering the name of the first man to circle the globe.

But the clever boys are the boys who made the project work safely. Maybe it is a credit to be divided among many. Maybe some obscure research worker or technologist hit on one tiny point which made the difference between uncertainty and certainty.

Some day all this may be known. Meanwhile the Russians could hardly have had a better leading player than Major Gagarin for the triumphant celebrations. Young, good-looking, and soldierly, he has the additional asset of a very charming smile.

One of the most effective moments in his Moscow welcome, as seen on TV, was when he marched alone from the plane across the tarmac towards Mr. Khrushchev and the welcoming bigwigs. Red Square is not so far from Madison Avenue after all.

THE night before I watched the telecast of the Gagarin welcome (flown from London, where it was picked up via European links direct from Moscow) I had been looking at an episode of the B.B.C.'s dramatisation of the Diary of Samuel Pepys.

The Pepys diary is one of the best of the many good things ever seen on television. The actor who plays Sam, by the way, is the living image of the portrait in the front of the standard edition.

One night you're absorbed back in the seventeenth century and the next you are seeing history as it is made.

Frankly, people who still say they can't be bothered with television are nuts.

AT a conference of Police Commissioners in Canberra, the N.S.W. Commissioner, Mr. Delaney, forecast the establishment of Police Girls' Clubs.

Undoubted success of the Police Boys' Clubs has encouraged a belief that similar clubs for girls could help prevent delinquency.

Maybe. But when authorities get round to planning such clubs they will need to remember one important thing. You can keep young boys happily occupied with sport in an all-male set-up.

Girls need mixed company to keep them interested.



Dorothy Drann

IN America, a Dr. Penelope Pollaczek has just completed a study about teaching children the meaning of time.

She was engaged to do this by a firm which makes wrist-watches.

Some of her conclusions:

- Children first become aware of time through night and day, mealtimes, and when Daddy comes home.
- Later they become curious about clocks, can be fascinated by an egg-timer.

(If I'm reincarnated I'm going to get myself a nice job making surveys to find out what people already know.)

Dr. Pollaczek thinks some parents impart too much of their own frantic attitude about the passing of time to their children.

I don't see that that can be helped. Anyhow, the lesson takes a long time to learn, as witness in London the bright young things who have car numbers revealing their birthdates.

Miss Henrietta Tiarks has H1940 on her car, Lord Vestey V1941 on his.

This shows that even in their early twenties people aren't much troubled by "time's winged chariot hurrying near."

TRUE story reported from a doctor's waiting-room last week:

One receptionist, putting down the phone, turned to the other and said, "That was Mrs. So-and-so in a panic, cancelling her appointment."

"Doctor told her to lose half a stone and she hasn't, so she's not game to come in."

WHEN asked by Mr. Khrushchev how he felt, Major Gagarin, the Russian spaceman, said: "I felt good on the flight. Rather like being on the ground."

It's nice upon the ground. It took a man Who spun alone in space to tell us so. The stars went flashing by, blue earth revolving,

And what he thought, that he alone can know.

It's nice upon the ground. So firm, so safe,

Unvalued mostly underneath your feet. How pretty are the lights outside the window,

How comforting the trees across the street.

He could survey the cosmos. So can we, Though mostly we don't give it any heed.

The nicest part is when you cry, "Look!" (pointing)

And someone's there to answer "Yes, indeed."

Maggi Chicken Noodle Soup:
plump succulent chickens... slow simmered
to light lively-flavoured broth...
enriched with golden egg noodles
... that's the flavour secret of **MAGGI**



Only Swiss-style Maggi Soups have that
real Home-Cooked flavour and goodness

N1275/63

Worth Reporting

FOR the first time we were one of those people who peer out at you from the scenic-window, aircraft-seat opulence of an Interstate Tour Coach.

Also aboard—but definitely—were charming, perky-hatted, seasoned coachers "Fran" (Fixed Income) and her dearest friend, "Elva" (Fields' Emporium, for 45 years).

Our introduction was a gentle tap on the arm at the coach depot.

"Don't sit on that side, dear. It gets the long, hot afternoon sun. The morning-sun seats are the best, about the middle. Of course, at stops along the tour the driver—it's Archie this time—will change the crowd around.

"The back move to the front and then we all keep moving one seat back to give everyone a change—but Elva and I prefer the middle, no matter what the others are doing. Take advantage, dear, of the rest-rooms along the route—the line is very considerate in allowing time in the schedule.

"Have you everything you want in your little overhead rack-bag, dear? Archie isn't happy about pulling down luggage in the boot for cardigans or heart tablets... Oh, yes, we've been coaching for years now.

"I think the Northern Rivers was the nicest, wasn't it, Elvie? Such a lovely crowd. Robert had a beautiful baritone. We all surprised him with a little presentation of a propelling-pencil in a Greek cafe (he's married now to such a nice girl out west).

"Here comes Archie now—so competent, always follows the courtesy of the road. Very witty. He's a little quiet now, but he's sizing-up the crowd. Drivers always like to size-up the crowd first.

"Don't leave anything behind at the overnight motel. Archie gets fussed if one of the crowd wants him to turn back for false teeth or a purse left under a pillow. The schedule, you know.

"Oh, look, some teenagers are coming aboard now. We do love young people on board. They make such a nice crowd, and Elva and I always say...



DEAN BADDELEY... the messages were really heart-warming.

The Dean is really racing

NOW just who do you suppose would convalesce from a complicated appendix operation by flying around the globe on a hectic four-week tightly crammed schedule?

Who else, indeed, but Brisbane's popular Anglican Dean, the Very Reverend William P. Baddeley, who leaves today on his England-U.S. flight.

From his hospital bed recently, the cleric with the film-star face and flair for headlines (he attends races, approves Sunday sport) outlined his itinerary.

"I'm really the 'racing' Dean this time," he said. "Arrive England May 5. May 14, preach at St. Paul's. May 19, fly to New York. On to Chicago and back to Brisbane by May 27."

The impatient patient was submerged in flowers, stacks of "get well" letters and telegrams, books including "She'll Do Me," by Mark Vizers ("jolly humorous, too").

"These messages from all corners of Australia have been very heart-warming," said the Dean, who came from England two years ago.

Yes, he'd be seeing his famous English actress sisters Hermione and Angela Baddeley and his two other married sisters, Muriel and Cynthia, in London.

The Dean dismisses criticism of his race meetings (he wore mufti to one, backed six winners—wore clerical dress to another, backed three winners). "Every man to his own opinion," he says.

Two lone women left...

IF New South Wales voters decide to abolish the Upper House in the referendum on April 29, there'll be no woman's voice left in the Government of the State.

For the only two women parliamentarians in N.S.W. at present are Mrs. Anne Press and Mrs. Edna Roper, and they're both members of the Legislative Council.

Since 1925 there have been only eight women in the State Parliament.

These include Mrs. Press, a Labor rebel who favors retention of the Upper House, and Mrs. Roper, who has been campaigning for its abolition.

The two lone women in this man's world are as unlike as their stand on the referendum.

Mrs. Press, an ex-school-teacher, is the wife of a Tullibigeal farmer, and, apart from her family and politics, her main interests are reading, music, charity work, and breeding pigs.

An active and enthusiastic worker for the Country Women's Association, Mrs. Press was elected to the Legislative Council in 1959.

At a recent social gathering someone asked her how it felt to be called "The Honorable."

"Well, it certainly didn't feel any different yesterday when I had to clean six turkeys for a C.W.A. function," she said.

Mrs. Roper, formerly an art jewellery maker, is much more the professional politician.

Married to a Sydney City Council alderman, she has been active in A.L.P. affairs since 1941. She was elected to the Upper House in 1958.

She is on the board of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, and says her main interest outside politics is "literature and the arts generally."

One M.L.A. said of her: "If she does find herself out of Parliament after the referendum, I'm sure she'll turn up somewhere. Maybe we'll have her as Lord Mayor of Sydney yet."

* * *
SWISS businessman Hans Bauer's quote on Eton College: "I think there should be a plaque above the gates of the college saying: 'Cabinet-makers to the Queen.'"



• Two Taronga Park Zoo otters in Sydney tease the photographer.

Otters in the family



• Both were prepared to sit up and beg prettily for a fish.

TARONGA PARK ZOO in Sydney has accepted a gift of two otters from an R.A.A.F. man who reared them and kept them "as part of the family" in Malaya.

Sergeant Walter Reynolds, of Newcastle, N.S.W., and his family became so attached to their pets that they couldn't leave them now his tour of duty is ending.

Otters at Taronga Park (shown here) have been something of a problem. They make such happy, fun-loving companions that people have sometimes tried to steal one.

When taken into a family of humans, they become affectionate and possessive.

In a recently published book, "A Ring of Bright Water," a British writer, Gavin Maxwell, tells how his best friend, an otter from Persia, took over his flat to the extent of sharing bed and bath.

Otters have a delightful sense of fun and often make shoot-the-chutes out of mud on the banks of a river or spend hours tossing a shell or pebble and catching it.

And they are endlessly mischievous. Staff photographer Ernie Nutt, who took these pictures, said:

"One just sat and grinned at me, squeaking insults—but the other one was having a good chew at the camera-box handle.

"When I shooed him off, he latched on to my shoelaces."

MOTHER'S DAY GIFT RECORD

• The Popular Record Club of Sydney has an exclusive Mother's Day gift offer—a special 12in. LP with 14 songs selected by experts to appeal to mothers and mothers-in-law.

THE club commissioned the Howard Morrison Quartet, who toured Australia with the Kingston Trio, to make the disc.

Songs are: "Mother," "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," "Always," "Stay As Sweet As You Are," "Mother As Lovely As You," "Mother Machree," "Smilin' Through," "When I Grow Too Old To Dream," "That Wonderful Mother Of Mine," "My Mammy," "Old Rocking Chair," "Silver Hair, Heart Of Gold," and "Home, Sweet Home."

Also on the disc is "The Lord's Prayer."

Radio personality Miss Goodie Reeve opens and closes the disc with short Mother's Day messages.

Sydney readers can hear the record at the club's premises, 153a Clarence Street, where it is available for £1/12/6.

Address mail orders to Popular Record Club of Sydney, Box 3410, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing £1/12/6, plus 3/- for wrapping, postage, and insurance.

The disc will be mailed—gift-wrapped—to any address. Please state clearly full name and address to which it is to be sent. If you supply a Mother's Day card, it will be enclosed.

Put a Sunbeam in her smile **THIS MOTHER'S DAY**
with a **SUNBEAM MIXMASTER** MIXER

It's the gift that will do so much for the one who has done so much for you! She admires the Sunbeam Mixmaster because she knows how excitingly effortless food preparation becomes with this wonderful electric helper. So remember her with the gift she'll never forget. Thrill her with a gleaming new Sunbeam Mixmaster in her kitchen this Mother's Day morn!



**TURN LOOSE CHANGE INTO
SUNBEAMS**

Sunbeam Mixmaster saves time, saves food, saves money. Hers for only a few shillings a week, it costs less than the money it will save you.



Drink-Mix Blending Attachment.
Fastest way to prepare soups, purees, baby foods and all drinks.



Mincer Attachment. Ends hard work of mincing and grinding all meats, fish, vegetables, fruits and leftovers.



If she prefers colour Sunbeam Mixmaster is available in Green or Yellow as well as White, to suit the kitchen.

Sunbeam Mixmaster means an exciting new approach to meal times. Hour long jobs are a matter of minutes and she can give rein to her imagination with tasty treats she couldn't attempt without a Mixmaster. Cakes for the kiddies or dinner for the whole family, Sunbeam Mixmaster makes life so much easier day by day, makes it so much more enjoyable. Take a good look at a Sunbeam Mixmaster when you're shopping for Mother's Day.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 3, 1961

Sunbeam

BEST OF ALL FOR MOTHER

THREE IMPORTANT PEOPLE

● In spite of the big responsibilities and constant pressure of work that go with their jobs, the matrons of three of Britain's most famous hospitals agree that, for them, every day is an adventure.

BETWEEN sessions of the Congress of the International Council of Nurses held in Melbourne, I snatched moments to talk to these women, who were among the 2300 nurses from 44 countries meeting in the Exhibition Building.

Let me introduce them.

● Miss Helen Downton is matron of University College Hospital, which, as its name implies, is close to University College, London.

She controls a group of four hospitals, including one for leprosy patients. Beds total 1030, and she supervises a staff of 900.

"University College Hospital is 150 years old, young for a London hospital," Miss Downton said. "I did my training at St. Bartholomew's, which is 800 years old."

● Miss Theodora Turner is matron of St. Thomas' Hospital, just across the Thames from the Houses of Parliament.

St. Thomas' history goes back to 1107, and the Nightingale Training School at the hospital celebrated its centenary last year.

Miss Turner also controls three other hospitals besides this parent hospital. She has a staff of 800 for 950 beds.

● Miss Grace Watts is matron of the General Infirmary at Leeds. This hospital — actually a group of three — is 200 years old and has a staff of 700 and 975 beds. Miss Watts, like Miss Downton, trained at St. Bartholomew's.

(Melbourne's biggest hospital, the Royal Melbourne, has not more than 600 beds.)

Dedicated

Although it is trite to say so, these women, like all those who give such tremendous service to the community, are dedicated to their work.

But when they talk about their work they speak with the matter-of-factness that comes from years of experience and familiarity.

They do not seem to realise that to a layman they appear slightly larger than life.

Part of this feeling about them comes, no doubt, from the traditions of the hospitals they represent, traditions so closely linked with the history of British nursing.

Looking back to their early nursing days, they agreed that



Hospitals are their empires

By MARGARET BERKELEY, staff reporter

this way we keep in close touch with everything that's happening."

The problems of the matrons' tasks are added to in no small way because of the system of group hospitals.

One hospital Matron Turner controls is 40 miles from London in Godalming, Surrey. She visits it once a month.

Her nurses begin their training there. "When they come up to London, it is like promotion," she said.

Also in her group is a maternity hospital, which has its own matron.

"I'm just the queen bee," Miss Turner said, "and I'm only called in when some difficulty crops up that only I can deal with. We work together. I don't tread on her toes."

Compensations

One of the compensations they all find is that, no matter what problems and crises arise, no two days are ever the same.

Nurses in Britain work a 44-hour week (in Australia they work 40 hours), but the matrons believe their nurses have an advantage over their sisters in Australia in spite of their longer hours.

"Here, nurses have to study in their off-duty time, but we have a different system," Miss Turner said. "We call it the block period of study."

FROM LEFT: Matron Grace Watts, of Leeds General Infirmary, Matron Helen Downton, of University College Hospital, London, and Matron Theodora Turner, of St. Thomas' Hospital, also in London.

"The nurses leave the wards completely for six weeks at a time. They go to nursing school, where they have lectures and discussion. Then they go back to the wards. This is included in their overall period of training."

Relaxation

And what do matrons have in the way of off-duty time?

They didn't ever seem to be completely off duty, except when they went on vacation.

"We are really always on call," Miss Downton said, "but our days off are only interfered with when there is an extreme emergency, like a fire or a very serious case."

Matron Turner has a "nice flat" opposite St. Thomas'. Matron Downton has a flat on the roof of University College Hospital, "with a little garden."

Matron Watts is not quite as fortunate and drew a laugh from the other two when she said her flat was on the floor above her office at the hospital.

"Too close," the other two said.

Miss Downton and Miss Watts were both at St. Bartholomew's Hospital during the blitz on London.

Only 100 beds were kept open during the raids. The hospital was hit seven times.

Since the close of the Congress in Melbourne, many of the delegates have been visiting Sydney. The Australasian Trained Nurses' Association has organised outings for them, and professional visits to leading hospitals.

GUNDAGAI ROUNDABOUT

COUNTRY people in full force took the road to Gundagai last week for a big event — the third Gold Cup Meeting of the Gundagai Racing Club.

The weather was perfect, with just a nip in the air, and I didn't envy the judges their task of selecting the "most suitably dressed woman."

Most women played safe with autumn suits or dresses and the latest furry look in high hats, but the winner, newly wed Mrs. John Reardon, of "Reno," Gundagai, was one of the few who chose summer ensembles.

Mrs. Reardon—formerly Jan Butcher, of Gundagai—wore a charming little blue-and-white hat with her white linen sheath dress and matching jacket.

YOUNGEST racegoer was 10-week-old Lindy Hassett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Hassett, of "Cabarita," Adelong. "This is her first race-meeting ever," said her proud mother. It won't be her last, because Lindy's grandfather, Mr. Jock Hassett, is president of Adelong Race Club. Incidentally, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hassett were back only just in time for the races. They spent Easter in Sydney, then travelled in Orion to Melbourne and on to Hobart to see their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. L. Evennett, who have a lovely new home overlooking the Derwent at Sandy Bay.

GOLD CUP was won in a close finish by local five-year-old gelding Lone Attack. The owner, Mr. T. Crowe, of Wagga, must surely be the oldest trainer in the district—he is 86!

THRILLING for Mrs. Russell Green—formerly Pat Lenehan, of Wagga—when her husband's horse, Tiharu, ran first in the Improvers' Handicap. "He's only a roughie," she said before the race. Mr. and Mrs. Green have been in Gundagai only a week. They are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Clive Baylis at "Tintern Lea," and will take over their property when Mr. and Mrs. Baylis and their two daughters move to Wollstonecraft early in May.

LOVELY luncheon-party was given by the race club committee at the Family Hotel before the meeting. Hostess was Mrs. Charles Readford, wife of the president. She wore an attractive blue dress and jacket and a high white-and-blue hat. Among the guests were the Shire President, Mr. C. B. Sibley, and Mrs. Sibley, and Mrs. Jack Shields, wife of the club's popular secretary. Mrs. Shields told me that her elder daughter, Janice, will marry Col Holden, of Temora, at St. John's Church, Gundagai, in September.

DIDN'T get a chance to speak to pretty Jill Tait, of "Gunnong Jugrawah," Goharralong, but heard that she will be leaving for England in Oronsay on May 2 with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Tait. Jill, who will go to finishing-school in London, will be the second member of the family to stay in England. Her brother, Sandy, is studying Agricultural Science at Cambridge University.

HOPE I'll be able to get up to Gundagai in November for their Golden Corroboree, to celebrate the centenary of the discovery of gold in the district. Preparations for the beard-growing competition are well under way—saw at least ten elegantly bearded gentlemen roaming the countryside!

—By Penny Ford



SYDNEYSIDERS Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McCardell, of Warro-wee (on right), with Mr. and Mrs. Russell Green. Mr. and Mrs. McCardell drove up to watch their gelding, Legal Flow, who ran fourth in the Gold Cup.



GOLD CUP



CROWD of more than 1400 people from Gundagai and surrounding districts attended the third Gold Cup Meeting at Gundagai racecourse. Spectators are pictured watching the Maiden Handicap.

COMMITTEE members Mr. H. M. Norton, of "Taraweena," Darbalara, and Mr. Clive Baylis (on right) with Mrs. Norton (second from left) and Mrs. Baylis at the racing club's meeting.



PRETTY PUNTERS Mrs. John Reardon, of "Reno," Gundagai (on left), and Mrs. Ike Fowler, also of Gundagai. Mrs. Reardon won a ten-guinea prize as the "most suitably dressed woman."



ATTRACTIVE Elizabeth Butcher, who is just back from a trip abroad, teamed a pale green furry hat from London with her tailored brown tweed suit.

CHATTING with John Elliott, clerk of the course, and his horse, Blue, were Mrs. Jack Shields (on left) and Mrs. Jack Lindley, of "Wyoming," Gundagai.



for that clean taste...

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• Six-day cycle-racing is still fighting for the limelight in Australia, but its devotees lead a picturesque life.

THE "Race to Nowhere." That's what they call six-day cycle-racing in Europe. In Italy and France those at the top of the sport are national idols, earning film-star salaries.

They are pursued by little boys who beg for their autographs and by big girls who implore them for photographs. Most of them have their own manager, masseur, and dietitian or medical adviser.

There bicycle racing in all its forms is the national sport.

When the annual Tour de France passes through a town or village on its month-long race around France the whole of the population turns out to watch its progress — children have the day off from school, shops close, all business stops.

When I was a teenager in England I was a track cycle-racing fan. While my girlfriends plastered their bedroom walls with pictures of

SIX DAYS TO NOWHERE

Gregory Peck, Gary Cooper, and Sir Laurence Olivier, mine were adorned with photographs of Reg Harris, the English world champion, Australian Sid Paterson, and Italian Fausto Coppi.

So it was obvious that I should be the reporter to be told: "Go to Lidcombe Oval and see how the Sydney six-day race is getting on."

In Europe a six-day cycle race is exactly what it says.

One member of a two-man team must be on the track throughout 24 hours of the day for six days.

Through the day and night there are spectators—capacity crowds in the afternoons and evenings, trickles of people in the early hours of the morning.

So I was astounded, on arriving at the dank hour of 5 a.m. to find the oval in complete darkness. All I could distinguish were the outlines of a dozen or so caravans.

Slow start

When a dressing-gowned, yawning rider appeared two hours later he explained that in the Sydney Six the cyclists ride from 10.30 a.m. to midnight. For the remainder of the night the 12 pairs of riders sleep.

When I returned at 10 a.m. the boys were beginning to stir. I could smell steak and eggs being cooked in the caravans, tyres were being pumped up, and electric razors were being wielded.

In a nearby dressing-room I found Mrs. Ursula Carlile, a physical-education teacher, and her husband, the Olympic swimming coach and physiologist Forbes Carlile, taking electrocardiograph readings of the cyclists' heartbeats.



• The field bunches up in the Sydney Six-Day Race held at Lidcombe Oval.

Cyclists, it seems, are outstanding athletes when it comes to strength of the heart muscles.

Sitting in the almost empty stands — the audiences don't begin to trickle in until early afternoon — I found the only woman who travelled with the six-day riders to the Sydney event.

Mrs. Linda Luttrell was barracking for her husband, Jimmy. He has been a professional cyclist for 12 years,

lived on the centre of the track where the caravans are.

Jim has been a track champion in his native Queensland and in Victoria. When he isn't racing he spends most mornings and afternoons training.

"I suppose I see more of him than most women whose husbands are in 9 to 5.30 jobs," she said.

The boys are all professionals in the sense that they get paid for riding in road and track races, but there is not enough racing in Australia to keep most of them occupied fulltime and they supplement their incomes with casual jobs.

Fred Roche, the Australian national road champion for the past two years, and Ron Grenda, of Launceston, Tasmania, were partners in the Sydney Six. Together they won the Tasmania Six earlier this year.

Said Fred: "This is my fifth six-day race this year. The others were in Adelaide, Melbourne, Perth, and Tasmania."

While his partner was doing his ten-minute stint on the track Fred was tucking into steak and two fried eggs. Most of the riders scorn special diets, live on small amounts of meat, eggs, fruit, rice pudding, honey, and vitamin pills.

Two helpers

Most of the two-man teams have two helpers. Barry Newton, from Melbourne, and Alan Jones, from Launceston, who were travelling with Roche and Grenda, organised the food, did all mechanical repairs, massaged the boys, and kept the caravan tidy.

Unlike riders in Europe, Australian professional cyclists can't get rich. A good rider can average about £1500 a year.

The Sydney Six was organised by the Milk Board, which put up £3500 in prize-money, to be divided among the leading riders according to their performances.

In addition they get 20 per cent. of the gross takings.

During the six days each contract rider is paid an allowance ranging from £17 to £30 a day.



• And Winifred Munday rides a few laps for the fun of it — "though it's five years since I was last on a bicycle," she admits.

Out of that they pay all their own expenses.

Out of the 24 riders in the Sydney Six there were three who know what European professional cycle-racing is—German-born Klaus Stiefler, of Melbourne, and two Italian champions, Leandro Faggin, who won two gold medals at the Melbourne Olympic Games, and Giuseppe Chiesa.

Six-foot-tall Pepe Chiesa told me in his halting English of the six-day races in Milan: "There are restaurants, dancing, high-wire acrobatic acts to see when you get tired of watching the racing," he said. "The racing goes on all night, and the audiences go wild with excitement."

Eighty per cent. of the Lidcombe spectators during the week were migrants — French, German, but mostly Italian.

The boys hesitate to try their luck in Europe because they have an inferiority complex about the standard of European riders.

Yet those few Australians who have gone to Europe to race can match the best of the Continentals.



• Giuseppe Chiesa takes time off to make himself look presentable for the Italian fans, who turn up in large numbers each day.



• Ron Grenda, from Tasmania, gets ready to eat breakfast, served by his handlers, Alan Jones and Barry Newton, in their caravan.



• Bruce Clark, of Lismore, N.S.W., has a ten-minute breather while his partner takes over the riding. There are 12 teams.

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● Forest Frog (*Lechriodus fletcheri*) from dense rain forests in N.S.W. and Sth. Qld. lives mainly on insects on the forest floor.

AUSTRALIAN

NATURE

Gallery of frogs

● Australian frogs vary greatly in color and detail. Frogs are tailless, amphibious animals, and begin life as tadpoles living full-time in the water. Adult frogs feed on insects they catch on their sticky tongues.

● Tree Frog (*Hyla ewingii*) is common in Australia, usually round ponds and streams. This (below) is one of many color varieties.



● Green Tree Frog (*Hyla caerulea*) is seen in most parts of Australia, often in or around houses.

● Crucifix Frog (*Notaden bennetti*) burrows deep into dry inland areas, emerges in big numbers after rain.



● Golden Bell Frog (*Hyla aurea*), common in southern Australia, is usually found in colonies near ponds, lakes, and streams.



● Red-backed Frog (*Pseudophryne coriacea*), a close relative of the Corroboree Frog, occurs on north coast of N.S.W.



● This variety of Burrowing Bullfrog (*Limnodynastes dorsalis*), of N.S.W. coast, is often seen foraging on ground at night.



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LUXURIOUS CAPE FOR EVENINGS

● This beautiful hand-knitted cape is made in mohair with an angora-trimmed hood. The trimming is padded with wadding to give it a firm, luxurious effect. Ideal for evenings at the theatre, it is also a glamorous, warm after-ski fashion.

BRUSHED MOHAIR yarn has been used for this cape, which is knitted in one piece on No. 8 needles. Directions are given to fit 34-36in. bust.



Materials: 20 balls main color of Patons Mohair Brushed Knitting Yarn; 3 balls white of Patons Fuzzy Wuzzy Angora; 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles; medium crochet hook; 5 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34-36 in. bust; shoulder to lower edge, 25in.

Tension: 11 sts. to 2in. on No. 8 needles.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; st-st., stock-stitch; inc., increase; dec., decrease; beg., beginning; "Inc." pick up thread which lies between next 2 sts., place on left-hand needle, and knit into back of loop; foll., follow; (ing); cont., continue.

CAPE

Cast on 418 sts.
Work k 1, p 1 rib for 1in.
Change to st-st.

5th Row: K 50, (k 2 tog., k 33) 3 times, k 2 tog., k 50, k 2 tog., k 50, k 2 tog., (k 33, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 50.

Work 7 rows straight in st-st. between each dec. row.

13th Row: K 50, (k 2 tog., k 32) 3 times, k 2 tog., k 48, k 2 tog., k 49, k 2 tog., (k 32, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 50.

21st Row: K 50, (k 2 tog., k 31) 3 times, k 2 tog., k 47, k 2 tog., k 47, k 2 tog., (k 31, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 50.

29th Row: K 3, cast off 5 sts., k 6, cast off 5 sts., k 31, (k 2 tog., k 30) 3 times, k 2 tog., k 45, k 2 tog., k 46, k 2 tog., (k 30, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 50.

30th Row: Purl, cast on 5 sts. where cast off in previous row for double buttonhole.

Repeat last two rows in every foll. 29th and 30th rows.
Splits for Arms: 31st Row: k 48, join in another ball of

wool, k to last 48 sts., join in another ball, k 48.

Working these three sections separately, work 5 rows straight.

Two front sections are worked straight up, not forgetting buttonholes.

Decreasing for centre sections are as follows:

37th Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., k 29) 3 times, k 2 tog., k 44, k 2 tog., k 44, k 2 tog., (k 29, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 2.

45th Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., k 28) 3 times, k 2 tog., k 42, k 2 tog., k 43, k 2 tog., (k 28, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 2.

53rd Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., k 27) 3 times, k 2 tog., k 41, k 2 tog., k 41, k 2 tog., (k 27, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 2.

61st Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., k 26) 3 times, k 2 tog., k 39, k 2 tog., k 40, k 2 tog., (k 26, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 2.

69th Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., k

25) 3 times, k 2 tog., k 38, k 2 tog., k 38, k 2 tog., (k 25, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 2.

77th Row: K right across work with one ball of wool only. K 50 (k 2 tog., k 24) 3 times, k 2 tog., k 36, k 2 tog., k 37, k 2 tog., (k 24, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 50.

85th Row: K 24, (k 2 tog., k 19) 5 times, k 2 tog., k 31, k 2 tog., k 31, k 2 tog., (k 19, k 2 tog.) 5 times, k 24.

93rd Row: K 24, (k 2 tog., k 18) 5 times, k 2 tog., k 29, k 2 tog., k 30, k 2 tog., (k 18, k 2 tog.) 5 times, k 24.

101st Row: K 24, (k 2 tog., k 17) 5 times, k 2 tog., k 28, k 2 tog., k 28, k 2 tog., (k 17, k 2 tog.) 5 times, k 24.

109th Row: K 24, (k 2 tog., k 16) 5 times, k 2 tog., k 26, k 2 tog., k 27, k 2 tog., (k 16, k 2 tog.) 5 times, k 24.

Work 5 rows straight after each dec. row.

115th Row: K 24, (k 2 tog., k 15) 5 times, k 2 tog., k 25, k 2 tog., k 25, k 2 tog., (k 15, k 2 tog.) 5 times, k 24.

121st Row: K 24, (k 2 tog., k 14) 5 times, k 2 tog., k 23, k 2 tog., k 24, k 2 tog., (k 14, k 2 tog.) 5 times, k 24.

127th Row: K 24, (k 2 tog., k 13) 5 times, k 2 tog., k 22, k 2 tog., k 22, k 2 tog., (k 13, k 2 tog.) 5 times, k 24.

133rd Row: K 24, (k 2 tog., k 12) 5 times, k 2 tog., k 20, k 2 tog., k 21, k 2 tog., (k 12, k 2 tog.) 5 times, k 24.

139th Row: K 24, (k 2 tog., k 11) 5 times, k 2 tog., k 19, k 2 tog., k 19, k 2 tog., (k 11, k 2 tog.) 5 times, k 24.

145th Row: K 24, (k 2 tog., k 10) 5 times, k 2 tog., k 17, k 2 tog., k 18, k 2 tog., (k 10, k 2 tog.) 5 times, k 24.

151st Row: K 24, (k 2 tog., k 9) 5 times, k 2 tog., k 16, k 2 tog., k 16, k 2 tog., (k 9,

k 2 tog.) 5 times, k 24. Cast off.

HOOD

Beginning 16 sts. in from edge and with right side of work facing, pick up 131 sts.

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: Knit.

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 26 times, then 1st row.

57th Row: K 62, k 2 tog., k 3, k 2 tog., k 62.

Cont. to dec. in this way by k 2 tog. either side of centre 3 sts. every 4th row 5 times, and then alt. rows 15 times. Cast off.

Join seam across top of head.

BORDER

With Fuzzy Wuzzy wool double cast on 25 sts. and knit in st-st. for 140 rows. Using back-stitch seam, sew Angora border to front of hood. Pad with wadding, turn back, and slip-stitch on wrong side.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 3, 1961

Too lovely to last

As the plane sped on he wondered if she was dreaming of the time now so long ago when they had met . . . only to part



A captivating short story

By VINA DELMAR

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERTSON

UNTIL the plane set itself free of the world and began its journey east, he was only dimly aware that his seat companion was a young woman. He had been occupied with the usual problem of arranging his long legs in a restricted space. Suppose it had been impossible for him to get an aisle seat? And why didn't people who designed planes, theatres, and other things take into consideration that some fellows were six feet three inches tall? Well, there he was now, sprawled out, but reasonably comfortable.

As he shifted slightly in his search for his cigarette case, he saw something that caught his attention. The girl was using her compact, and, because it was a duplicate of one that Peggy used, he felt a friendliness towards it and towards the person who owned it. So for the first time he looked at the young woman beside him.

Nice looking. Trim, smart, thirtyish. He approved of the colors she wore and of the way she had dressed for the trip. He detested the habit some women had of getting into a plane looking as though they might be called upon to grease the motors.

Very discreetly he eyed and admired the stranger who had the good taste to buy a compact like Peggy's. Suddenly, as he sat there, he realised with astonishment that this was no stranger. He knew this girl. Or he had known her once.

He turned away and thought how amusing it would be to say, "What ever became of that silly brown dog whose name was Monster?" or "Does your mother still bake such wonderful chocolate cakes?"

He glanced again. Yes, there was no doubt. This was Evie Martin. Or she had been Evie Martin. Now she was Evie something else. She had taken her gloves off and he saw the wedding ring — a plain, old-fashioned gold band.

Wouldn't she be surprised if he suddenly said, "I don't suppose you live at Six Eleventh South Juliano any more?"

He played away with the notion for a time and then put it away. What was the use? She wouldn't remember him, and

it would be a chore to go into a long explanation about being the tall fellow who had dated her a few times. You know, the fellow your mother made the chocolate cake for.

And it had been a long time ago — 1944. How could you expect a woman to remember that far back? How many soldiers, tall, short, lean, fat, had danced with Evie in those days, had eaten her mother's good cooking, and had sat in the apartment, each feeling that he was the favored one.

His last date before going overseas had been with Evie Martin. Only he hadn't known it was going to be his last date before pushing off. He remembered the evening well. He had intended to take her somewhere for dinner, but when he'd called at the apartment, dinner had been cooking. Later when he'd taken Evie dancing, it had been fun. It had always been fun to be with Evie. A lot of laughter, a few quick, innocent kisses, and back to the apartment, where there had always been coffee and cake.

The stewardess came down the aisle checking names. "Mrs. J. R. Blake?" she asked.

So Evie was Mrs. J. R. Blake.

"Mr. John Logan?"

He nodded.

"You're Johnny Logan," Evie was bending towards him, fixing him with those bright blue eyes of hers. "Don't you remember me, Johnny?"

"Yes. Sure. Now, wait a minute, just a minute. The face is familiar. The name will come to me."

"Evie Martin."

"Oh, yes, Evie Martin," he said inanely.

"I can tell by the way you say it that you don't remember me at all. I lived in an apartment on South Juliano."

"South Juliano?"

"It was an old building. Kind of pink and Spanish-looking."

"Of course. I remember you."

"Well, thanks. I'd have known you anywhere, only I didn't

look at you till I heard your name. What were you doing in Los Angeles?"

"Living. I've lived there for years."

"Really? Are you married?"

"Yes. I have three children."

"You have? So have I. Give with the pictures. You must have some with you."

He reached for his pocket and she for her purse. Snapshots came out by the dozen.

"Here's Christopher."

"Why, we have a Christopher, too. Do you call him Kit?"

"No. We call him Chris. We call Kathleen Kit. This one is Barbara."

"She looks a lot like my Cynthia, doesn't she? This one's the baby. He's Terence. Isn't he a darling? What's your wife's name?"

"Peggy."

"My husband is Jim. Do you remember my mother?"

"How is she?"

"Just wonderful. Doesn't look a day older. She's minding the children. Jim went to New York on business. They decided to keep him in the New York office. Now I have to pick out a house to rent or buy. Mother will bring the children east as soon as I get a place. They'd be miserable in a hotel."

"I suppose so. I'd hate trying to fit my wild Indians into a hotel. Seems California is the spot for them."

"Funny you settled there, Johnny. You were from Ohio, weren't you?"

"Sure, but I'm a Californian now. Never leave it except on business, and I begrudge every minute I have to spend away from it."

"You weren't so crazy about California when I knew you."

"I've got better quarters this time, and I'm with a new army."

To page 28

Humdrum Hair ?

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MIDNIGHT PANTHER:
Dramatises midnight
darkness; blends grey in
dark brown or black hair



BROWN JAGUAR:
Adds rich warmth.
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in brown hair



BEIGE MINK:
Gives an
exciting champagne
sparkle



She laughed. "Oh, how long ago it all seems. Do you know what kills me most when I think back?"

"No. What?"

"You fellows could dance with us for nothing at the Service clubs, and get fed besides, and yet you were always taking us somewhere expensive to dance. That wasn't good economics."

"It was pretty good fun, though."

She laughed again, then suddenly sobered. "Oh, I just remembered. Johnny, I owe you an apology."

"For what?"

"Well, I think it was you. Yes, I'm sure it was you. Did I have a date with you one night, and when you got there I wasn't in?"

He shook his head. "Not that I recall."

"No? Then maybe it wasn't you. I remember being at a show with some Marine one night, and just as we were leaving the theatre I suddenly got a

Continuing . . .

TOO LOVELY TO LAST

from page 25

terrible, sick feeling that someone had been due to call for me at seven o'clock. It wasn't you?"

"I think I'd remember being brushed off like that," he said. "But maybe I wouldn't. Around that time I got shipped out, and I had things on my mind that had nothing to do with dates. I just might have forgotten the whole thing."

"Well, in any case, Johnny, I apologise for not being in when you called for me."

"And I apologise for not knowing whether or not you stood me up."

"Wait till I tell Mother I saw you."

"She won't remember me."

"Maybe she will. She fussed so over you being a lanky boy. Come to notice, you're still a bit lanky."

"Peggy's done her best, but I'm just a long, narrow model, I guess."

"Let me see the snapshots again," Evie said. "Have you one of Peggy?"

"Not with me."

"What's she like?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sort of hard to describe."

Evie looked at him quizzically, and he felt that he had somehow sold Peggy short. "I mean she doesn't have coal-black hair or snow-white skin or anything that would bring a definite picture to your mind. She's cute and pretty and—"

"Tall or short?"

"About medium."

"What size?"

"About like you."

"Blond?"

"A little darker than blond."

"Well, I'm a little darker than blond. Is she still darker?"

He shrugged. "About the same."

She handed him the snapshots and leaned back, looking heavy-eyed.

"You're sleepy," he said.

"You're so right. I took a pill to fight airsickness, and it's making me drowsy."

She closed her eyes and turned her face towards the window.

Johnny dozed some, read some, and stared out at the emptiness that surrounded them. Occasionally he glanced at Evie. The pill had really done her in. She was sleeping so soundly that even the squalls of a three-year-old across the aisle disturbed her not at all.

But he could really look at Evie now. She was a woman who "slept pretty." He smiled to himself, thinking of the time Kit had said that of Peggy. Quiet as a mouse, Kit had sat watching Peggy sleep one afternoon and had later voiced the words that had become a family treasure. Well, Evie "slept pretty," too. As a matter of fact, she reminded him of Peg. He yawned and dozed off again.

This time when he awakened the stewardesses were distributing the trays. "Wake up. Food's on the way," he said to Evie.

Evie woke up a little dazedly. "It's you, Johnny."

"Yes. I decided not to get off."

"The plane didn't stop anywhere, did it?"

"Of course not. This is one of those long-playing jobs. First stop New York. It doesn't land in New York."

"You mean it doesn't land in Manhattan. Very true. When we get off, we have to take taxis and ride forever across bridges and through towns and—"

"I won't have to take a taxi. Jim's rented a car."

"Well, bully for Jim. Do you feel like eating?"

"No. I feel like sleeping. I'm the jolly, vivacious type of travelling companion."

"Don't think it hasn't been fun watching you sleep."

"Oh, Johnny, I do apologise."

The stewardess brought the trays. There were lamb chops on each tray. Johnny ate his, but Evie, he noticed, skipped right to the ice-cream.

"That's no way to eat," he reproved her.

"I bet that's just the way you look when you're scolding Kit or Barbara."

"I never have to scold them. They eat their lamb chops. They're good girls."

EVIE smiled. "You know something — you're different now from the way you were."

"I'm 34 now. That's bound to make a difference."

"No, no. I mean you changed while I was sleeping." She stared at him, frowning slightly. "When we first met here in the plane, you were like any passing acquaintance who might have sat in that seat. Now you're more at home with me. You really feel like an old friend, don't you?"

He considered the matter solemnly. "No," he said. "I think that if my manner has changed, it is only because I've known Mrs. Blake a few hours longer than I had when we started to talk. Actually I never knew Evie Martin well enough to feel like an old friend."

"Oh, that's too bad! The poor girl tried so hard."

They sat back silently and dozed as the plane ate up time and space.

When they awakened to a skyful of excitement, Evie was properly awed.

"It's like nothing that ever was before," she breathed. She pressed her face against the window, looking very small and wistful as she sat there trying to fix in memory something that was too lovely to last.

She turned to smile at him. It was one of those smiles that men don't try to understand. There was sweetness in the smile, but there was meaning, too. He knew, because he had seen the smile before. As a matter of fact, in using it, Evie looked very much like Peg.

They stared at the lights of New York and regretted leaving them behind to head for the prosaic neighborhood of the airport.

He pointed out the lights of the airport to Evie. "We're coming in now."

"Oh, I wonder if Jim's there. When do we land, Johnny?"

"Oh, in a few seconds now."

"Well, I hope it's soon. I'm getting tired of the plane."

She fiddled with her purse. "Johnny, when do we land?" she asked again.

He did not answer. He was asking the same question of himself.

"Folks." It was the voice from the cockpit, sounding just as cheerful and brisk as when it had been calling attention to cities and rivers, but it had another kind of message now.

"Folks, there's going to be a little delay in landing. Nothing to be alarmed about. We're working on a small mechanical matter that should be ironed out in a few seconds. Keep your safety-belts fastened, and please have patience."

From the seat behind Evie, a man spoke out. "He can't get the wheels down."

Johnny thought, I'd like to hit you, you loud-mouthed know-it-all. So he can't get the wheels down. Do the women have to know?

Someone stooped a stewardess as she hurried by. "What's happening?"

At last! Someone's remembered we like smart stockings too!

NEW 2-PLY KNIT GIVES
GUARANTEED WEAR, NEW LOVELINESS



Wizard
Zealons
the stockings with a
written guarantee
16 1/2" PAIR
seamless or
fully fashioned

New 2-ply 60 and 40 denier hosiery with all the lovely features of a high-fashion stocking... beautiful slender heel, glorious dull finish, the finest of seams or the new seamless style... and most of all the heavenly comfort, the gentle support of Wizard Zealon.

HOLEPROOF
hi-fashion service weight Hosiery



NEW PROCESS 2-PLY KNIT GIVES YOU TWO-FOLD STRENGTH AND LOVELY DULL FINISH
The secret 'Aresta-snag' process gives you everything you want — long life and a beautiful dull finish. Two threads are woven together — when one thread snags, the other holds.



BEAUTIFUL... SHEER... PRACTICAL... THE THREE BIG ADVANTAGES OF THE 2-PLY KNIT
You'll love the way these stockings cling comfortably to your legs, give soothing gentle support, fit without a wrinkle. And they're styled with all the features of fashion hosiery.



YOUR GUARANTEE — 12 WEEKS WEAR FROM 2 PAIRS OR 2 NEW PAIRS FREE
It's true! These stockings have a written guarantee — 12 weeks wear from 2 pairs or 2 new pairs FREE. Unique 2-ply knit gives the stockings longer life.

16 1/2"

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Variations on a Romantic Theme

An amusing short story

By MAUREEN LUSON

ILLUSTRATED BY KICK

It was Saturday morning, and Jeremy Westley was all unaware that this pleasant spring day was to bring about complete disruption of the peaceful, orderly routine of his life.

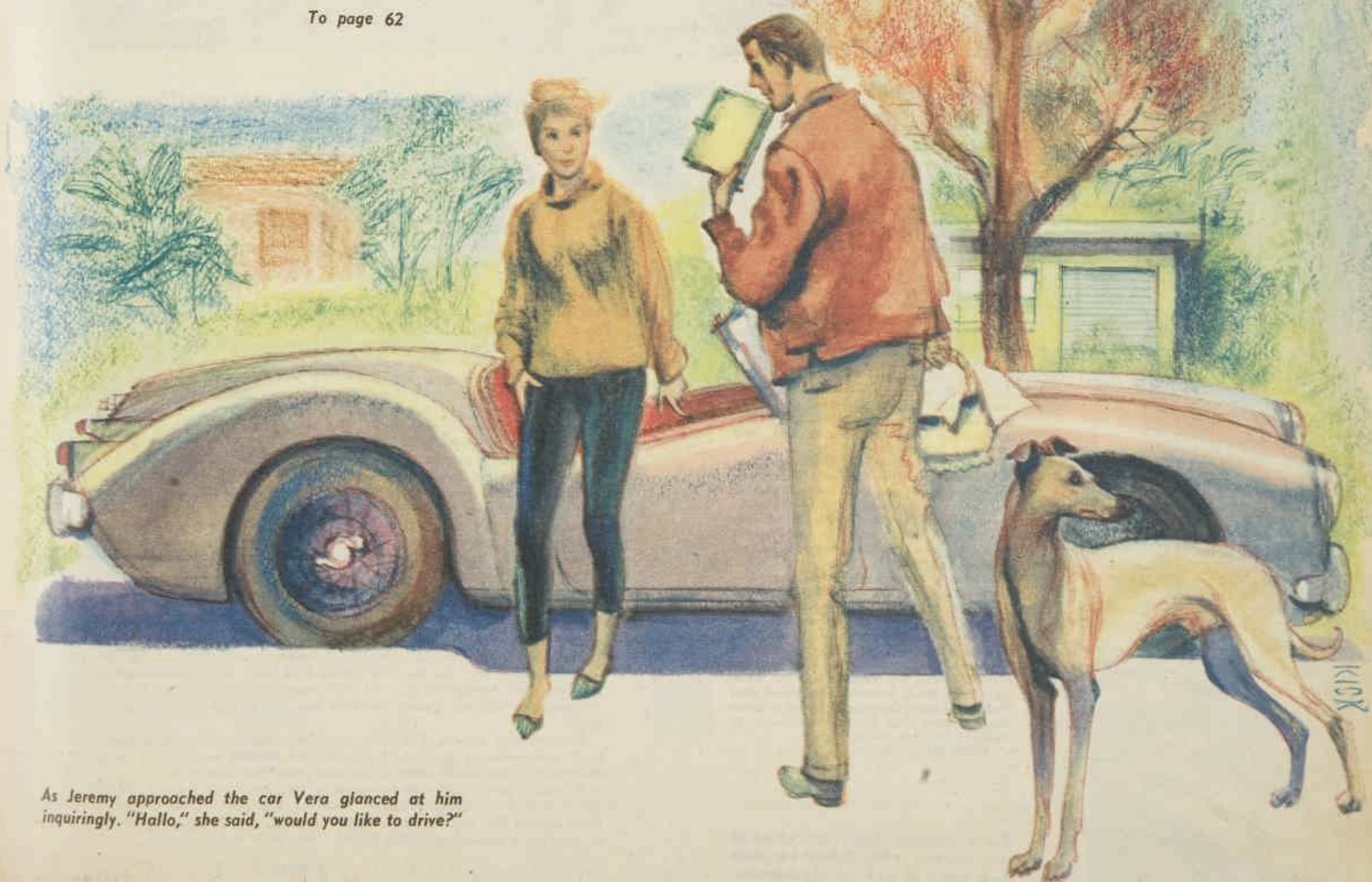
He was, in fact, unaware of anything save the volume of neo-Byzantine art propped in front of him, and of the fascinating possibilities presented by it in connection with the entablatures of the frontal columns of the new Civic Centre, designs for which littered the large table in the Hugger-Muggery.

"Hugger-Muggery" was the name bestowed on Jeremy's studio by his mother, who was only permitted to enter it on condition that she did not dust, polish, or tidy it. Jeremy spent his working hours in a city architect's office, and his spare time in the Hugger-Muggery putting in more working hours. He liked it that way.

The first sign that this Saturday was going to be different came at ten o'clock; normally Mrs. Westley tiptoed into the Hugger-Muggery at ten, deposited a cup of coffee on the table and a kiss on Jeremy's bent head, then tiptoed out again. But this morning she did not tiptoe — she clattered, she hummed a gay little tune, and deposited herself on a corner of the table.

Jeremy turned a page and raised an annoyed eyebrow.

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As Jeremy approached the car Vera glanced at him inquiringly. "Hallo," she said, "would you like to drive?"

What ever happened to Baby Jane?



Third instalment of our compelling serial

By HENRY FARRELL

FORMER film star BLANCHE HUDSON, crippled for thirty years since a car accident, has spent days and nights in terror as a prisoner in her own home. MRS. EDNA STITT, the weekly help, had warned her that her sister, JANE, was not "a well woman." She decided to sell the house, but when she tried to ring BERT HANLEY, who managed her business, Jane disconnected the upstairs phone.

Then the horror started. Jane served a meal of a dead bird and Blanche had had to spend the nights in her wheelchair, as Jane would not help her to bed. After keeping Mrs. Stitt away from Blanche, Jane left the house. Making a tortuous descent of the stairs, Blanche reached the other phone and was asking DR. SHELBY to come when Jane returned and dragged her upstairs.

Previously, Jane had decided in her disturbed mind to make a comeback with her child act, and had advertised for an accompanist. EDWIN FLAGG, an unsuccessful pianist, who lived with his mother, DEL, was the only applicant. In need of the money, he accepted the job.

Although Jane had sacked her a few days later, Mrs. Stitt determined to see Blanche, and entered the house after seeing Jane drive off. Blanche's bedroom door is locked and, getting no response to her knocking, she becomes worried. She looks for the key in Jane's room, but cannot find it. What she does find, however, is proof that Jane has been forging Blanche's name on cheques and her worry turns to fearful apprehension.

NOW READ ON:

For a moment, Mrs. Stitt stood in the doorway, while behind her Jane bent down to pick up the hammer.

JANE HUDSON arrived at the bank just a few minutes after opening time, so she didn't have to wait in line. Reaching into her purse with an air of poorly controlled nervousness, she took out the allowance cheque from Bert Hanley and stepped up to the nearest teller's window.

"How are you today, Miss Hudson?" the teller asked.

"Oh—I'm fine," Jane said. Sucking in a deep breath, she put the cheque between them on the counter. "There . . ."

Turning the cheque over, the young man observed the signature on the back, returned it to the counter, and stamped it. He looked up with an air of polite expectancy. "Your deposit slip?"

Jane, swallowing against a sudden dryness in her throat, managed to maintain her smile. "Cash," she said in a quick, small voice. "I—Blanche—she wanted me to get it all in cash this time." The young man lifted his brows. "She has some special reason, I guess," she said quickly.

Nodding, the young man opened his cash drawer, counted out the money, and shoved it smoothly across to her.

For a moment Jane merely stared at the money, almost afraid to touch it.

"Is that how you wanted it?"

Looking up, Jane nodded. Then, reaching out, she scooped the money haphazardly into her purse, eager to have it, all at once, safely in her possession.

"Thank you," she said with a sudden breathlessness. "Thank you very much."

Out on the sidewalk she stopped and faced into the warm sunshine. I don't have to ask anyone, she thought. I can buy anything I want. I can just walk down this street, if I feel like it, and buy everything I see.

But there was no time now to visit the shops or even to look in the windows. With Mrs. Stitt fired and Edwin coming, there were things for her to attend to. Turning away she started around the corner in the direction of the parking lot where she had left the car. Everything had been so terrible before yesterday; she had been lost then and frightened. But now she was quite sure of herself, quite sure of everything she was doing. She had lots and lots of money. And she had a new friend.

Edwin Flagg. Edwin. The mere thought of his name hastened her step, as if life itself had suddenly quickened so that she needed to hurry to keep up with it. He had said he would come to see her again this afternoon.

Reaching the entrance to the parking lot, she hurried along the rows of cars in the direction of the grey coupe. Drawing her purse close to her, she hugged it tight against her bosom. Fifty dollars a week, she thought happily, was very little to pay for a good friend like Edwin, very little indeed.

To page 64

Whether you wash by hand or machine . . .

THESE GARMENTS NEED SPECIAL WASHING CARE



PHOTOGRAPHED BY HELMUT NEWTON

PRETTY THINGS like this quilted nylon housecoat are best washed with Lux. Lux in your machine keeps all things soft and new.

Even when they're machine-washable, today's easy-care fabrics need the special care of Lux. Lux in your washing machine does a wonderful job with drip-drys, woollens, nightwear, blouses, blankets — just as it does with the nylons and pretty undies you Lux-dip each night. All things look better, feel softer, last longer with the safe gentle, special care of Lux.



COLOURS STAY TRUE because Lux contains no harsh chemicals to fade them.



BABY CLOTHES ARE SAFE in your washing machine, if you use only gentle, pure-soap Lux flakes.



BRAS AND GIRDLES keep their pretty shape (and yours!) because Lux preserves elasticity, never weakens rubber.



IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER, IT'S SAFE IN LUX

(and so are your hands!)



"I like my silver to be seen and a quick weekly rub-over is so easy with Silvo."

Because I'm proud of my silver, I like to use it often—not just for special occasions. And, to keep it gleaming, I find that regular weekly cleaning with Silvo is no trouble at all. Silvo is so gentle, too, even for the most delicate surfaces. I wouldn't use anything but Silvo.



Silvo

LIQUID SILVER POLISH

RECOMMENDED BY LEADING AUSTRALIAN SILVERWARE MANUFACTURERS



Illustrated: "Berkley" pattern table silver, by Kedd
candelabra and entrée dish by Hecworth

A modern touch in any home — practical

brass



for that deep rich glow of polished brass

BRASSO

gives a brighter longer lasting shine

Brown Indian Rose Bowl—Farmer's, Sydney.



The Breaking Point

A short short story

By J. J. GODWIN



Suddenly Marlene and Pete burst out laughing.

THEY were a very young couple, and this was their first apartment, and there were several things wrong with it. To light the oven, for instance, one applied a burning taper to a dark and dreadful cavity and waited, palpitating, for the monster's rumbling vitals to bring forth flame. Then—not directly in consequence but as a matter of local custom—the fire engines had a way of thundering past, sirens screeching, at two in the morning.

The ventilation was open to criticism, if not to air, and the whole contraption was two flights up in a red-brick building stuck between two other red-brick buildings in a row of red-brick buildings, each of which appeared to be prevented from falling down only by the support of its neighbors.

These, however, were simply conditions of life, like rain and earthquake. One set the teeth and endured; one kept one's job at the stationery store and put one's pay in the bank; one encouraged and fortified one's husband; and eventually one would be rewarded by the comforts and consolations of country living.

Marlene could be extremely reasonable and patient about these unavoidable hazards. There were certain others, though—such as the bathroom door (handily opening off the kitchen) that did not latch unless one banged it like a disinherited teenager leaving home, or the venetian blind that went up at one end but not the other, or the pictures stacked on the bureau for lack of anything to hold them on the walls—that seemed not only avoidable but downright unnecessary, and she was finding it increasingly difficult to strike the proper note of tenderness and humor in pointing out to Pete the things that lay within the province of hammer and screw-driver and mortal man.

It was July. July is always the hottest month—never mind what anyone says about August—and this July the temperature simply simmered up to ninety-five and stayed right there, cooling off to ninety at night. They sat, sagging, at the kitchen table, dimly poking at dinner, while a fan on the floor moved the heat around.

Marlene said, "Don't forget to take the garbage out." Pete picked up his plate. "Shall I take it out now or put it in a bag first?"

"Ha, ha, I'm laughing," Marlene said. Pete put down his plate and lifted a slice of pink meat with his fork. "Just what is this material?" he inquired.

"It's from the delicatessen. I thought about cooking and almost passed out. Okay?"

"Yeah, okay."

"I suppose I should've cooked a hot meal."

"The meal's all right. But why not wait till it's over before you start worrying about the garbage?"

"Because you forgot it last night."

"All right."

"And you can't leave it around in this kind of weather."

"All right."

It seemed to Marlene, as she reviewed this exchange, that the balance was about even. Call it a draw and walk off the field, what say? But the set of Pete's chin demanded something more drastic. She had better offer an opportunity for making amends. "I'm a nag?" she asked meekly.

Pete said no, as she had expected; but he hesitated so long and said it so low he might as well have said yes.

There was a silence, during which the fan turned to the left, paused, and moved back to the right. Very well. If that was the way he felt, let him sit there in his T-shirt.

What was she supposed to do, salaam? She gazed stonily at the wall. A girl goes trustingly into marriage, said the look on her face, only to find herself enmeshed in a ghastly mockery with a barbarous oaf.

"I know what you're thinking about," Pete said.

"I'm not thinking of anything," Marlene said to the wall. "Come on now. Don't do that."

"I'm not doing anything."

"Aw, honey."

"Never mind the 'Aw, honey.' Eat your dinner."

"Listen, I haven't fixed the blind for the same reason you didn't cook dinner. It's too hot."

"I haven't said anything about the blind, have I? Leave it. I don't care."

"And the pictures," Pete said, "and the door."

"And the floor," Marlene reminded him. "It's got to be washed and waxed."

"And, as you say, the floor. I'll do them all; don't worry."

"I'm not worrying. You seem to think I nag you about these things. I haven't even mentioned them. You're the one who's bringing them up."

Silence lengthened, leaving a structure of injury between them. This was not so much a quarrel as a mutual contemplation of the possibilities. Having begun their moody examination, like shoppers sorting leavings at a sale, they kept stubbornly circling the counter as if neither dared be the first to leave this emotional bargain basement lest the other refuse to follow.

Marlene carried the plates to the sink, took the ice-cream from the refrigerator, scooped it into two saucers, and carried the saucers to the table. She poured coffee. She sat down. She said, "May I have the sugar, please?"

He passed the sugar. "Cream?"

"Please."

He passed the cream. They ate silently.

"Excuse me," Marlene murmured, rose, and began to clear the table. She carried the dishes quietly to the sink and put them down noiselessly. Noiselessly she washed them.

Pete hunched gloomily over his coffee. The situation was plainly beyond salvage. Nothing he could do now would help. If he spoke, she'd snap. Somehow everything had slid out of control, and for the rest of his life he would be branded a slacker and shiftless, a sloppy fellow around the house to be endured by his beautiful, dainty, sensitive long-suffering wife, who would not divorce him, would not even screech at him, but would simply maintain this pained aloofness until death at last released her from martyrdom.

Humor ran suddenly and acidly through his mind. He had to stare intently at his coffee to shut off a smile that would have been as unseemly as a guffaw at a funeral.

Marlene went into the bedroom, came out with a dressing-gown on her arm. She walked past him, remote and unresponsive, into the bathroom and softly closed the door. He heard the bath tap go on and then the latch squeak as the door reopened. Again Marlene closed it, and from certain dim sounds he knew she was pulling it mightily from within. But as soon as she released the knob the door eased open again.

Her predicament was obvious. She could not make the door catch without slamming it, but to slam it would underline everything far too emphatically. The delicate injustices of the situation, whatever they might be, would be totally upset. She simply could not afford to slam that door.

He could not help it. He had to laugh. Nose buried in cup, he managed to smother the sound. But he could not stop his shoulders from shaking. From behind him came an explosion, a human sound, not unlike a sneeze. He turned.

Marlene stood in the doorway. Her face was red. She was laughing. The laughter seemed to be torn out of her against her wishes—she looked exasperated and on the verge of stamping her foot—but she was laughing. He rose to take her in his arms.

And in the instant that their eyes met before they embraced, warm and moist and relieved, each knew that the other knew that one small crisis in the business of building a marriage had been met and, without benefit of advice from the experts, mastered. They felt a little smug about that.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 3, 1961

NESCAFÉ'S GIANT 'COUNT THE BEANS' CONTEST! 1043 PRIZES!



Win a 43 day trip for two

**FLY PAN AM JET CLIPPER TO U.S.A.,
MEXICO, BRAZIL AND JAMAICA.
ALL HOTELS PLUS £750 EXPENSES!
ALL TRAVEL ARRANGED BY
ORBIT TRAVEL SERVICE!**



HAWAII: After Fiji you stop over at beautiful Honolulu. Traditional Hawaiian welcome. Waikiki. The fabulous Hawaiian Village. Oahu - most beautiful of Pacific Isles.



LAS VEGAS: More nightclubs per square inch than anywhere else in the world. Glorious hotels. Fabulous entertainment. The Grand Canyon. Hoover Dam, engineering masterpiece.



HOLLYWOOD: After San Francisco, Sydney's sister city, you'll fly to Los Angeles and Hollywood. Disneyland. A film studio. Beverly Hills.



MEXICO CITY: Metropolis. Colourful mixture of old Spain and modern America. Bullfights. Aztec ruins. Colourful costumes and dances. Low prices. Great entertainment.



RIO DE JANEIRO: One of the world's most beautiful harbours. Breathtaking scenery. Coffee capital of the world. There's an awful lot of Nescafé in Brazil.



JAMAICA: Colourful, Calypso Isle. See famous steel bands, swim in blue lagoons. Laze on golden sands. Slip iced Nescafé beneath the palms. In Kingston town you'll want to stay.



MIAMI: Pleasure capital of U.S.A. Continuous sunshine. Fabulous beaches. Miles of luxury hotels - the biggest and best in the world. And you'll be staying there - FREE!



NEW YORK: Fantastic city of skyscrapers. Wastling. Cosmopolitan. Home of Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Wall Street. Luxury hotels and fine food. Coney Island. Statue of Liberty.

Just tell us how many beans in a 2-oz. tin of Nescafé!

Hint: To find your answer, count the cups in a 2-oz. tin of Nescafé. But that's the dull way. Bright idea! Take your tin. Spoon Nescafé into a cup and add boiling water. Watch those flavour-active particles burst into life. Add milk or sugar and sip.

Mmmm! That's real coffee...

delicious. (Bean count: 43). Now treat yourself to a second cup. (Bean count: 86). Delightful thought! You drink Nescafé. Get instant flavour - instant lift. And the answer!

Nescafé's "Count the Beans" Contest is easy to enter. With fabulous prizes so easy to win. Start counting-soon!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 3, 1961



43 beans in every cup!

LOOK AT THESE PRIZES

1st PRIZE 43-day trip for two to Fiji, Hawaii, U.S.A., Mexico, Brazil and Trinidad. All hotels paid, plus £750 spending money.



SECOND AND THIRD Choice of a Philips Hi-Fi stereogram, TV set or a Philips tape recorder.

FOURTH TO FORTY-THIRD

Your choice of a Philips Transistor Radio or Car Radio.

PLUS! 1,000 special prizes of coffee-lover carafes.

ALTERNATIVE FIRST PRIZE!

If you can't make the trip, you receive a new Holden car plus £500.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO...

- 1 Tell us how many beans are in a 2 oz. tin of Nescafé. (There are 43 beans in every cup!)
- 2 Complete new last line of this Nescafé jingle:
Nescafé is the modern coffee;
Rich, full-flavoured, it's supreme.
Nescafé is the tastiest coffee.

(Sample last line: "Hot or cold with milk or cream.")

RULES AND CONDITIONS:

- 1 No limit to the number of entries. 2 The closing date is 31st May, 1961, and no entries received after this date will be considered. 3 Employees (and their families) of Nestlé and their Advertising Agents are not eligible. 4 The results will be published in Australian Women's Weekly on July 19th. 5 The judge's decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. 6 Winning entries become the property of the Nestlé Company (Australia) Limited, and may be used for advertising purposes.

Fill in the above answers and send with Nescafé label to: "43 BEANS," G.P.O. BOX 4025, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

(Label not required where it contravenes State laws)

NAME

ADDRESS

NEW 3-IN-ONE

WEANING PLAN

FOR DIET VARIETY

ROBINSON'S

**Baby Rice
Cereal**

**Baby Oats
Cereal**

**Baby Mixed
Cereal**

(Wheat, Oats
and Barley)



**TO GIVE ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT
DURING THE WEANING PERIOD**

ROBINSON'S BABY CEREALS

are ideal at weaning time. They are pre-cooked in powder form containing vitamins and minerals essential for sturdy growth and contented feeding. Robinson's Baby Cereals are simple to mix, easily digested and provide the diet variety for baby so desirable during weaning time.

ROBINSON'S TRIPLE PACK

Robinson's Baby Cereals are sold in separate cartons or in one handy Triple Pack for your convenience. All babies love these creamy cereals—they're tops for toddlers, too!

ROBINSON'S FAMOUS BABY CEREALS

come separately
or in one **HANDY
TRIPLE PACK!**



Try Robinson's
wonderful 3-in-one weaning
plan today with the Triple Pack!

My BIG TOE was one BIG "OH!"

When you have to "rub your poor toe"—rub it with BAUME DALET. This powerful foot ointment has proved so marvellously effective on the Continent that chemists in this country are now taking it up. Made specially for the relief of painful bunions, swellings, but wonderful for "hot", tired, aching and tender feet, too. BAUME DALET disappears as you rub—gets deep into your foot where its special healing ingredients really get to work and bring relief. Ask your family chemist for BAUME DALET—6/- a tube.



**You Can Taste the
Difference**

Only Vencatcurry has that full, rich, spicy flavour. The big difference in flavour is worth the little difference in price. Buy only the best—

**THE WORLD'S
BEST CURRY**

MADE BY:
P. VENCATACHELLUM, MADRAS, INDIA



LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Why the gloom?

EVER noticed how few people smile nowadays? Yesterday I boarded a city-bound bus and smiled at the driver. He stared. I smiled at a woman who sat down beside me. She looked blank. When the conductor came for the fare, I smiled at him. He took my fare with a dead-pan expression. At that stage my naturally bright spirits failed me, and for the remainder of the journey I wore the uniform expression of the rest of the busload.

£1/1/- to H. Mackay, Coogee, N.S.W.

Money snobs — but still snobs

WE in Australia like to believe we're not class-conscious, as are so many of the English. But, as an ex-Pommy, I claim there is as much snobbery here as in the Old Country, although it takes a different form. As in the U.S., it's practically only the possession of money, a house, and a car (paid for or not) which counts here. Education is hardly recognised, dropped aspirates are allowed to fall unnoticed. Money talks more loudly here than in either England or Western Europe. I'm not saying intellectual snobbery is any better than money snobbery—I'm just stating a fact.

£1/1/- to Mr. G. Birks, New Farm, Qld.

The not-so-shaky isles

IT'S strange how many Australians regard New Zealand as a dangerous place to live because of earthquakes. My brother had been visiting Sydney, and the taxi-driver who took him to the wharf when he was leaving said, "You're game, mate, going back to that place!" When my brother asked why, he said, "Well, what about all those earthquakes?" When Bill told him he has lived there for 24 years and never felt one, the driver said, "Go on! You're kidding!" and obviously didn't believe him.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. M. Jordan, Kaukapakapa, N.Z.

Those golf-crazy wives

OUT on my job recently I pulled up under a shady tree near a golf course for lunch and was amazed at the number of young women I saw on the course. What a futile existence potting that little ball round day in and day out. Surely in this growing country they could be more gainfully employed! What a bad bargain our men get in these self-indulgent women who would be playing the game more fairly by pulling their weight at home.

£1/1/- to "Fair-Play" (name supplied), Avalon Beach, N.S.W.

They try to humor Mum

WHENEVER I voice my disapproval, my husband—who is a tease—says, "You're a dear little thing, Mum." A few days ago I heard my six-year-old son tell my four-year-old son not to worry when Mum growls at you... "She's really a dear little thing!" So now I've decided I'd get more action if they thought I was a witch.

£1/1/- to "It's True" (name supplied), Carlisle River, Vic.

On trousseaus

MY mother believed, as does "Down To Earth" (N.S.W.), that "trousseau showings" are an excuse to gloat over possessions—that glamorous underwear is suitable for only the honeymoon, and that huge quantities of elaborate linen, etc., are not practical for the average home. So I had to scheme and scrimp after my marriage to acquire my "pretties"—aided by a naval husband who spoils me with his overseas purchases. Now I'm about to launch a daughter, and her box could make an heiress envious.

£1/1/- to "John's Girl" (name supplied), Lavender Bay, N.S.W.

I FIND I have far too many tablecloths, etc., to use in my home, and so they're stored away going musty with age. How much better off I'd be if I had banked the money spent on such things for use as a deposit on furniture.

£1/1/- to "Sap" (name supplied), Tenterfield, N.S.W.

WHY should a housewife be dowdy? Pretty things are not impractical these days. During my engagement I bought all the pretty things I could afford for my trousseau, and how rewarding I find it now!

£1/1/- to M. Colledge, Mt. Isa, Qld.

I AGREE with "Down To Earth." I know a young housewife, three years married, who still has boxes of expensive linens and glamorous lingerie unused, yet has no floor-coverings or curtains.

£1/1/- to "M.W." (name supplied), Southport, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

"WOULD you mind posting this envelope? It's my entry for the Nutto flag competition."

My wife was speaking. She had spent the evening working on her entry for the competition. The task was to design a flag for the Nutto peanut-butter company.

Her flag featured a nuts-and-stripes motif and looked good.

"O.K.," I said. "I hope you get somewhere this time. I've been disappointed in your competition results lately."

A lot of effort goes into competition entries at our place, especially at this time of the year. This is the competition season.

My wife has written slogans for ice-cream, floor-polish, detergents, breakfast cereals. The children have sent in answers to quizzes ("Daddy, do you know the names of six active volcanoes?"). They have colored-in pictures of monster prizes offered by petrol companies.

The habit was encouraged by my wife's triumph in the meat industry's recipe competition.

Her recipe for a meat-pie won her a side of lamb, and she appeared on television when the meat was handed

BE IN IT TO WIN IT

over to her. It was her finest hour in the competition field.

About the same time, one of my daughters won £2 for an essay on "My Favorite Vegetable Extract."

I could see attractive possibilities ahead. I even foresaw a steady income from the family's competition prizes.



But since then they have let me down.

Last week, my eldest daughter failed to get a mention in a contest for identifying the silhouettes of movie stars. She said Audrey Hepburn was Marilyn Monroe.

I had to speak to her severely. "I don't believe you were really trying," I said.

The craze has certain irritating features.

Our choice of household goods is governed by competitions.

We can use only Splosh detergent, and in the giant family size, because it contains coupons for a limerick competition.

We are restricted to Weeti-Pops, Nutto, and White Fang toothpaste for similar reasons.

Now and then the family is barred from entering a competition because it is run by a publication I work for. That happened over Magicwords. There was fearful indignation.

I have been in trouble for not posting entries in time. I have had to console defeated competitors who failed to win a free trip round the world. ("It would have interfered with your schoolwork, anyway," I said.)

The hope of easy pickings from prizes has pretty well vanished now. I will be lucky to get my stamp money back.

We are banking everything on my wife's Nutto flag entry; also her guess of the number of beans in a ton of Kupper coffee.

If these last efforts fail, it's back to buying lottery tickets.

THIRTY-THREE BEAUTIFUL CAKES

By LEILA C.
HOWARD,

OUR FOOD AND
COOKERY EXPERT



CAKE OF ...

THE MONTH

- A simple but effective cake, specially iced for Mother's Day, begins this special feature, which includes thirty-three cakes and a selection of ideas for luscious frostings and some tempting fillings.

CAKE decorating need not be elaborate to be effective, but it must be done as finely and neatly as possible to create a delicate and beautiful appearance. The ability to achieve this dainty work comes only with practice.

The Mother's Day cake shown above is a good example of the transformation icing and pretty decorations can make to an ordinary square fruit cake.

This cake is covered with white fondant and the pipework is done with white royal icing. A touch of color has been introduced in the palest pink moulded roses, blue forget-me-nots, and narrow pink ribbon. The word Mother has been emphasised with a touch of silver paint over the royal icing.

To obtain a pure white finish to the fondant it is necessary to use good-quality clean icing-sugar, egg-whites which are as clear as possible, and colorless liquid glucose, and, above all, to have the hands and all equipment scrupulously clean, especially the rolling-out table.

FORGET-ME-NOTS

The blue forget-me-nots are first piped on to waxed paper as a circle of five tiny dots, with a No. 0 or 1 writing tube, all touching. These are carefully lifted off when dry and attached to short pieces of fine millinery wire with a little extra royal icing. The larger flowers can have a centre dot added in icing of the same or contrasting color, but this is not necessary for the tiny

ones. When arranging the flowers along the wire, attach the larger one toward the base and use the smaller blossoms and then the buds at the top. This wire spray is then stuck straight into the fondant round the moulded roses and arranged to give a soft effect to the bouquets on top and two side corners of cake.

DESIGN

The fan design on the top of the cake is first set out and drawn on paper. The main points of the design are then pricked through on to the fondant. A more natural effect is obtained if as much of the design as possible is piped freehand on to the cake with just a few guide marks.

Piping "lace" edges on the fan and half circle of ribbon insertion gives depth to the base design. A tulle bow adds softness to the corner bouquet. The word Mother is piped on to the cake with a No. 0 writing tube and slightly softer royal icing. Inscription writing is not easy and requires practice to acquire a flowing style.

The side design for the Mother's Day cake consists of a strip of narrow ribbon, a picket design in piping "lace," a looped design of two rows of piping, and a series of graduated star roses filling in at the base.

Basic cake recipes and directions for "lace" piping, tulle work, moulded roses, and ribbon insertion were given in our issues of February 1 and 8, 1961.

A photograph of the cake above can be obtained from our Photo Sales Department, 195 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, for 5/-, plus postage.

Continued on page 37

OUR COMPETITION

READERS are invited to enter our cake-decorating competition. Prizes are: £20 for the winner, £10 second, and £5 third.

All you have to do is send in a clear photograph of a cake you have decorated, with detailed directions for making the decorations. Mark back of photograph with your name and address and send it to:

Cake Decorating Competition,
Box 4088 W.W., G.P.O., Sydney.

In addition, we will pay £2/2/- for any other pictures we publish.

Closing date is June 5, 1961.

Photographs will be returned in July if a stamped, addressed envelope is included with entries.

New from Continental^{BRAND}

TASTE REAL CHICKEN PIECES IN Chicken Barley Broth!

Real pieces of tender young chicken! You see 'em, taste 'em in this glistening golden broth, fortified with all the goodness of sunripened barley! And once you've tasted those real chicken pieces, you'll want to serve this newest Continental brand Soup again and again. Enjoy the home-made goodness of CHICKEN BARLEY BROTH tonight!



The best soup comes from the best ingredients, that's why you'll love Continental Brand Soups

To serve with tea or coffee

WALNUT BUTTER CAKE

Two-thirds cup soft butter or substitute, 1½ cups sugar, 2 eggs, vanilla, 3 cups sifted flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups milk, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Filling: One-quarter cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, vanilla, ½ cup chopped dates, ½ cup toasted nuts.

Combine butter, sugar, eggs, and vanilla in basin. Beat 5 minutes with mixer or by hand until white and fluffy. Sift flour and measure and resist with baking powder and salt. Add alternately with the milk and beat on low speed until smooth. Fold in chopped walnuts. Pour into 2 greased and lined 9in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes.

Filling: Mix in saucepan sugar, cornflour, and salt. Gradually stir in milk and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Boil 1 minute. Add some hot mixture to egg-yolk and then combine all and beat 1 minute. Remove from heat, add butter and vanilla. Fold in dates and nuts. Cool, stirring occasionally. Spread between layers of the cake and frost with lemon-flavored soft butter icing.

ONE-EGG WALNUT BAR

One cup chopped dates, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup water, ½ cup butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup chopped nuts, 2 cups cornflakes, 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt.

Soak dates, water, and soda 1 hour. Cream butter and sugar, add egg, beating well. Fold in date mixture, nuts, and crushed cornflakes. Mix in sifted flour and salt. Place into 2 greased bar-tins, bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes until firm to the touch. Keep 2 or 3 days before cutting.

SPICY APPLE CAKES

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. castor sugar, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 2oz. flour, 2oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 large green apple, extra ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 extra tablespoon sugar, small quantity lemon-flavored icing, cinnamon.

Peel, core, and grate apple. Place into saucepan with extra lemon rind and sugar. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Allow to become quite cold. Cream butter and sugar with lemon rind. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Half fill deep greased patty-tins with mixture, add layer of cooled apple, fill up with cake mixture. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cold, top with lemon-flavored icing and dust with cinnamon.

BANANA CREAMS

Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. brown sugar, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 small ripe bananas, 4oz. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts (may be omitted), 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream butter, sugar, lemon rind. Add egg and mix well. Mash bananas, add lemon juice,

fold into mixture. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, soda dissolved in milk, and nuts. Spoon into greased patty-tins, bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold, top with banana cream and sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

Banana Cream: Two dessertspoons butter, 8 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon milk, ½ banana (cut into very small dice), chopped walnuts.

Beat butter until very soft, add icing sugar gradually. Beat until soft, white, and fluffy, and add lemon juice, banana, and milk. Spoon on to patties, sprinkle with chopped nuts.

CINNAMON CREAM SPONGE

Two dessertspoons butter or substitute, ½ cup castor sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 dessertspoons cinnamon, pinch salt, ½ cup milk, mock cream, whipped cream, or lemon filling.

Cream butter with sugar. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well. Add golden syrup, then sifted dry ingredients alternately with the soda dissolved in milk. Turn into 2 well-greased 7in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold sandwich together with mock cream, whipped cream, or lemon filling. Top can be iced with lemon-flavored warm icing and dusted with cinnamon.

CHOCOLATE CUP CAKES

Half cup sugar, 1½ cups self-raising flour, ½ cup melted butter or substitute, ½ cup milk, ½ cup boiling water, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 1 egg.

Mix sugar and sifted flour with the melted butter, milk, and cocoa which has been dissolved in the boiling water. Stir thoroughly, beat in lightly the well-whisked egg. Cook in greased patty-tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cold ice with various icings.

RASPBERRY SHORTCAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, pinch salt, 1½ cups flour, 3 tablespoons baking powder, raspberry jam.

Topping: One cup cornflakes, 1 beaten egg, ½ cup chopped nuts, ½ cup coconut, ½ cup sultanas, 1 tablespoon milk, vanilla, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten egg. Mix well, fold in sifted dry ingredients. Press into greased 10in. x 7in. slab-tin, spread with raspberry jam. Combine ingredients for topping, fill evenly into tin. Press down lightly, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cool, cut into fingers.

LIGHT FRUIT RING

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 small eggs, 4oz. sultanas, 1 tablespoon chopped blanched almonds, 1 tablespoon chopped peel, 6oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 tablespoons milk, extra blanched almonds.

Cream butter with sugar, add eggs one at a time, beat well. Fold in sultanas, chopped almonds, and peel, then sifted flour and baking



GRATED LEMON RIND gives extra flavor to these simple finger patties which are at their best if eaten warm and spread with butter for morning or afternoon tea.

ORANGE RAISIN CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ cup warm water, 1 cup seeded raisins, ½ cup walnuts, 1 medium-sized orange, orange-flavored icing.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla. Add beaten eggs, mix well. Cut washed, unpeeled orange in halves, remove centre pith and seeds. Put through mincer with raisins and walnuts. Add to creamed mixture. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with warm water in which soda has been dissolved. Turn into greased 7in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven 45 to 55 minutes. Turn out and when cold top with orange-flavored icing and decorate as desired.

Note: Mixture can be cooked in 9in.-square lamington-tin and cut into squares. Allow approximately 35 to 40 minutes' cooking time.

POTATO CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 scant cup castor sugar, 2 eggs, 2 squares dark chocolate, ½ cup mashed potato, ½ cup milk, 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon each cinnamon, ground cloves, nutmeg, ½ cup chopped walnut.

Cream butter and sugar, add unbeaten egg one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in melted chocolate, then mashed potato a little at a time, making smooth batter. Fold in nuts, then sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Turn into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Allow to stand few minutes before turning out tin. When cold can be iced with chocolate icing and decorated with walnuts.

FRUITY HONEY LAYER

Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup milk, candied honey, 3 small eggs, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, ½ cup chopped dates, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup sultanas, 2oz. finely shredded peel, 2oz. crystallised pineapple, 2 crystallised cherries, ½ cup chopped pecan (or mixed nuts).

Cream butter until very soft, gradually a honey, beat until very well mixed. Add egg yolks, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with fruit. Lastly add egg-whites beaten until stiff but not dry. Turn into 2 tin lined with 2 layers of brown paper, 1 layer of white. Bake in moderate oven to 3 hours. Allow to cool in tin.

Continued overle

IDEAL to eat with the morning cup of coffee, this one-egg walnut bar also cuts well for school lunches.



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Angel Face

BY POND'S

THE ALL-IN-ONE COMPACT MAKE-UP

BEAUTIFUL CAKES . . . continued



PINK BLOSSOM CAKE

(Shown in picture above)

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 tablespoon sherry, 3 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 2oz. maraschino cherries.

Cream butter, sugar, and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add sherry and mix well. Fold in sifted flour and baking powder alternately with the milk. Fold in chopped cherries carefully. Place mixture in greased 8in. cake-tin or two 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Allow to cool slightly before turning out. Fill when cold and decorate with frosting.

Maraschino Filling: Quarter cup maraschino cherry juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 teaspoon

lemon juice, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped maraschino cherries.

Blend arrowroot with water in saucepan and add cherry and lemon juice. Stir over low heat until the mixture boils and thickens. Add chopped cherries and walnuts. Cool.

Marshmallow Frosting. One cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup maraschino cherry juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 tablespoon glucose, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, pale pink coloring.

Place sugar, gelatine, water, cherry juice, and glucose in saucepan. Stir until boiling, allow to boil 2 minutes. Cool. Beat until thick, add a little pink coloring and place quickly on cake.



LUSCIOUS CHOCOLATE CAKE

(Shown in picture above)

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. brown sugar, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 3oz. dark chocolate (grated), $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour.

Melt chocolate over boiling water. Cool. Cream butter and brown sugar until very light and fluffy. Add the well-beaten eggs gradually. Add the chocolate to the creamy mixture and beat very well. Fold in sifted flour alternately with the milk. Divide evenly into three 8in. sandwich-tins which have been greased and lined with paper. Place in moderate oven, bake 30 to 35 minutes.

Coffee Cream: Four ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sifted icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, vanilla, a little milk if necessary.

Cream butter and add sifted icing sugar very gradually, beating well. Add coffee essence and vanilla to flavor and a little milk to make a good spreading consistency. When cake is cold spread between layers.

Marble Frosting: Two egg-whites, 4 tablespoons water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, grenadine flavoring, 2oz. melted chocolate.

Place unbeaten egg-whites in top of double saucepan. Add sugar and water and beat constantly over boiling water for exactly 14 minutes. Remove from heat, add grenadine flavoring. Spread quickly over cake with broad-bladed knife. Drizzle chocolate in teaspoonfuls over frosting and swirl with skewer or sharp-pointed knife to obtain a marble effect.

They're decorative and delicious

WALNUT SULTANA RING

Nine ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 6oz. plain flour, 1½oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon rum or brandy, 8oz. chopped walnuts, 8oz. sultanas.

Cream butter and sugar until white and fine. Gradually add the well-beaten eggs, mix well. Stir in sifted flours alternately with the chopped walnuts and sultanas. Stir in the rum or brandy and mix all well together. Place into greased and lined ring-tin. (To line the tin, cut grease-proof paper to 2in. above the top of the tin then grease the paper.) Bake in moderate oven 1½ to 1½ hours. Leave in tin 10 minutes before removing carefully. This cake is best cut a day or two after making.

STRAWBERRY SPONGE

Four eggs, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 tablespoons hot milk, washed mock cream, fresh cream, strawberries.

Break the eggs and separate white from yolks. Beat whites until stiff and frothy then gradually add sugar, beating until all sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour, cornflour, and salt, then melted butter and hot milk. Place into two well-greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Cool, fill, and decorate.

Mock Cream: Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, water, vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar until very white and fine. Add cold water, mix lightly and then pour water off. Beat well. Wash 2 or 3 times until no sugar remains. Flavor with vanilla essence. Spread between layers of sponge. Beat fresh cream, pile it on top of sponge, and decorate with strawberries.

GOLDEN ORANGE LAYER CAKE

Six ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon essence, 1-3rd cup orange juice, 2½ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1-3rd cup milk, salt.

Cream butter, lemon essence, and sugar until white and fine. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt alternately with the milk and orange juice. Pour into two greased 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Join together, decorate top with the following filling.

Tropical Fruit Filling: Two-thirds cup sugar, 2½ table-



spoons cornflour, ½ cup water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 2oz. butter, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 2 tablespoons pineapple pieces, 2 tablespoons passionfruit pulp.

Blend sugar and cornflour with water, lemon, and orange juice. Add beaten egg. Stir over boiling water until mixture thickens. Stir in the pineapple pieces, passionfruit pulp, orange rind, and butter. Allow to cool before placing on cake.

COCO-ALMOND BAR

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 9oz. flour, 4 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, almond essence, pink coloring.

Cream butter and sugar until very white and fluffy. Add the well-beaten eggs gradually. Stir in the sifted dry ingredients and mix well. Divide the mixture in half and to one part add pink coloring and to the other almond essence to flavor. Place alternate spoonfuls into greased loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Cool, then cover with the following cream:

Coconut Honey Cream: Four ounces butter or substitute, 12oz. sifted icing sugar, 1 tablespoon coconut, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 dessertspoon milk, vanilla essence, pink coloring.

Soften butter, add gradually the sifted icing sugar. Beat in honey, coconut, and milk. Flavor with vanilla essence and color delicate shade of pink.

COFFEE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1½

WELL-FLAVORED light fruit and walnut ring-cake

cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 tablespoon coffee essence.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then boiling water and coffee essence. Bake in 7in. or 8in. greased cake-tin in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Allow to stand in tin few minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler. When quite cold cover with the following icing:

Velvety Rum Icing: Two egg-whites, 1½ to 2lb. pure icing sugar, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 dessertspoon rum, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 1 teaspoon glucose.

Beat egg-whites very lightly with cream of tartar. Add essence and rum, then sifted icing sugar a little at a time. Beat well until sufficient icing sugar has been worked in to make smooth pouring consistency. Beat in glucose and melted butter. Continue adding icing sugar until icing holds its shape and stands in peaks when drawn up with spoon. Spread over cake, smooth surface with broad-bladed knife or spatula dipped in hot water. Leave approximately 24 hours before cutting.

Note: Alternatively, this cake could be baked in two 7in or 8in. sandwich-tins and filled with the following mixture

Melt 3oz. sweet chocolate over boiling water, add 1 cups crushed peanut brittle, and gradually stir in ½ cup boiling water. Add 1 tablespoon blended cornflour and stir until thickened. Remove from heat, cool slightly and add 1 tablespoon brandy.

Continued overleaf



PRETTY to look at and delicious to eat, this light-as-a-feather sponge sandwich makes an ideal cake for feminine afternoon teas or as a supper-time treat.

WITH VARIED FLAVORS

NOUGAT CAKE

Three ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Frosting: Two ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sifted icing-sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon cocoa or coffee essence to flavor.

Nougat Topping: One cup sugar, 1 cup water, squeeze lemon juice, 2oz. blanched almonds.

Cream butter and sugar until white and fine, add vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Turn into greased 7in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to stand in tin few minutes before turning out. Prepare topping.

Nougat Topping: Place sugar, water, and lemon juice in small saucepan. Cook steadily until deep amber color. Pour over chopped almonds in greased plate and allow to set. Prepare frosting.

Frosting: Cream butter until very soft, gradually beat in sifted icing-sugar, vanilla, and cocoa or coffee essence. Spread lightly over sides of cake and also on top of cake. Break nougat into very fine pieces or crush with rolling-pin. Completely coat top and sides of cake with the crushed nougat.

BACARDI LOAF

Two ounces butter or substitute, scant 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1/2 cup sultanas, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon cocoa blended to smooth paste with 3 tablespoons warmed milk, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon rum.

Icing: Six ounces icing-sugar, 2 teaspoons butter, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon rum, small quantity of milk.

Soften butter over warm water but do not melt. Beat well and add all ingredients in the order listed, adding eggs unbeaten. Mix thoroughly with wooden spoon. Turn into well-greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. When cold, spread with icing.

Icing: Melt butter with milk, add gradually sifted icing-sugar with rum and lemon juice. Warm to spreading consistency over low heat, spread over cooled cake.

SNOWCAPPED PATTIES

Chocolate Patties: Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 6oz. self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons cocoa, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter with sugar. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Three-quarters fill hot greased gem-irons, bake in hot oven approximately 15 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler, allow to become cold. Level off top and coat over with chocolate icing, excluding the tops.

Chocolate Icing: Three cups sifted icing-sugar, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, 3 teaspoons butter, pinch cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 4 or 5 tablespoons milk, apricot jam.

Sift icing-sugar with cocoa and add vanilla, melted butter, and cream of tartar. Mix to smooth thick cream with milk. Warm until thin enough to coat cakes. When set, brush uniced tops with warmed apricot jam and press lightly on to marshmallow portion.

Marshmallow: One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, coconut.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar in saucepan. Boil steadily 10 minutes. Allow to cool, add lemon juice. Beat until white and very fluffy. Fill into cold greased gem-irons which have been lightly dusted with icing-sugar. Allow to set. Unmould and toss in coconut (keeping flat top uncoated). Join to chocolate portion.

GINGER FLUFF

Three eggs, 1/2 cup castor sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly. Gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks mixed with golden syrup. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then hot milk and melted butter. Turn into greased 7in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler; when cold, top with walnut ginger cream.

Walnut Ginger Cream: Half tin condensed milk, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1/2 cup icing-sugar, 3 tablespoons very finely chopped preserved ginger, 2 tablespoons finely chopped walnuts.

Beat condensed milk with lemon rind and juice, gradually add icing-sugar, beat well. Place in refrigerator until well thickened. Fold in ginger and walnuts.

MEASUREMENTS

Level spoon measurements are used in all recipes in this feature.

CARAWAY GEMS

One and a half cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, grated rind of 1 orange, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in butter, add sugar, caraway seeds, and orange rind. Add egg-yolk mixed with milk and, lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Three-quarters fill hot greased gem-irons. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes.

JAMAICAN CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, scant 1/2 cup castor sugar, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon rum, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 5 tablespoons drinking chocolate, 1 cup milk.

Cream butter with sugar and boiling water until white and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition, add rum. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Place mixture in 2 greased 7in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. When cold, fill and top with fluffy chocolate frosting.

Frosting: Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 1/2 cups sifted icing-sugar, 2oz. drinking chocolate, 1 teaspoon rum, 1 egg-white.

Cream butter and gradually add 1 cup icing-sugar, drinking chocolate, and rum. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add remaining icing-sugar, and fold into chocolate mixture. Spread between layers of cake and over top.

AUTUMN-TIME CAKE

Six ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon each of grated lemon and orange rind, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons chopped crystallised cumquats, 3 tablespoons chopped crystallised pineapple, 3 tablespoons chopped seeded raisins, 3 tablespoons chopped walnuts, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter with sugar and grated orange and lemon rind. When soft, white, and fluffy add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in prepared fruits and nuts, then sifted dry ingredients, and, lastly, the milk. Turn into greased 8in. cake-tin (base lined with greased paper). Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Allow to stand in tin 5 minutes before turning out.

Note: If preferred, preserved figs can replace the cumquats in the mixture.

DEVIL'S FOOD GEMS

Six ounces flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 cup milk, 1 egg.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in butter, add sugar. Blend cocoa smoothly with some of the milk, gradually add remainder of milk and beaten egg-yolk. Mix into dry ingredients, lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Fill into hot greased gem-irons, bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Serve with butter or topped with chocolate icing.

CHOCO-MALT SANDWICH

Four ounces dark chocolate, 1 1/2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon malted-milk powder, 5oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Break chocolate into small pieces, place in small saucepan with milk. Heat over boiling water until melted and well mixed. Add brown sugar and malted-milk powder, mix until smooth; allow to become cold. Cream butter with sugar and vanilla. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with chocolate mixture. Turn into two well-greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. When quite cold join together with the following cream:

Malted Cream: Two ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. icing-sugar, 1 dessertspoon malted-milk powder, 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream butter, add sifted icing-sugar a little at a time. Add malted milk, then milk a little at a time. Beat until smooth.



A FAVORITE with the menfolk, this walnut butter cake has a rich date filling and a tangy lemon frosting. See recipe for this cake on page 37.

READERS' RECIPES WIN PRIZES

THIS week's prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. D. Roy, 21 William St., East Balmain, N.S.W., for her chocolate cake mixture coated with an almond meringue topping.

ALMOND MERINGUE CAKE

One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1/2 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 1/2 cup extra milk, 2 egg-yolks, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk, 1 1/2 tablespoons blanched almonds (chopped).

Mix cocoa, brown sugar, and 1/2 cup milk to paste. Sift flour and salt; cream butter and sugar. Add egg-yolks and whole egg one at a time to cocoa mixture, then add this to creamed butter and sugar, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients and chopped almonds alternately with 1-3rd cup of milk. Place in well-greased and floured ring-tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. When cool, place on flat tray, cover entire surface with almond meringue, roughing up surface with back of spoon. Stick almond slivers into meringue, return to oven to brown lightly and set meringue.

Almond Meringue: Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 8 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon blanched almonds.

Beat egg-whites and salt until stiff, add sugar gradually, beating well until dissolved. Flavor with almond essence, decorate with almond slivers.

★ ★ ★

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Beadle, "The Shades," M.S. 794, Kalbar, Qld., for the following recipe:

TOUCH O' LEMON TEACAKE

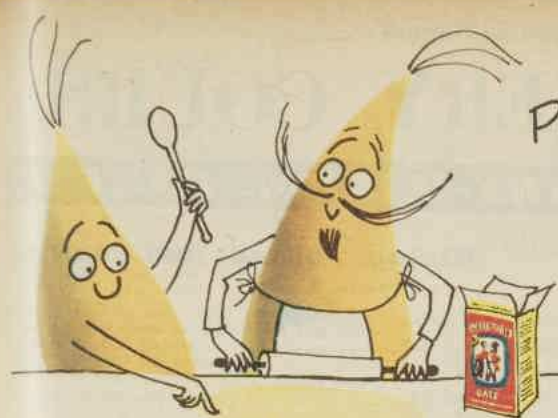
Half cup raisins (chopped), 1 1/2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 1/2 cup hot strong black tea, 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup butter or substitute, 2 eggs.

Combine in bowl the raisins, lemon rind, and hot tea, allow to stand until cool; drain, reserve liquid. Sift flour, salt together, add drained raisins, set aside. Cream butter or substitute with sugar, blend in eggs, beat well. Fold in dry ingredients and raisins alternately with reserved liquid. Turn into greased and papered shallow 9in. square tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Allow to cool and ice with the following:

Lemon Icing: Cream 3 tablespoons butter, blend in 1 egg-yolk and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Add 1 1/2 cups sifted icing-sugar gradually with 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Beat until smooth spreading consistency. Cut cake into squares or finger lengths to serve.

NEXT WEEK: Unusual mincemeat recipes

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 3, 1961



Li'l Oat has a finger in the pie of
Pierre Table d'Oat, Chef Extraordinaire of the
Grand Hotel, Oat Town

PIERRE CRIES: VOILÀ

Noatable Oat Eatables made with Uncle Toby's . . .

More nutritious . . . more delicious



UNCLE
TOBY'S
**Steak and
Kidney Pie**

Make usual steak and kidney filling according to size of your pie dish.

UNCLE TOBY'S PASTRY — 2 cups Uncle Toby's Oats, 2 cups plain flour, pinch salt, 6 oz. butter or margarine, 1 beaten egg (or 3 tbsps. water). Method: Mix dry ingredients. Cut butter into mixture until crumbly. Stir in egg or water a little at a time until mixture holds together. Roll out $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick on lightly floured board. Bake in hot oven for 10 minutes, moderate heat for further 25 minutes.

(This versatile basic recipe can be used for all meat or savoury fillings, cheese or tomato, also for cheese straws. Vary it for all sweet pastry recipes by substituting 1 cup icing sugar for 1 cup flour and adding 1 tsp. vanilla. For an open pie, halve the ingredients.)

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR OUR FREE RECIPE LEAFLET



UNCLE
TOBY'S
**Oat
Muffins**

1 beaten egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted shortening, 1 cup plain flour and 2 level tsp. baking powder OR 1 cup S.R. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups Uncle Toby's Oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt. Method: Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add oats and sugar. Very quickly stir in beaten egg, milk and melted shortening. Do not heat. Two-thirds fill greased patty tins or paper cups. Bake in hot oven (400°F) 20-25 minutes. Serve hot with butter, honey or jam.



Li'l Oat says:

Makes gorgeous eatables — cookies, cakes, pies, tarts, pizzas, cheese straws. Lovely tasting breakfast too — straight from the pack with milk, plus sugar, honey, jam or fruit. Best food all year round. Got more natural food value than any other cereal, plain or fancy. Whole grain, see? Wonderful news — something that's good for you tastes good, too.

Try it and see.

Velnit - underwear comfort for every body!



- ★ Easy to wear, easy to wash, never needs ironing, won't shrink.
- ★ Warm yet light in weight and will not irritate the most sensitive skin.
- ★ Although soft and absorbent, "Velnit" is extremely strong and durable because of the Interlock method of knitting which gives elasticity.
- ★ A large variety of styles for Men, Women, Boys and Girls.

Always look
for the name

MORLEY

LESSON 8 — By Leila C. Howard

COOKERY COURSE

PASTRY-MAKING. PART 1

Mixing, rolling, and cooking

PASTRY is a versatile and useful item in the family menu but should be used with discretion. It is so rich in fat and starch that if served too often it can create an unbalanced diet.

TYPES AND THEIR USES

Shortcrust: For sweet and savory tarts, pies and pasties, sausage rolls.

Quick puff pastry: For savory pies, fruit pies, meat or fish patties, sausage rolls.

Flaky pastry: Used in the same way as quick puff pastry.

Suet crust pastry: For lining basins, for boiled meat or fruit puddings, or for sweet or savory roly-polies.

Puff pastry: Used in the same way as quick puff and flaky pastry. It is expensive and tedious to make and is not used extensively unless bought ready-mixed and ready for rolling.

SHORTENINGS

Any fat with good flavor and good "shortening power" (that is, the ability to make a dry, crisp, crumbly dough) is suitable for pastry-making.

The fats with the best shortening power are:—

Lard; clarified beef dripping; a mixture of lard and clarified beef dripping; butter; margarine; a mixture of butter and margarine.

The fat with the best flavor for pastry is butter.

FLOUR: TYPES TO USE

Plain flour: Used for all savory pastries and some sweet pastries. Sift 1 level teaspoon baking powder and pinch salt with each $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plain flour.

Self-raising flour: Used for quick puff pastry, or with plain flour for sweet pastries and some other savory pastries such as suet crust. Sift

4oz. self-raising flour with each 4oz. plain flour. Add pinch salt, but omit baking powder.

Cornflour: Used with plain flour and baking powder, or with self-raising flour for rich, sweet pastries such as champagne pastry. Sift 2oz. cornflour with each 4oz. self-raising flour or plain flour.

LIQUIDS FOR MIXING

Use only sufficient liquid to make a dry dough. Moist, soft dough results in hard pastry. Suitable liquids are:—

Cold water or milk or mixture of both for plain, sweet, or savory pastries; egg-yolk mixed with water or milk for rich, sweet, or savory pastries.

Note: If water alone is used for mixing, add squeeze of lemon juice to improve flavor.

BASIC PROPORTIONS

Short pastry: Use half as much shortening as flour, and sufficient liquid to make dry dough, approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquid, or less, to each $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour.

Rich pastry: Use a little extra shortening, or use a proportion of butter mixed with the shortening; reduce the quantity of water and add an egg-yolk.

TO MAKE GOOD PASTRY

● Measure ingredients accurately, use good-quality shortening, and mix in cool place.

● Use just sufficient liquid to bind ingredients into stiff dough with no dry flour visible.

● Handle lightly and quickly on board or marble slab dusted lightly with flour. Leave pastry in cold place 10 to 15 minutes before rolling.

● Roll lightly and evenly on one side only. Dust rolling-pin very lightly with flour. Avoid unnecessary handling. After rolling and before cooking, again leave pastry in cold place 10 minutes to minimise shrinkage.

● Glaze with liquid such as egg, milk, water before cooking to improve appearance when cooked. Bake quickly in hot oven. Slow oven makes pastry hard; fierce oven burns edges and surface.

OVEN POSITIONS

Large pies, tarts: Centre heat of oven.

Small pastries: Hottest part of oven.

OVEN TEMPERATURES

PASTRY	OVEN TEMPERATURE
Short crust	Hot
Quick puff pastry	Very hot
Flaky pastry	Hot
Puff pastry	Very hot

AND COOKING TIMES

COOKING TIME	
Pies, tart-cases	Small pastries, tarts
15-20 minutes	6-8 minutes
15-20 "	10-12 "
15-20 "	10-12 "
15-20 "	10-12 "

Suet crust: This pastry is boiled, either as a roly-poly in floured cloth; as a meat or fruit pudding covered with floured cloth; or as dumplings dropped directly into boiling sweet or savory liquid.

RECIPES FOR PASTRY

SHORTCRUST

Half pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. shortening, 4 tablespoons water, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Mix to dry dough with water and lemon juice. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead lightly, roll to size and shape required.

Rich shortcrust: Use half butter and half other shortening. Reduce quantity of water slightly and add 1 egg-yolk.

QUICK PUFF PASTRY

Half-pound self-raising flour, pinch salt, 6oz. good shortening, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift flour and salt into large basin. Cut thoroughly chilled shortening into pieces the size of small nut and drop into dry ingredients. Mix well with knife, using cutting movement to cut shortening thoroughly into flour.

Add egg-yolk and sufficient milk to make pliable dough, using knife for mixing. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to oblong sheet about 1-8in. thick. Fold over in 3, turn dough half-way round so open end is towards you. Roll again to thin oblong sheet, rolling away from you. Fold and roll twice more, then fold and roll to required thickness, size, and shape.

FLAKY PASTRY

Half-pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. shortening, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in $\frac{1}{2}$ of the shortening. Mix to dough with the water, turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Roll to thin oblong sheet. Spread smoothly with another $\frac{1}{2}$ of shortening, softened on flat plate with flexible knife-blade. Dust lightly with dry flour, moisten edges. Fold evenly into 3. Turn with fold to left, roll, one way only, to thin oblong sheet. Spread with another $\frac{1}{2}$ of shortening, fold, and roll as before. Spread with remainder of shortening, fold, and roll as before. Fold again, without shortening, and roll to required size and shape.

SUET CRUST

Four ounces beef suet, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder (or use half plain and half self-raising flour), pinch salt, 4 tablespoons water.

Remove skin from suet. Flake thinly with sharp knife, mince finely, dusting lightly with little flour if suet is very fresh and moist. Sift dry ingredients, add minced suet, rub well into flour. Mix with water to very dry dough, then knead lightly on floured board and roll to required size and shape.

NEXT WEEK: Pastry-making, Part 2.

I'M POUNDS BETTER OFF

Because I Take

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Ford Pills keep me free from irregularity, sick headaches, nervousness and depression. I'm always sparkling with health and energy and never away from work. No wonder I'm pounds better off!

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Get your Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes for 6/- and 3/6 everywhere

FORD PILLS



GIVE YOUR BABY LOVELY CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet. "Takes hair used to be straight but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls."

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

8 weeks' treatment, 4/10

Sciatica

Get rid of Sciatica pain... all the pain, with wonderful A.R. TABS. At last, here's a positive relief for those excruciating twinges and pains. Follow the directions faithfully and positive Sciatica relief is soon felt. In just a few days all the pains and aches completely go. A.R. TABS will not affect the heart or cause unpleasant gastric upsets. Gentle, yet powerful, A.R. TABS is the positive relief for Sciatica pain — 8/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

A.R. TABS

Foam Cushion ends pain of Callouses

Loops over toe, nestles under ball of foot. Put an end to pain at ball of foot with Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot Cushion. Soft latex foam cushions and protects, brings you new foot comfort, luxurious walking ease. Only 5/9 pr. at Chemists, Stores, Schuh depots.

Dr. Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT CUSHION

The cold-caster set on his pole. The rain and wind blew stronger. "Wait," he cried. "I've caught a cold. I can't last any longer." A weather said, "The record's yours. If you stay twelve more hours. I'll send Woods' Compound up to keep you safe from cold and showers."

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND for Coughs and Colds

AUTHORS

Invited submit MSS all types (including poems) for book publication Reasonable terms. Stockwell Ltd., Ilfracombe, England. (Estd. 1898.)

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● I have had two good tips from readers on how to deal with the wind-fall of passionfruit we've been having.

FROM northern New South Wales comes this very simple no-cooking, no-heating way of keeping passionfruit pulp's color and flavor unchanged in your refrigerator.

Mix together 1 cup of passionfruit pulp, 1 cup of sugar, and 1 crushed aspirin tablet. Stir thoroughly, and keep in the fridge in a screw-top jar.

And from Victoria I had this recipe for keeping passionfruit pulp:

Buy an ounce of salicylic acid from your chemist (about 2/-). Add 1 cup of sugar to every cup of passionfruit pulp, mix them together and let them stand in the fridge overnight. Next day stir the mixture until every bit of the sugar is dissolved, then add to each cupful of the mixture enough salicylic acid to cover a threepenny bit. Stir well, bottle, and seal with transparent jam-covers.

I've just had a look at the family aspirin bottle, which says "each tablet contains 5 grains of acetylsalicylic acid." That suggests that these two recipes are very nearly the same.

I'm going to use the last of the passionfruit to try a little jar of each.

I've been told by a scientist friend I can expect each to last about a month.

For supper — fork out the rent

I'VE heard of Scavenger Parties, Come-as-the-person-you'd-most-like-to-be Parties, and Come-dressed-as-you-were-when-you-received-this-invitation Parties, but a Rent Party was something new to me.

Katherine was asked out the other night by the elder brother of one of her ex-school friends, who announced that he was taking her to a Rent Party.

One of his friends, the first of their student group to leave home and set up house on his own, has taken a small flat not far from the University.

Small as it is, the rent was causing him sleepless nights until he invented the Rent Party.

Every (male) guest is invited to bring a girl, something to eat, something to drink, and a contribution of 2/6 towards the rent!

This young man, I feel, is one of the business tycoons of the future.

He'll be able to live rent-free for a while, until the idea catches on — then it'll be a case of taking in each other's washing, and it won't work any more.

Looking scruffy — a costly fad

HAD a terrific argument with Katherine and Diana this morning, which lasted us all through the breakfast wash-up, and the sweeping, dusting, and bed-making, which were done in record time because we got so steamed up with each other.

Subject of argument: The Scruffy Look in Teenagers.

Result of argument: Stalemate. Each side convinced the other is idiotic, prejudiced, and irrational.

Responsibility for argument: Mine. Criticised a dear friend of K's — an unfair habit

most parents indulge in when they wish, for some reason, to let off steam.

The friend, Naomi, lives too far out of town to get home after a dance, and often spends a night or two with us.

For a very special party the other night she had her hair shampooed, and set and lacquered into the most gloriously elaborate beehive arrangement — quite unsuitable for her age really, but she looked enchanting in evening dress, like a little girl dressed up.

The stiff lacquer held her hair in place on her pillow through what was left of the night, and the next day it looked exactly like what it was — a hair-do that had been slept in.

She got up and breakfasted and bathed and dressed and made up her face with loving care, and went off to town with her lacquered, uncombed hair looking like an abandoned bird's nest.

"She says if she's careful a lacquer job like that will last for three days," Katherine said when I criticised. "Anyway, you don't seem to realise that it's fashionable to look a bit on the grubby, scruffy side."

My argument that teenagers manage to look scruffy enough with their overlong hair hanging about their shoulders, but that an elaborate hair-do depends for its effect on looking clean and shining and smooth, was dismissed as "old hat" and "completely out of orbit."

This present fashion is one that interests me a lot. Fashion's supposed to go in cycles, but this one's a sport, surely. Has it happened before?

It's a complex idea that you should spend hours in the bath and in front of a mirror, and a fortune on cosmetics and soaps and depilatories and deodorants in order to produce an appearance of being slightly unbrushed and unwashed, without actually being either.

Of course it's a protest against something or other, but what?

Aged 30, but a teenager at heart

PEOPLE between 13 and 19 should think differently from people between 30 and 60, but it's taken the modern world to make so much drama out of the differences.

The teens used to be a means to an end — it's only recently that the idea has grown up that being a teenager is an end in itself.

When I was a teenager (correction, when I was in my teens — there were no teenagers then), my idea was to live through it somehow until I got to be 22, which for some reason seemed to me the perfect age to be.

Most of my friends had the same idea — you had to get somewhere past the 20 mark before you could begin to think of yourself as grown up.

Probably most teenagers today think much the same sort of thing, but they wouldn't for the world be caught thinking it out loud because of this crazy commercial insistence that the teens are something unique and important and faintly repellent and quite separate from the rest of the human race.

Most of them manage to weather the change when it comes, but a few can't make it and turn into frozen, perpetual teenagers of 25 or 30 years old.

Somebody should start a movement aimed at bringing the 13- to 19-year-olds back into society. They might make their slogan, "Even the teenager is a human being."

for Mother's Day give

ACTIL PILLOW CASES

in lively white or lovely colours



15/11 COLOURED PILLOW CASES

'Holiday House' in pink, blue, green, maize or white. (plus freight in certain country districts)



Australian Cotton Textile Industries Limited SHEETS • PILLOW CASES • TERRY NURSERY SQUARES Fusco, The All-Purpose Fabric • Beau-Weave Furnishing Fabrics

nuts

WITH DEEP-ROASTED FLAVOUR



they're beautifully blended with whole milk chocolate, in

MAC.ROBERTSONLAND

First we comb the world to select the finest, plumpest nuts you can imagine. Then comes the MacRobertson special deep-roasting process — and finally the flavour blending with "whole" milk chocolate. That accounts for the superb taste difference you get from MacRobertson nut chocolate blocks. Treat yourself to MacRobertson's Twin Nut, the only combination of hazel and brazil nuts; Scorched Almond, filled with succulent almonds, or Hazel Nut, with juicy, whole hazel nuts. Try these other combinations from MacRobertsonland, too — Fruit Salad, Cherry Nut, Ginger and Nut and, for dark chocolate fanciers, "Old Gold" Nut.

MacRobertson's



A HOUSE FOR A CORNER SITE

● Our architects' plan this week, No. 930, can be reversed or turned to suit a variety of home sites and is ideal for a corner allotment.

THIS spacious family house, which covers an area of 11 squares in timber and 12.6 squares in brick, has three bedrooms and a large combined living-dining room.

An attractive entrance has been created with a courtyard under cover leading directly from the carport and screened from the house by a brick grille or timber trellis.

The spacious kitchen, 15ft. by 8ft., can be equipped, as illustrated in the floor-plan sketch at right, with a 6ft. double-bowl sink and 20ft. of workbench, cupboards, stove, refrigerator, and 13ft. of overhead cupboards.

As an alternative it could incorporate a breakfast nook and still retain 14ft. of bench cupboards by placing the sink on the other external wall.

Plan 930 is ideally suited for a gas- or oil-heating system with a unit centrally placed in the large cupboard next to the front door. Two straight ducts could then serve all rooms.

Architects at our centres will advise you on the type

of heating system most suitable for your requirements.

Cost to build this house in timber is between £3550 and £4250, in brick between £3800 and £4500.

The plan shown on this page is one of many designs available through our Home Planning Centres, which are under the direction of experienced architects and supervised by qualified personnel, who will advise you on your building problems.

If you have any trouble with plans, tenders, finance authorities, or your local council, please return the plans or specifications and the Centres will deal with your problem and return your plans as quickly as possible.

When ordering your plans by mail, please state the number of the plan, whether the house is to be built in brick or timber, the roofing material required, whether or not the site is sewer, whether the plan is required as drawn or in the mirror-reverse position.

Please enclose cheque, money order, or postal notes for the fee of £10/10/- for the plan.



930

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows spacious terrace outside the living-room. Bedrooms are on the left and kitchen is on the right.

ADDRESSES OF OUR CENTRES

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART: FitzGerald & Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Telephone 27221.)

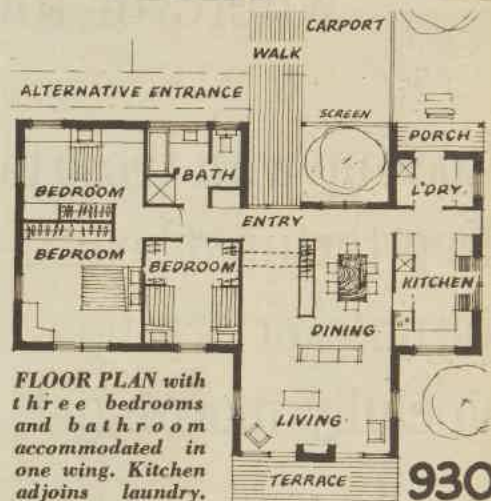
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott & Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. Please address all mail to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. (Telephone B0951, ext. 220.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Telephone X6111.)



FLOOR PLAN with three bedrooms and bathroom accommodated in one wing. Kitchen adjoins laundry.

930

"No other beauty soap quite so gentle"

SAYS LOVELY SANDRA DEE

As one of Hollywood's most beautiful stars, Sandra Dee knows how important it is to have a complexion that looks lovely at all times. That's why she uses Lux toilet soap regularly.

Discover for yourself... the caressing lather that makes your

skin feel so smooth... the subtle Lux fragrance that blends so softly with your own perfume... and the natural gentleness of Lux.

Be a little lovelier each day... use mild, creamy Lux toilet soap—it can do as much for you as it does for any Hollywood star.

That's the beauty of LUX



*In
4 lovely
pastels
and
white*



SANDRA DEE, Universal-International Star, appearing in "ROMANOFF AND JULIET"—in colour.

L283R

Page

49

BOND'S

Australia's Greatest Name in Cotton

Dri-Glo

TOWELS

See our big Dri-Glo

TOWEL PARADE

wherever towels are sold

Stock up with these big
deep-textured beauties
for quicker drying
on chilly mornings!



Winter time is towel buying time

Just think of the times when you have stepped out of a nice hot shower and you had to dry yourself on a thin, skimpy towel on a cold winter's morning. But not this winter! Now is the time to stock up with Bond's Dri-Glo Towels. Because of their high-quality cotton, Dri-Glo Towels not only dry you faster, they also last longer. Dri-Glo Towels can be compared for beautiful quality, design and finish side by side with any towel at all. Keep plenty in your linen-cupboard all year round!

There's a Dri-Glo towel for every home at every price!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 3, 1961

Towel Talk

Dream up Australia's brightest idea for a bridal

Towel Tea



Win a carved GLORY BOX and 2 dozen beautiful 'Dri-Glo' towels

SIX OTHER PRIZES, TOO!

Married, single or just dreaming of wedding-bells and tulle . . . you will want to enter this new 'Dri-Glo' Contest! It's so simple.

All you have to do is imagine you're giving some lucky bride-to-be a 'Towel Tea.' (Just like a bridal shower or kitchen tea, with TOWELS as the theme). Now, think up some bright, catchy ideas to make your 'Towel Tea' a really memorable occasion; jot them down and send them in to us at 'Dri-Glo.' The 6 runners-up will be sent a pair of beautiful Dri-Glo towels.

Post entries to 'DRI-GLO TOWEL TEA CONTEST' 100 Mallett Street, Camperdown, N.S.W. The competition closes May 27th, 1961, and will be judged on originality and aptness. Winners announced in "The Australian Women's Weekly" on sale June 27-28.

Naturally, our judge's decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.



Brr...aren't the mornings getting nippy?

Now's the time to make sure your linen cupboard is well stocked with extra-thick bath towels—towels with a deeper, richer texture. Dri-Glo's velvety pile enfolds you in soft, cosy warmth as you step out of the bath. Strong enough to take the briskest 'towelting' from the man of the house, too!

BONDS Dri-Glo TOWELS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — MAY 3, 1961

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● Ribbed velveteen is an excellent fabric choice for a coat to be worn in a mild climate.

THE fashion item above answers a reader's query. Here is part of her letter, with my reply:

"Most coating fabrics are too warm and heavy for the climate I live in. Please suggest a fabric and style for an all-purpose coat."

As you say in your letter, a coat generally lasts you at least three years, so I think it would be wise to have a classic style. For the material I suggest corded velveteen. If you don't think this warm enough, it could be lined with heavy silk or even sheerweight wool.

The design I suggest (right) is double-breasted, with patch pockets. You can obtain a paper pattern. Under the picture are further details.

"What silhouette would be suitable for a young teenager? The frock is for day wear and is to be made in soft wool."

In teenager fashions there's a definite trend towards longer waists. Currently popular is the semi-fitted one-piece with a long body and short skirt. It can be belted or unbelted.

"Would royal-blue chiffon be suitable for a winter late-afternoon-evening frock?"

Yes, it would. Chiffon is now considered an all-seasons fabric.

"I have a suit-length of small black-and-white broken check and enough red wool for a blouse. Please suggest a style for both materials. The costume is for a petite figure."

You could not have anything newer or more flattering to a petite figure than a cropped jacket and lightly gathered skirt plus an overblouse. Have the jacket made collarless, with



DS444.—Coat in corduroy velveteen. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

a high, round neckline finished with a flat self-material band, the band continuing down the front of the jacket. Have the overblouse slightly shorter than the jacket, with an oval neckline and short sleeves and loosely belted in self material.

"Is formal dressing at night usual during a cruise?"

You will change for dinner, but this does not necessarily mean "formal." For most evenings a pretty, short-skirted dress or a skirt and separate top is adequate. However, during the cruise there is sure to be a captain's dinner or some type of gala evening. For such an occasion it is pleasant to have something a little more formal, say, a ballerina or short-skirted evening dress.

"Is a hand-knitted costume being worn this winter?"

Yes, it is. "Match up" in hand-knits is very much in vogue. The trend includes skirt and matching jacket or pullover, all lengths in coats, and every type of cardigan.

"Is it correct to wear separates in the evening?"

Never more so, especially if you pick "units" in rich colors and rich unrelated fabrics. For instance, a mauve satin skirt could be worn with a violet velvet top or a violet-and-white printed satin top. For a change, a matching top and skirt (in this case mauve satin) could give the appearance of a one-piece dress.

GRANDFATHER



GRANDMOTHER



GRANDSON



All need the same gentle laxative — LAXETTES

Mother! Your children like taking 'medicine' when it's chocolate Laxettes. So easy to give the exact dose — because Laxettes have measured be for you in each chocolate square. And Laxettes' mild laxative action makes children better overnight!

Grandmother! Remember Laxettes when you were a child? Laxettes can help you again now. Pleasant to take, leave no discomfort, give relief without embarrassing urgency.

* Be sure your medicine chest has Laxettes — a family friend for generations.



Page 49

GIFTS THAT **really** CLEAN IN HALF THE TIME



STC VACUUM CLEANER With the gentle but powerful STC vacuum cleaner you just can't help finishing housework faster. It's thorough cleaning — no fine dust can blow back into the room, thanks to the exclusive silicone filter. Dust before vacuuming if you like — the rooms will be spotless. And you'll be miles ahead in time and effort saved! **PRICE 41 GNS.**



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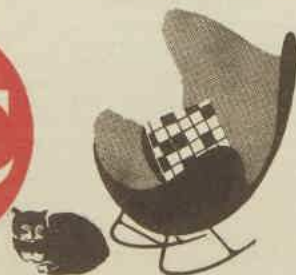
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 3, 1961

—A five-page section



● *Cryptanthus tricolor*, a member of the Bromelioides family, is very hardy, spreading in habit, and rapid in growth. Rather like a glamorous pineapple plant, its soft coloring aptly complements period-furnished rooms.

● Plants grown indoors, in pots, tubs, troughs, baskets, and other containers, include a bewildering variety of flowering species, foliage types, ferns, bulbs, corms, trailers and climbers, and, for a few years of their lives, many shrubs and baby trees.

SHOWN in this indoor-plant section are a variety of plants in individual close-ups and arrangements which fit into the scheme of gracious rooms.

There is scarcely an end to the list of soil-grown plants that can be grown indoors.

Although an exhaustive list is not given here, there are hundreds of other plants, normally grown in the garden, in patios, conservatories, bush-houses, ferneries, and porches, that will flourish indoors if given careful culture.

For instance, there are probably hundreds of cacti and succulents that can be grown in pots, troughs, trays, and other containers indoors.

Nearly all the bulbs, normally grown in the open, thrive under pot-culture if given the right soil, good drainage, and sufficient sunlight, ventilation, and supplementary feeding.

Most foliage plants need some protection from cold winds or draughts. If you must open windows on windy days, first move the plants to a sheltered corner.

Where there are small pools and aquariums in conservatories, various water-loving plants — nymphaeas (waterlilies), water hyacinth, arrowheads, lotus, water arums, pickerelweed, papyrus, water-iris, cat-tail, umbrella palms, taro, sagittaria, water-chestnuts—can be grown.

You can't possibly grow all the house plants that are available, or all those shown here. So choose those that have the qualities you most admire, that do the most for your home. Select them for natural grace, boldness, or patterns.



Tropical and sub-tropical

INTRODUCTIONS from the tropics, sub-tropics, and warm parts of the world are among the loveliest plants grown indoors for summer flowers.

These include Achimenes (basket trailer), which need rich, fibrous soil, semi-shade, and good ventilation; Aechmeas, which are epiphytes (air plants), and also require to be planted in orchid fibre (todea, osmunda, and similar composts); anthuriums (members of the arum family), which also need good drainage, high temperatures, and rough, fibrous loam.

Caladiums are also related to the arums. Being tropical plants they require heat, humidity, and good ventilation if grown indoors.



● *Coleus*, or painted nettle, left, is a colorful and sturdy foliage plant — a good standby in winter when few plants are in bloom.

● *Caladium*, above, a superb foliage plant grown from tubers, has leaves mottled, veined, and margined in striking color combinations.

They do best in sandy loam that has at least four parts of decayed vegetable matter and one part sand. Water regularly and deeply.

Calathea belongs to the maranta family and have attractive colored foliage and flowers in cones among the leaves.

They need a close, moist atmosphere indoors; should be grown in pots filled with a mixture of loam, leafmould, and sand. They should be shaded from hot sunshine and kept moist.

Dendrobium orchids are obtainable in many lovely forms and innumerable colors and combinations of colors.

They should be potted in osmunda or todea fibre, firmed well, and the pot topped off in summer with sphagnum moss. Water well when buds appear and during flowering.

Gloxinias can be grown in any warm room of the house, provided they get shade in the afternoons of summer, when they flower.

Pot up in good loamy soil that contains ample rotted cow manure or peat, leafmould, and some sand. Don't wet the leaves when watering and watch ventilation in summer.

Monstera do best when grown in a mixture of sandy loam and plenty of leafmould, old cow manure, or well-made vegetable compost. They require ample moisture and light.

Crotons are tropical foliage shrubs available in many lovely combinations of colors. They need heat and humidity and good light to induce bright coloring, but to prevent leaf-burning some shade may be necessary if grown near a window. Water regularly.

Other plants that do well indoors in summer are pileas (aluminium plants), peperomias (foliage plants with beautifully marked leaves), marantas (also well-marked foliage), rheo discolor (peculiar boat-shaped bracts in summer), sansevierias (foliage plants well-marked, upright growth), stapelias (carrion plants, succulents with evil-smelling flowers of quaint form), and vriesias (hand-shaped bracts of red and yellow).

● Continued overleaf

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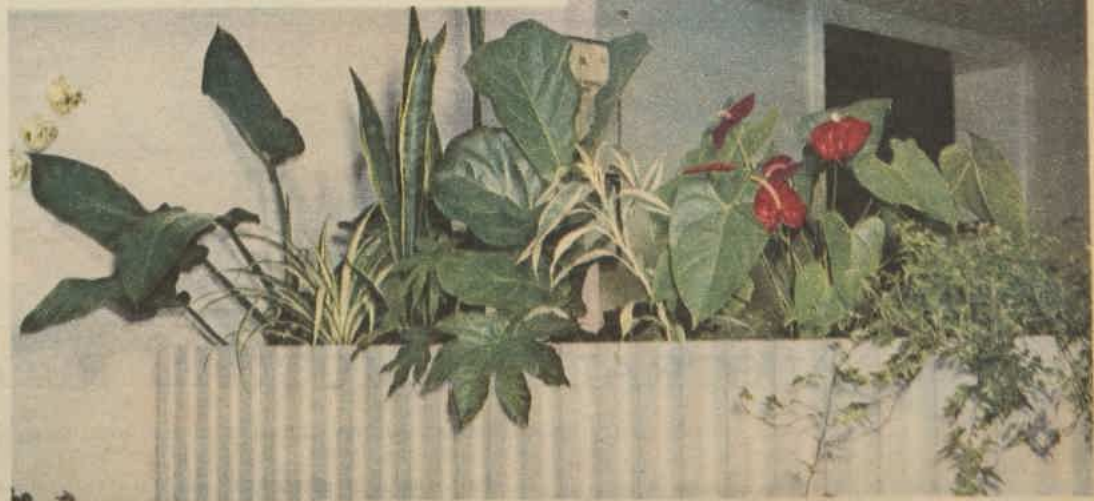
These can be "tamed"



● *Philodendron Angra dos reis* is a showy plant for a large room. These are extremely amenable house plants and will grow in almost any light and soil, despite low humidity and high temperatures. There are many excellent varieties.



● Plants give room dividers added charm. In this group: *Philodendron redwings*, *Chlorophytum*, *Sansevieria laurentii*, *Aralia*, *Ficus lyrata*, *Draecena sanderiana*, *Anthurium andreaeanum*, and *Hedera helix*.



● *Ficus decora* makes a conversation piece in any house. The tall, glossy plant dominates the corner of an attractive sun verandah. It can stand heat, dryness, and banishment to dark corners for months.

● Continued overleaf

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 3, 1961

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Number 10 is a happy home . . .

a home in which children may grow up in safety and security. Safety and security at No. 10 are based on good financial planning which takes into account the one in twenty-five chance of the income earner's early death.

The man in No. 10 took out A.M.P. cover totalling £12,000. Of this amount £10,000 was in "R" PLAN units for which he pays only £18 a year. The remainder was a £2,000 policy which he will draw, with bonuses, when he reaches age 65.

For family men A.M.P. "R" PLAN units are the ultimate answer during the period when spending has reached its peak, and income lags behind — the period when children are wholly dependent and mortgages on homes are being paid off.

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A note of welcome



● Red Irene geraniums, set in a row outside the entrance hall, welcome guests to this home. On the hall table an *Alocasia sanderiana* is in an exotic black-and-gold flower-pot. Indoor plants on this page are from Green Fingers Nursery, Mona Vale, N.S.W.



● *Calathea cyranthe setosa*, a tropical plant from Brazil, prized for its beautiful foliage.



● *Philodendron bertschii* variegated, one of 250 tropical varieties.



● *Dieffenbachia picta*, dumb cane, also known as mother-in-law plant.



● *Bromelia vriesia splendens*, or air plant, is current rage. A relative of the pineapple.



● Merry Christmas Rex begonia is one of the newer varieties of this lovely family. They have lush foliage.



● *Pothos aureus*. The heart-shaped leaves of these tropical vines or trailers resemble *Philodendron oxycardium*.



● *Philodendron cordatum* is one of the more common varieties and very hardy. Planted with it is *Pothos aureus*, which is shown above.

INDOOR PLANTS

● Continued overleaf

● In this group: *Philodendron cordatum*, *Anthurium scherzerianum*, *Vriesia splendens*, *Hedera canariensis*, *Alocasia sanderiana*, *begonia*, *Fatsia japonica*.



INDOOR PLANTS

The feeding

- Feeding of indoor plants should be done when they are making active growth or if they have ceased growing during good growing weather.

USE weak liquid manure or a very little artificial fertiliser at a time. Wet the soil before applying either and water-in well afterwards.

When plants show signs of flagging after winter growth take them

outside and soak them well, and let them stand for 24 hours or more to recover.

Normally, flagging plants should not be fed. A sound watering is usually better practice. Once they appear to have recovered their good health, start to feed or repot.

There are many flowering plants

that are usually housed during summer but can be planted out in the garden when they have completed their flower-flush.

Among these are geraniums, pelargoniums, fuchsias, and fibrous-rooted begonias of many kinds.

Others in the same category are agapanthus, astilbes, *Beloperone guttata* (shrimp plant), *Billbergia nutans*, gardenias, *hippeastrums*, azaleas, heliotropes, *haemanthus*, coccinea, and katherinae, cymbidium, dendrobium, and cypripedium orchids (return to hush-house), and spring-flowering bulbs that have grown in pots.

Only the hardiest plants should be given full sunlight.

These include geraniums, pelargoniums, fibrous begonias, *Billbergia nutans*, coleus, gardenias, *hippeastrums*, *mesembryanthemums*, nerines, punicea, most sedums, yuccas, and some saxifragas.

Most indoor plants, if grown long under protection, should be guarded from draughts.

Only the very hardiest of plants, such as *sansevierias*, will stand dark corners, and then only for short periods.

The soft-foliaged plants—such as pileas, *saintpaulias*, *peperomias*, *zygocactus*, *achimenes*, tuberous and rex begonias, *calatheas*, *marantas*, fuchsias, hoyas, *Phoenix roebelinii*, kentia, and most palms, soft ferns, and *philodendrons*—need hardening off by gradual exposure to outside conditions before being left long in the open garden, particularly if they have been grown indoors for long.

Tuberous-rooted begonias can be grown in well-ventilated rooms if shade can be provided. Growing these requires some knowledge if it is to be successful.

Members of the pineapple family, such as *vriesias*, *neoregelias*, and *aechmeas*, require good fibrous soil that holds the moisture fairly well.

Some varieties of geranium and its close relative, the pelargonium, are inclined to grow too tall after a year or so, but there are hundreds of varieties of both.

Best containers

The best type of container is the terracotta pot, but concrete pots and troughs are much used, and quite successful.

Wooden boxes, if properly constructed and well drained, are also used on windowsills and casement window shelves. If given zinc bases, they will not allow plants to stain interior woodwork.

Zinc-lined trays to hold pots are recommended also for spacious halls and tables.

Plants grown in glazed and plastic pots need more regular watering and feeding than those in terracotta pots.

Slender stakes are the best supports for potplants. In some cases, where *schizanthus*, geraniums, pelargoniums, and other tall or bushy plants are grown, three or four stakes will be needed.

Wire supports are useful for this purpose and are long-lasting. Small trellises made of light, preferably painted, timber, which can be made at home by any handy man or woman, are required for potted climbers.

Plants that need cutting back and shaping include geraniums, *chrysanthemums* (if grown indoors), pelargoniums, begonias (fibrous-rooted types), tuberous-rooted (when they grow tall), coleus, *dieffenbachias*, cordylines, most orchids (except cypripediums), *beloperone*, *ardisia*, *monstera*, hoyas, and others that become bushy or over-tall.



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Trough and bowl



● *Monstera deliciosa* is featured in this unusual indoor garden set in the hall of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Herde's Canberra home. (Above.)

Concluding

INDOOR
PLANTS

● A low red bowl planted with glacier ivies, *Peperomia scandens*, *Sansevieria laurentii*, and *chlorophytum* graces this verandah.



REMEMBER YOUR

Mother's Day

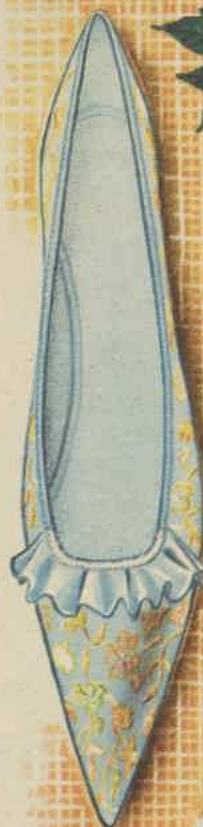
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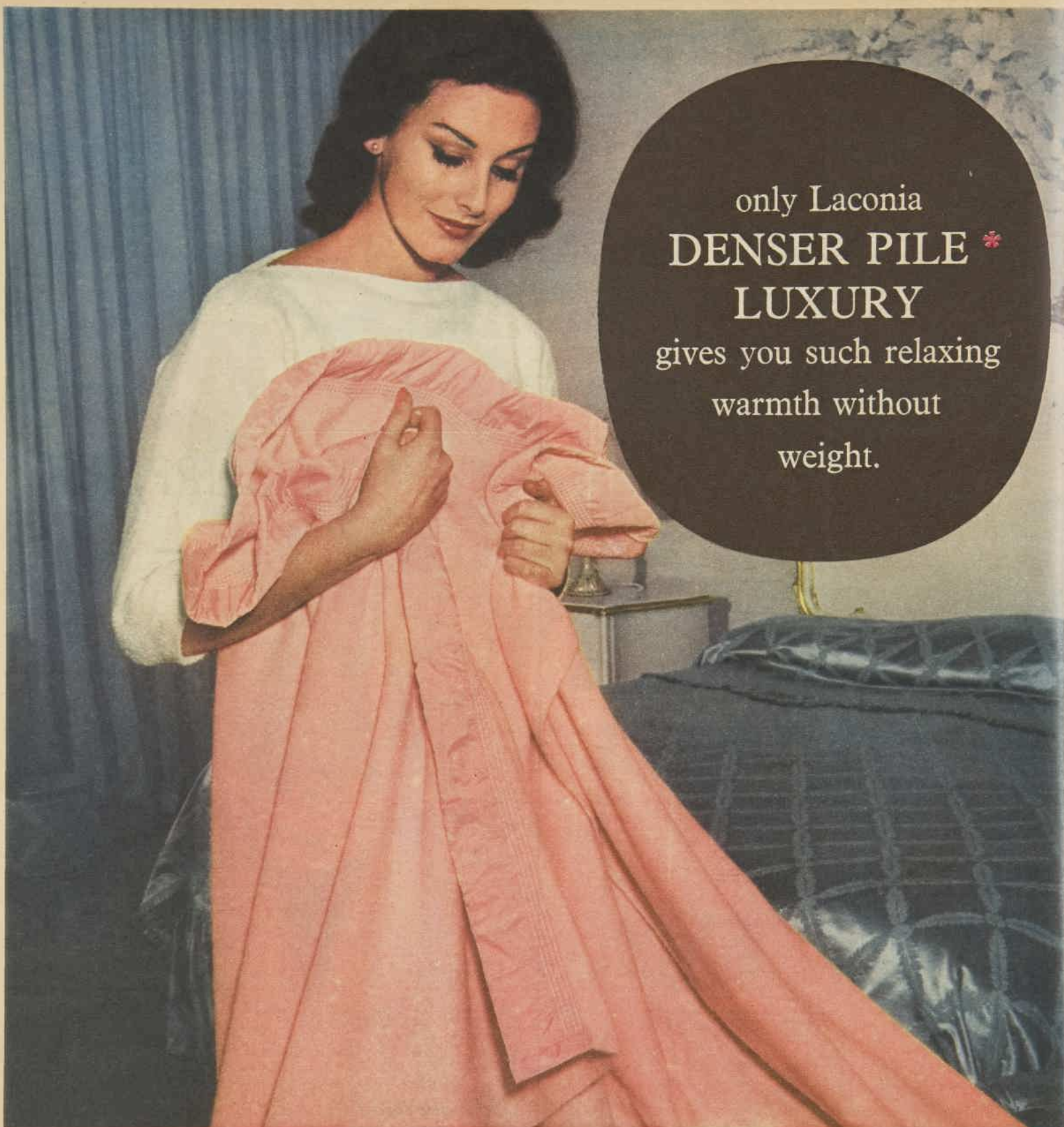
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"December Bride"



SPRING BYINGTON is no spring chicken, if she'll excuse me saying so. But at her age, and a grandmother three times over, she matches her name far better than many women 20 years younger. Nicer even than that, her nature is as enchanting as the season she is named for. As the mother-in-law in the amusing TV show "December Bride," she has a role that's a natural for her, being a mother-in-law in real life.

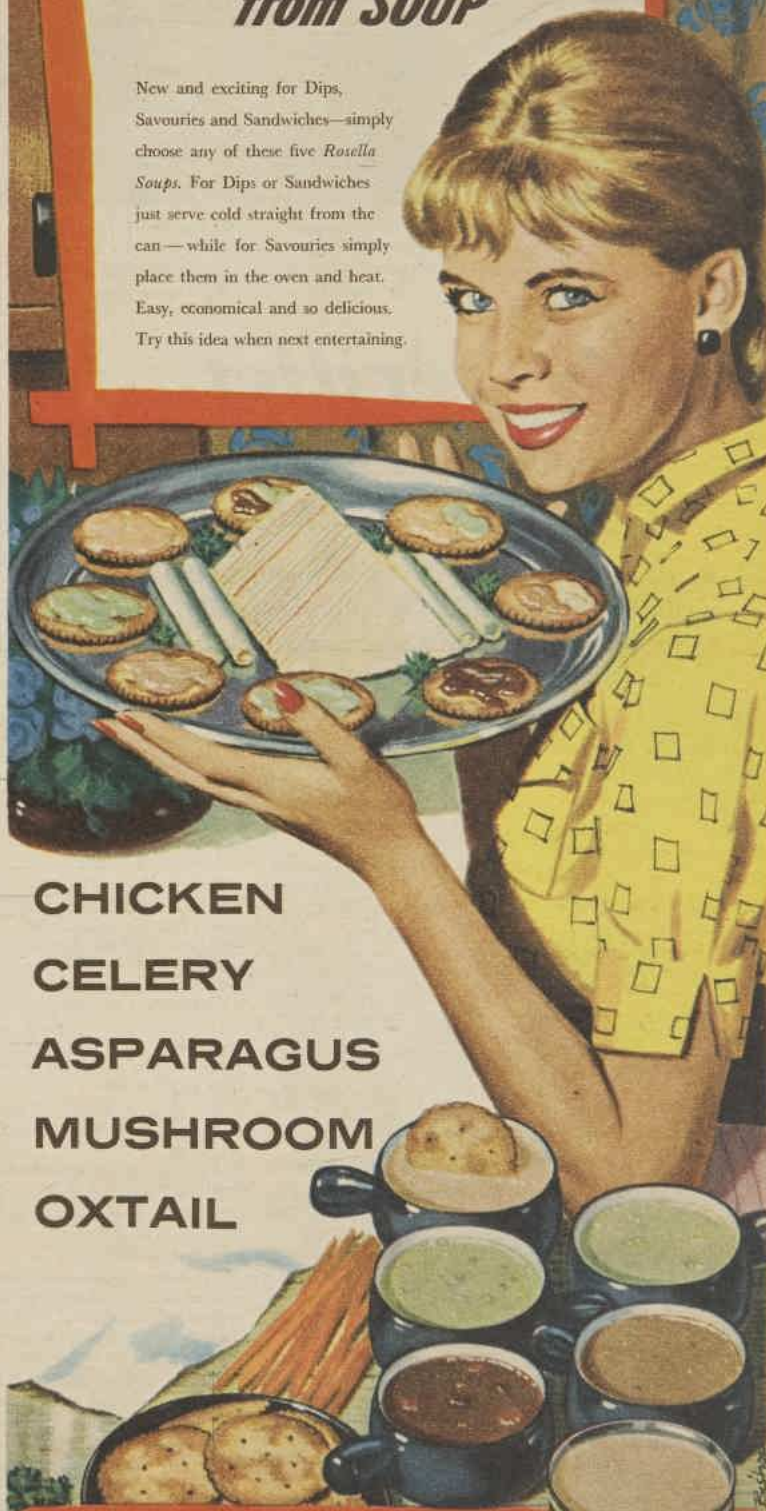
She bases her continuing loving relationship with her daughters and in-laws on two rules—never interfere and, if asked for specific opinions, state them in a letter. She says, "If they want to read it when they get it they can; if they don't want to read it they can throw it in the incinerator and no one is the wiser."

— **NAN MUSGROVE**

SHOW BUSINESS

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DAN FARSON, popular English TV interviewer who is currently making a series of documentaries in Australia, took over one of Sydney's exclusive restaurants during a busy lunch-hour to ask women "Is Australia A Man's Country?" He happily surveys the havoc as his TV crew gets ready.

Dan's verdict on Australia

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● "Australians are the most civilised people on earth," said English TV interviewer Dan Farson as he bit into a prawn and looked past me to the havoc he'd created in a Sydney restaurant.

DAN, whose human-interest documentaries on the British have delighted viewers on A.B.C.-TV, is in Australia for four months to present the Australians in a similar series of 13 documentaries.

I wanted to see him at work on one of these documentaries, so he invited me to lunch last Wednesday.

"I've been told all the Sydney girls get dressed up in their craziest hats, which they never otherwise wear, to lunch on Wednesdays and try to get their pictures in Thursday's social columns," he said.

"And, as I want to do one show called 'Is Australia A Man's Country?', I thought this would be the perfect place for subjects."

He looked round the scene with immense satisfaction.

But I doubt if Dan, even with his magnificent sense of humor, saw the funniest side of the picture.

The restaurant, usually the calmest, most dignified of settings, was in uproar.

The eight members of Dan's crew were flying round the place, flashing blazing lights in the eyes of staggered diners, focusing cameras, and generally creating uproar.

Shooting of the documentary was timed to begin at 2.30. Dan, meanwhile, was eating his lunch.

He was also trying to give me his impressions of Australia between his energetic dives across the restaurant to ask likely types to stay behind to be in the show.

When he was off on one of these expeditions, I overheard the frightfully British voice of

one of his crew of four talking to the continuity girl.

Surveying the scene, he said: "I say, these Sydney girls really are rather splendid. All been round the world, ye know. Magnificent, what."

Dan returned to go on telling me why he thinks Australians are so civilised.

"It's because you're all so tolerant and so wonderfully sincere and friendly," he said.

"This friendliness is no false sham, which is why it's so remarkable. There aren't people like Australians anywhere else."

"Australians are certainly freer of pretension than anyone else. And that's a big thing."

Gilded gutter

This atmosphere was far removed from Britain, Dan added.

"There," he said, "the worst type of class-consciousness does certainly exist, though I think I personally have overcome it to a certain extent."

"You see, my job, my background, my Thames-side house all make me a person of many worlds. You might say I lead a gilded gutter life."

"When I have parties I invite my dowager friends and my friends from the East End, and I'm happy to say they get along famously."

"We've been right round Australia already, and now we're going back to do the shooting," he said.

"If we'd started filming first time round we'd have made some awful blunders."

Dan said he'd found Australia "staggeringly beautiful," but he wasn't making his series just one of scenery and outback life.

"This is where so many

overseas films, etc., on Australia are so bad," he said. "It's no wonder people in Britain think it's an undeveloped, unsophisticated country."

"I hope my series will help dispel wrong ideas prospective migrants might have."

He's not sure what the entire 13 documentaries will be about yet, but apart from "Is Australia A Man's Country?" there'll be one on "Melbourne, the Sober City," and one on a Queensland property.

Dan's overall impression of Australia? "A wonderful place to grow up in, but a terrible place to die."

He explained this: "Australia is so vigorous. There's so much to do when you're young, but you'll be left for dead as you grow older."

"This is why, despite your protests, I don't think it's a woman's country."

Of women in television, Dan said he didn't think they'd ever be really successful, because they spent too much time trying to create an impression.

"When women finish a TV job they never ask, 'How was I?' but, 'How did I look?' This can never be successful."

By this time — after 10 or more interruptions — he'd finished his lunch and could begin the show with the women who'd stayed behind.

"I'll be all right when I'm underway, but you know I'm really shy and I get quite nervous," he said.

No one would know this.

He was soon talking on camera, with a Sydney girl who was telling him she thought Australia was a man's country, and she hoped it stayed that way because "we like having the men to lean on . . ."

TELEVISION now has its own version of the mad, "sick" magazines which today's teenagers love.

This TV show, "Crackers," is on Sydney's Channel 9, and on the admission of its inimitable producer, Desmond Tester, it's madder than any magazine could ever be.

Judging by the first of the half-hour Friday shows, I'd say he's right — which is why "Crackers" looks like being a real winner both with teenagers and with any oldsters who have a slightly "sick" sense of humor.

Far from being "sick" in any sense, however, is the £100 song-writing quest which is a highlight of "Crackers."

Viewers under 21 are invited to write a popular song, and the £100 prize-winner will be announced about August.

Meanwhile, each week from May till judging time some of the best entries will be presented in the show and at other viewing times — probably sung by "Band-stand" artists.

"We'll have someone good to sing the songs," said Desmond.

He's delighted to be running the quest, because he feels a lot of young talent is going to waste, and that "this sort of thing will boot it on."

At this stage I asked Desmond if he thought enough teenagers would be prepared to sit down long enough to turn out really good compositions.

"Oh, yes, of course they will," he said enthusiastically. "There's so much stuff being written all the time and there's so much talent in the under-21s that I'm sure it will be a tremendous success."

This is the sane part of "Crackers." The rest is almost entirely sick, sick, sick — but it's tastefully done and should raise many a laugh.

One regular feature is the "Scream-age Mail-Bag," which will deal with "ghastly" letters.

"At first these letters will have to be home-grown," said Desmond, "but we hope to make it a contributing feature from viewers."

In another segment, viewers will be taught to play

bongo drums, because Desmond feels these are taking the place in young entertainment formerly held by the guitar.

In yet another segment the underdog's view on something topical will be presented in comic form each week.

In the first show this segment was particularly clever. The first "underdog" was "someone who has been on all the space flights and has never been given recognition."

This "someone" was a flea, who was really "the first true space traveller" because, ac-

By
CYNTHIA
STRACHAN

cording to "Crackers," he went up with Russian rats, dogs, etc., and finally with Major Yuri Gagarin.

The flea finally turned up at TCN (in prop. form) to protest at the injustices that had been dealt him in Russia.

Desmond, who's best known for his "Channel Nine Pins," has aimed at making this show "completely different in style to any other TV show."

Other Friday musical shows he has produced over the past four years have been "Jazz College," "Opportunity Knocks," and "Strictly For Moderns."

They've all been highly successful, and "Crackers" is likely to join this class.

I asked Desmond if he ever tired of children's and teenage shows and would like to produce adult TV.

"Good heavens, no! Not really," he said. "You see, no other producer here has anything like the scope I do, because with teenagers you can give them everything in TV entertainment — sport, comedy, drama, music, animals, the lot."

But it was in the script

CHANNEL 9's "Hawaiian Eye" and Channel 7's "Sunset Strip" are two of my favorite TV shows, but, brother, how do those scriptwriters get away with the things they do?

For instance, I quote a piece of dialogue from a recent "Sunset Strip" episode.

The story was about an actor whose life was threatened, and private-eye Rex Randolph breaks the news to Edd ("Kookie") Byrnes that he's been seeing Shakespeare.

"Oh," says Kookie, "that this too, too solid flesh would melt."

"Why, Kookie," says Rex, "I didn't know you knew the Bard."

"Man," replied Kookie, "I heard it on a TV commercial for a redoocing course."

All of which is quite funny, I suppose, if you like your humor weak.

But there wasn't even anything funny about the weak piece of dialogue in the "Hawaiian Eye" episode.

It was about a professional killer hired by a man who wanted his wife murdered. The scene is on Waikiki Beach, where the killer is pretending to have fallen in love with the intended victim.

"But I'm married," she said.

"I know it," said he. "But how could you know?" queried she.

"I saw your ring," replied he.

"You're very observant," said she.

"I must be. My life depends on it," said he.

I ask you!

Elaine's for sophistication

ELEINE WHITE, who produces and presents Channel 9's "Family" show, believes that subjects such as sex and hygiene should be dealt with on TV.

And when she returned from a recent trip to England she decided to introduce these subjects on her new, vigorous show.

"I think, from what I've seen of English TV and from my experience here, that women's programmes must be more sophisticated and educational," she said.

"At one time women would look at anything just because it was TV. Now they want something they can profit by watching."

"They won't look at a time-waster. And they don't like being played down to because they are women in the home—I won't use that awful word housewife."

Elaine has already begun to introduce sex and hygiene into the show with the help of a medico.

"I felt I was sticking my neck out when I first did this," she said.

"We've now covered two sex topics, and they've been very well received, which shows that people don't really want to draw their skirts aside when sex is mentioned — just as long as the subject is treated tastefully."

Elaine's show, which was formerly in the mid-afternoon, is now in the new time-slot of 1.30 p.m. Mondays through Thursdays, and this really pleases her.

"You see," she explained, "women feel guilty about watching TV during the day when perhaps they should be working, but now they can relax and enjoy it over lunch."



● Desmond Tester, producer of TCN's new teenage show "Crackers," with his bongo drums.

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Gregory lives it up

● "It's nice to be rich," admits Gregory Peck, the one-time gangling boy from La Jolla, a beach resort in southern California, whose father ran a drugstore.

AT 45, the handsome actor—who has carved a prominent niche for himself in the motion-picture world—still thrives on the excitement of being an actor, a star, and in the pink.

With his French-Russian wife, formerly Veronique Passani (of Paris), and five children, Peck lives in an elaborate mansion in Brentwood, Hollywood. He owns a large cattle-breeding ranch north of Santa Barbara and rents a villa at St. Jean, in the South of France.

Though the star calls Hollywood "home," he's never happier than when swimming, boating (in his luxury yacht), fishing, and relaxing with his family at his French villa—enjoying the creations of their wonderful French cook. Frequently Peck dashes over to Beaulieu or Monte Carlo for a try at the casino.

Gregory Peck is a man who insists on comfort. He drives a Rolls-Royce and likes his shoes made to order.

"You may call me a snob," he said, "but I don't look at it that way. I love it."

FRED ASTAIRE makes his third departure from musical movies in a dramatic co-starring role with Kim Novak and Jack Lemmon in "The Notorious Landlady," based on a short story by Margery Sharp. Astaire's initial breakthrough from dancing roles was in a heavy dramatic role in "On The Beach," with Ava Gardner. He followed up with "The Pleasure Of His Company," with Debbie Reynolds.

THE entire Frank Sinatra "clan," including the star himself, Sammy Davis Jr., Dean Martin, and Peter Lawford, will feature in "Badlands"—a Western to be filmed by Sinatra's Essex Productions. A director hasn't yet been named, but it's thought Mr. Sinatra may handle the job himself.

KIM NOVAK failed to show up at a lavish house party given by Tony Curtis and his wife, Janet Leigh. Director Richard Quine, who came alone, explained that Kim's Siamese cat, "Pie-wacket," swallowed rat poison, went into convulsions, and had to be rushed to the vet for stomach pumping.

ON May 23 last year producer David Diamond first heard the announcement of Adolf Eichmann's capture over the radio. That day, with co-producer Samuel Bischoff, he had registered his "treatment" of the story with the Screen Writers' Guild and also registered the title, "Operation Eichmann." Shooting was rushed ahead so the film's release could coincide with the trial. Sets were built in Hollywood to represent scenes in Germany and Argentina, and



COMPLYING with sartorial protocol—grey top hat and grey cutaway—Gregory Peck attends Ascot Races in England with his wife.

the blueprints of Auschwitz were used in re-creating the concentration camp.

A STRANGE Hollywood party was held recently at Paramount Studios and the hosts were Delilah, a bush-tailed monkey; Tembo, a baby elephant; Sonia, a three-year-old cheetah; and Croaky, a hyrax. The occasion was the celebration of John Wayne's return with his international cast of "Hatari" from location filming in Tanganyika. The stars sipped cocktails with guests, who were slightly on edge with the little bit of Africa transported to their midst.

NANCY "SUZIE WONG" KWAN has forgotten all about Hugh O'Brian since she met Maximilian Schell, brother of Maria. The pair have dated constantly since the star began his latest film, "Judgment At Nuremberg." Friends say it's getting more serious by the minute.

MOODY Montgomery Clift fell in love with crab-meat while in Hollywood recently. When he went home to New York he arranged with a seafood restaurant to "air mail" a large Pacific Ocean crab to his apartment there twice a week.

THE marriage of Raphael Campos, just 22, and negro singer Dinah Washington, 42, lasted only a few weeks. "We got married in Tijuana," said Raphael, "and we'll be div-

orced there. It takes about an hour." Campos had never been married before, but Miss Washington has been married eight times.

THE late Mario Lanza's estate just passed the half-million-dollar mark from royalty payments from R.C.A.-Victor for sale of his records. The income-tax claims are very small, because Mario had established legal residence in Italy before he died.

MARLON BRANDO'S Bel Air mansion was robbed for the third time the other night and he lost three tape-recorders, a movie-camera, three still-cameras, and eight bottles of scotch whisky. All his neighbors have either burglar-alarmers, high iron fences with electric locks which can be opened only by pushing a button inside the house, or hire special police patrols to protect their property; but not Marlon. "Every time Mr. Brando reports a robbery we plead with him to take steps to prevent its happening again," said a police sergeant. "There are people who specialise in robbing celebrities' houses." The only person "on guard" at Marlon's home is a negro housekeeper who lives there. And she has slept through each robbery.

THE late Tyrone Power's old mansion—which still features the nude statue of his former wife Linda Christian in

the backyard—is now occupied by actress Polly Bergen, whose permanent home is New York. Miss Bergen rented the place for 2000 dollars (£A1000) a month while she makes a film with Gregory Peck.

TWO of Britain's top film-makers are to make a film as hot as today's headlines. Its subject: the recent sensational spy trial in London. It will be produced by Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat and directed by Cliff Owen. Said Launder and Gilliat—who made such espionage films as "The Lady Vanishes" and "Night Train To Munich": "This trial indicates that, while the cloak-and-dagger days of espionage are by no means dead, there is a tendency to discard the more melodramatic disguise in favor of the net curtains of respectable suburbia. Does your neighbor spend his evening planting petunias—or transmitting messages to Moscow?"

New Films

With MIRIAM FOWLER

★★ A BREATH OF SCANDAL

Based on a famous Molnar play, this whimsical farce has an airy-fairy quality. Bobbling with saucy fun, the plot waltzes to an anticipated happy-ever-after climax. Bored while exiled from Emperor Franz Josef's Court, leggy Sophia Loren—a widowed Viennese princess—amuses herself with American visitor John Gavin. Debonair Maurice Chevalier adds a musical-comedy touch. — Prince Edward, Sydney.

THE TWO FACES OF DR. JEKYLL

Instead of a frightening Mr. Hyde spelling terror in the gloom, this latest screening of the Robert Louis Stevenson thriller depicts him as a handsome man-about-town moving in brightly lit circles. The innovation is refreshing, but loses in suspense. Acting is nondescript.—Capitol, Sydney.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

Strongman Steve Reeves, as a Roman centurion in pagan Pompeii during the last days of that fated city, goes through laughable tests of strength in this struggle for justice. Out to unmask the killer plunderers who terrorise local patricians, Steve in solo combat defeats a small army, slashes gladiators two at a time, killing a lion in between. Good for a laugh. — Esquire, Sydney.

In a word... LUDICROUS.

The stewardess smiled serenely. "Nothing serious."

"Johnny, Johnny, is it bad?" He turned and patted Evie's hand. "No worse than crossing Wilshire Boulevard." He looked down through the window. There was the airport, but they weren't landing. They were circling, circling.

The man who sat behind Evie spoke again. "He can't get the wheels down. We're in trouble. He ought to tell us what's going on."

Evie turned to look at the man. "He doesn't need to," she said. "You're telling us."

Circling. Circling the airport and again the voice from the cockpit, the cheerful voice of a sweating man. "Folks, we're still working, and we'll be circling for a while yet. Nothing unexpected is going to happen. I'll keep you informed."

Johnny looked around him. A woman across the aisle had closed her eyes. She sat with her arm around her child, and she was praying. Behind her sat a young couple, silent, tense. They held hands, but they did not look at each other. He thought of Peggy. Suppose that — suppose — well, how would she get the news? Would someone telephone her? Who? Would the message go out at once? Would it come while she was sitting with the children around her waiting for his usual call?

Circling. Circling. Someone was asking a stewardess if there was any danger. The stewardess was smiling gamely, and the plane was circling above the lights of the airport. He thought of the people watching from the ground. He thought of Jim Blake waiting for Evie and looking skyward with his heart in his throat. If I were down there and Peggy were in this plane, I couldn't stand it.

He had to say something to Evie. Where were the proper words? What did you say as you sat in the dimness with your safety-belt tight around you and the knowledge in your mind that this might be all.

He turned to her, but she spoke first. She said, "Johnny, I want to tell you something."

Continuing . . .

TOO LOVELY TO LAST

from page 28

Right here and now I have to tell you something."

"What, Evie?" "I want to tell you that my pride made me do an awful thing when we were talking earlier. I told a great big lie. I wasn't out with a Marine that night."

He stared past her into the darkness beyond her window. "No?" he asked. "Who was it, then? A sailor?"

She shook her head. "Johnny — Johnny, listen. I —" "I don't really care, Evie. It doesn't matter." Only suddenly he did care, and it did matter. Something that he had never said to a living soul needed to be said. Now the words rushed from him, glad to be free at last. Even though it had all happened long ago, he had no trouble remembering how he had felt; the sickness of his heart and soul had gone overseas with him.

"Evie, I got my shipping orders at three that afternoon, and I had a date with you for seven. They wouldn't let us near a telephone, and all afternoon I was just crazy, thinking of you waiting, waiting for me. Nothing seemed important except talking to you, Evie."

"I wasn't thinking about anything but the fact that I was leaving you and that, at least, I had to hear your voice again. I don't think I ever wanted anything the way I wanted to talk to you. You have to be a kid to want anything that much."

The hushed crackle that preceded word from the cockpit, from the captain, perhaps from destiny itself, sounded again. "I just want to tell you, folks, that we're still working."

Circling. Circling. "Evie, it isn't really important, but maybe you should know that I finally got to a phone. It was wrong of me to make a call, but I had to make that one. Just on the dot of seven, just when I should have been ringing your bell, I got to a

phone. I called you, Evie, but you didn't answer. You weren't home. I went overseas remembering that if I'd come that night to pick you up, I wouldn't have found you waiting."

"You'd have found me waiting, Johnny," she said. "You'd have found me waiting in front of the apartment house. I always wanted to run downstairs to meet you there, but mother would never let me. She said it looked too anxious. I suppose it did, but I was anxious, Johnny. Mother was baby-sitting that night, so I ran down to wait. I stood there till a quarter of ten; then I went upstairs and cried myself to sleep."

Circling. Circling. The lights of the airport below, only blackness of night outside the window.

"Did it ever occur to you that I might have been shipped out, Evie?"

"Yes, but when the weeks passed and you never wrote —" "I would have written, only you hadn't answered the phone. I had pride."

"I know, I guess I could have found out where to write you, but I had pride, too."

A stewardess was bending over a woman up front, administering smelling salts, and she was smiling. She was still smiling as she turned to someone else to say regretfully, "No, you can't smoke, sir. Not right now."

Not right now. How beautifully chosen were the words with their sweet suggestion that later there would be a time to do anything one cared to do. Not right now. Then the stewardess believed there was to be a later? Johnny looked carefully at her as she passed. He saw the smile, but he saw her eyes as well.

Circling. Circling. Evie leaned towards him, and he reached for her hand.

"I'm sorry you cried that night, Evie."

"I'm sorry you went overseas feeling that way, but, as you said, it doesn't really matter. It was all very long ago. Two kids with a little disappointment."

"Sure. Now tell me how the years have been. The years between."

"They've been wonderful. They've been —" She paused; then, "Johnny, honestly, I'm not afraid of what's happening, not for myself, that is, but Jim is so good, so kind. When I think of him standing down there, watching this helpless beast go around and around — oh, Johnny, he's losing his mind watching this. I only care about that."

● There is not a single proverb in favor of early rising that appeals to the highest nature of man.

—Robert Lynd

"I know, Evie. I've thought of Peggy waiting for her phone call. I always call her from the airport. She's probably watching the clock right now and beginning to worry." He glanced at his watch. "The sun is shining in California now, and Peggy and the kids are waiting to tell me what they've done today."

"Then your years have been good, too, Johnny?"

"They have been perfect."

"I am so glad."

"I'm glad for you, too, Evie." The crackling hush again. The air charged with expectation. The passengers stiffening to attention. The voice of the captain.

"Well, folks, we're going to land now. Thanks for your confidence and calmness."

The man behind Evie spoke

again in the husky tones of terror. "We're landing without the wheels down. God help us. Without the wheels down. Without the wheels!"

No other voice sounded in the stillness of the cabin. There was quiet, and the lights of the airport and the night outside and a fiercely praying man at the controls of a plane that had no landing gear. The circling had ceased. It seemed that the plane was floating eerily towards the earth, a ghost feeling for the firm tangibles once well known, now almost forgotten.

Slow, breathless, blind. The earth so close now, so dangerous, and so desirable. Easy, easy, easy. Pray harder. It must be an easy landing, and there it was — the easy landing. The plane slid in to touch upon the ground with the lightness of a bird.

"He made it. We're down!"

Suddenly those who had not cried were crying, and the man behind Evie was saying, "Well, these fellows are trained for emergencies." The woman across the aisle was kissing the little girl. Someone was shaking the hand of a stewardess, and someone else was making a nervous joke.

The door was open at last, and the passengers filed out of the plane. Sober, thoughtful passengers at that moment, for they saw that, besides their friends and relatives, others had been waiting for them. The ambulances and the fire-fighting truck with its men in asbestos suits were leaving the runway. There had been no need for them and no work for the news photographers.

Evie caught Johnny's arm. "You'll go into town with us, won't you, Johnny?"

"Thanks, no, Evie. I have to call Peg. I don't want to hold you up —"

"Oh, there's Jim now. Jim! Jim!" She was off, running towards Jim, who had stood in that crowd of distracted people watching the dreadful manoeuvres of the plane.

Well, that was the end of Evie again. He ought to have called goodbye, he supposed. But what did it matter? Good-bye had been said in 1944,

only they hadn't known it at the time. Kid stuff strictly. She was waiting on the kerb and he was eating his heart out because she didn't answer the phone. Nothing. People meet, part, go their separate ways without having any influence whatsoever upon each other — except briefly, of course. She had cried. Well, so had he. Two kids with a little disappointment.

He went to a booth and made his call to California.

"Darling, it's good to hear your voice. You know how I worry when you fly."

"I know, Peg."

"Was it a routine flight?" "Not exactly, but I'm on the ground now, so don't be frightened."

"What happened?"

"The wheels weren't working."

There was a moment's silence. Then, "Johnny, I might have lost you."

"No, Peg, not a chance. It wasn't in the cards."

"I love you so, Johnny."

"I love you, Peg."

"And because you were such a good boy and didn't need your wheels, I'll let you talk to the children."

He talked to the children and again to Peggy and then went out to collect his baggage. They were waiting for him there — Evie and her husband.

"Stupid for you to take a taxi and drive in all by yourself, Johnny, this is Jim," said Evie. The men shook hands. "Evie tells me you two are old friends."

Johnny nodded. "Only we sort of had to introduce ourselves all over."

Jim Blake smiled. "Well, after the ordeal you two just went through together, I guess you'll never forget each other again."

"No," Johnny agreed. "I don't think we'll ever forget each other."

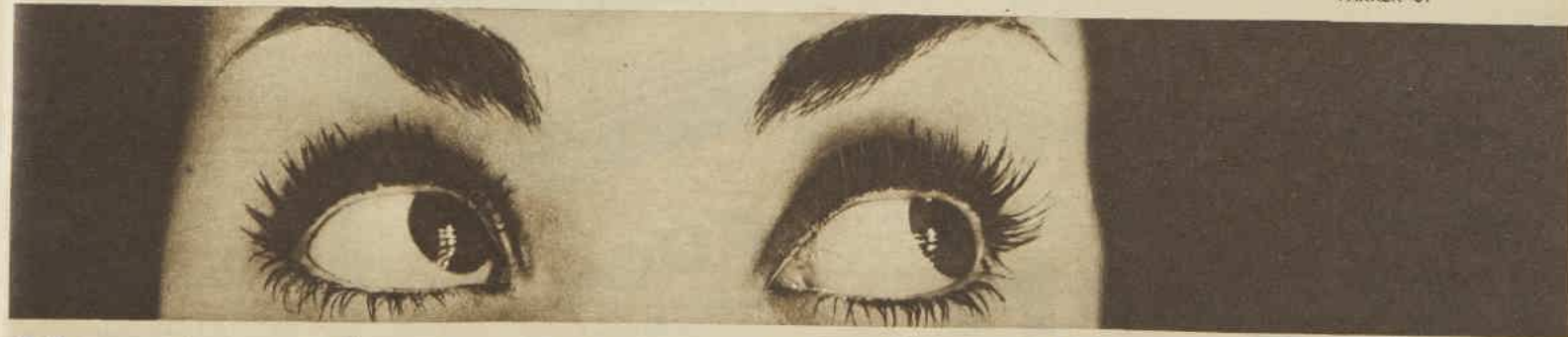
As he smiled back at Jim Blake, it occurred to him that he wasn't really surprised to find that Evie's husband was a lanky fellow, just about six feet three.

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"Did you have a nice time last night?" inquired Mrs. Westley brightly.

Jeremy, mentally sketching a frieze of former mayors to march neo-Byzantine round the entablatures of the columns, said absently: "What did I do last night?"

"Jeremy! You went to Garvin Bradson's engagement party—!"

"Oh, yes. So I did."

"Well? Did you have a nice time?"

"No. It was hearty. There were jolly and frightful games—like passing matchbox-covers from nose to nose."

Mrs. Westley sighed deeply: "But—what about the girl? The one Garvin asked specially for you? Do tell me what she was like. And everything," she added in a wheedling tone.

Jeremy dropped the pencil irritably: "Everything? Well, her name

Continuing . . .

VARIATIONS ON A ROMANTIC THEME

from page 29

was Vera something. She had a sort of topknot with a flapping bow on it. No other outstanding features. The usual pre-fab. party design with lurid paintwork."

His mother moaned and wrung her hands. "Must you always be so architectural? Won't you ever acquire a sense of human proportions?"

"Figuratively, they're so giggling that they're not worth bothering about. Architecturally, they're only decorative when portrayed in primitive perspective—now take this design, the one for the council offices in the Civic Centre—"

"Hang the Civic Centre," said Mrs. Westley crisply.

Now Jeremy was stunned. He gaped. His mother snatched the design from him and tossed it on the floor. Now you listen to me. You're a bright boy, Jeremy, and I'm terribly proud of you. No doubt your design will be the one selected; and no doubt it will be greatly admired. But after the Civic Centre, what?"

"Oh, I don't know really. Once this is finished, there'll just be the run-of-the-mill stuff in the office, I expect—"

"Oh, no, there won't! There'll be

another concert hall, or a public library, or a home for Indigent Iguanas, or a play-centre for stranded seals! And whatever it is, you'll stick at it every evening, and every weekend. You'll think, sleep, eat, and breathe that design and you'll never give one single second or one solitary thought to a design for living! Vera something indeed!"

Mrs. Westley paused for breath. She had been harping melodiously for some months on the theme "Time You Found a Nice Girl"; he hadn't minded the harping—or heeded it; but now that she had begun this new variation of cacophonous trumpeting he found it very disturbing.

He tried cold masculine reason: "Mother—we can't all be gregariously inclined. I happen to like my work—it is my design for living. As for beach-house weekends, barbecues, ballroom-bashing, and hearty parties—the whole giddy social whirl leaves me deep-frozen and bored."

"You're deep-frozen in your own egotism, and bored because you are a bore—an anti-social arch-architect! Oh, you know an awful lot about architecture—but what do you know about the stars in a girl's eyes? Or watching moonbeams on the sea?"

Jeremy mumbled: "So what?"

"So you've known Garvin Bradson since you were both in short pants—yet when he asks you to a party to celebrate his engagement you have to be subjected to practically hydraulic pressure before you'll consent to go, Garvin takes the trouble to ask a girl specially for you, and all you register is Vera something and a topknot with a bow!"

"I didn't mention anything remotely architectural the whole evening," said Jeremy indignantly.

"Well, what did you talk about?"

"Nothing much. She didn't say anything much, either."

"No wonder. Poor little thing! I must fly now, darling. I've got some people coming to dinner tonight—rather a nice couple." She got as far as the door, and then whirled round. "I believe they have a daughter—Mr. Stapleton said something about 'our little girl'—I wonder if she's old enough! I might ask them to bring her."

"Not for me. I'll be working."

"I don't know what I've done to deserve you," remarked Mrs. Westley.

JEREMY gulped down the cold coffee and said "Phew!" several times. Then he returned to neo-Byzantine and the mayoral frieze. But he hadn't roughed out more than two sketches before his mother's voice summoned him: "Jeremy! You're wanted on the telephone."

He emerged, raging. "Who the heck is it?"

"She just said 'Vera,'" called his mother.

Vera? Jeremy recoiled. He picked up the receiver and said "Hallo" into it on the glumest note possible.

"This is Vera. I—just wondered what time you'd be ready?"

"Ready? What for?"

"Why—the picnic. You—do remember, don't you, Jeremy?" The small voice was not very steady.

"I—oh, yes. Of course. The picnic." What picnic? What was she talking about?

"Well, then, would you be ready in about half an hour? And you won't forget the food, will you?"

"Food?" He couldn't do more than repeat words like a not very intelligent budgerigar. "Oh—er, for the picnic."

"Yes. I'll provide the transport, of course."

"Of course."

"Then—I'll be seeing you, Jeremy. In about half an hour." She hung up and Jeremy was left glaring at the receiver.

Had he, in some moment of mental or alcoholic aberration, asked this Vera person out. No. He knew, with absolute certainty, that he had not. Was it—could it be some of his mother's work? Another variation on the theme? A plot between her and the Vera-girl? No. She didn't know the Vera-girl.

Then—it wasn't anything to do with his mother's recent trumpeting. It was an effort to ensnare him. It was effrontery on the part of that topknotted, eye-shadowed hussy with the innocent voice.

He charged into the lounge-room, and he requested a picnic luncheon.

Mrs. Westley beamed at him: "Darling—you're taking her out? Why didn't you tell me? Will sandwiches and fruit and hard-boiled eggs and some cold meat and sausage-rolls and cake and biscuits and cheese be enough, do you think?"

Jeremy said sourly that two were picnicking, not twenty-two. Mrs. Westley refused to be dampened and continued her dulcet and delighted fluting; would Jeremy bring Vera in for a drink when they returned? Or how about asking her for dinner? There would be plenty of food, because, although she hadn't actually asked the Stapletons' little girl, they might be bringing her if she were small enough to need a babysitter, for instance, and they couldn't get one.

Jeremy said he wouldn't bring Vera in and he wouldn't ask her to dinner.

He was waiting by the gate when Vera arrived. Jeremy decided that she looked very different from last night and very much better. Not, in fact, at all bad. She was wearing a sweater, baggy everywhere, and dark jeans, baggy nowhere;

To page 63

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still had the absurd topknot, but minus the floppy bow. Her nose was frankly freckled and faintly shiny and her whole appearance was distinctly appealing.

"Hello, Jeremy," she said. "Would you like to drive?"

He now beheld that the "transport" was an attractive sports-model. In spite of this, he shook his head. "No, thanks. Easier if I don't."

"Why?" she asked, and he grinned at her. "Oh, well, I can see better. Study details and all that." He stowed the basket in the boot and inaugurated his considerable length into the seat beside her.

She withdrew from him almost imperceptibly and said: "Which way?"

"To the city."

"The city? But—I thought we were going for a picnic?"

"Oh, yes. We are. But first there are one or two buildings I want to have a look at—I'm working on designs for a Civic Centre, you know, and I've run short of ideas," he said falsely.

"I see." She threw a longing glance at the twinkling sea and turned the car.

The sun beat down warmly, and the streets were dirty, dusty and drab. Every now and again Jeremy would ask Vera to stop, and then he would produce a book and appear very busy sketching a terra-cotta dragon, or a section of ironwork on some tumbledown villa or a pseudo-Georgian doorway in a smoke-grimed warehouse.

Finally he mumbled, "Let's eat."

Continuing . . .

VARIATIONS ON A ROMANTIC THEME

from page 62

"Here?" She stopped the car obediently in the narrow street lined with ancient boarded-up brick buildings.

"No. Not here. Mind if I drive now?"

"Not a bit." It seemed to be impossible to pierce her inviolable calm. Jeremy, in the driving-seat, held the wheel lovingly. He wouldn't mind a similar model himself—meaning the car. She was rather a nice kid—meaning Vera. Maybe she hadn't meant to try to ensnare him at all—maybe she was just being friendly—meaning Vera again.

He said on an impulse, "I didn't fix anything with you last night, Vera. And you know it. Why did you pretend I had?"

She caught her bottom lip under two small, even teeth. "I wondered why you didn't ask me that before. Now I know why you didn't. You thought you'd make me rue the day—didn't you?"

"Yes. But now I—"

She didn't let him finish: "You have a perfect right to make me rue the day. I deserve it. You see, I was only trying to do a bit of face-saving. It was altogether stupid of me. I see that now."

"I don't understand. But—I'd like to, Vera."

"Do you know why I was invited to Garvin's party?"

"I do. To provide special

artistic background for the arch-bore. That's me," he added, grinning.

"Oh, no. You've got it wrong," she said. "I was invited because Mrs. Bradson met Mummy at some women's do and confided in her—all about how disappointing it is to have a daughter who doesn't go down at parties. Actually, Jeremy, I hate parties. At family ones when I was a kid I was always the little girl who had to go and hide in the laundry because none of the boys chose me as a partner."

"And I don't play things like tennis, and I've never been to a footie match in my life. The only thing I can do well is to paint rather peculiar pictures. If I were ninety-something, like Grandma Moses, or nine and in primary school, they might be a sensation. As it is, they're labelled 'Immature' by experts, and 'My kid-can-do-better-in-kind' by ordinary people."

She paused, and Jeremy saw that her chin was very high. It was a little round chin, but very determined. Stubborn, he thought. Good for her.

"Yes? Do go on," he prompted, and swung the car off City Road and turned towards the beach.

Vera went on: "Mrs. Bradson told Garvin I'd be the very person for you. So he invited me to the party. And he spent about ten minutes telling me all about you—and how impossible it was to get your mind off your work. I wanted to meet you. So I said I'd go. And then Garvin spoilt everything by saying he'd told everyone who was going to be at the party, and they were all laughing about it. They all said you wouldn't notice me at all—or stop talking long enough to give me a chance to talk back about my work. And that made me mad."

"I bet Garvin you'd not only notice me but ask me for a date. You see, I had the oddest sort of conviction that you would. Well, after that bet I thought I'd better make sure you noticed my appearance to start with—so I borrowed a bright pink frock, and I got Clara to make me up—the way she does herself."

"When she'd finished with me, and I saw myself in the mirror, I was satisfied that I couldn't help but register. Once I'd got you talking, then I thought I'd be all right. But it didn't work out that way. You looked at me, but you didn't obviously like what you saw at all. And I never did get you talking. It wasn't even possible to escape to a metaphorical laundry—one just had to stay and endure."

"You know," said Jeremy, "that is exactly what one did. I did it, too."

He swung the car into the beach-park, yanked the basket out of the boot, and held out a hand to Vera. "Come on."

Somehow he was still holding her hand when they were over the low wall and strolling along the sand. "You don't need to tell me any more," he said. "You had to have that date. To save another face as well as yours. Mine, to bang the nail right down."

She nodded. "I felt terrible. You took it so meekly. Over the telephone, that is. Not afterwards. You did your best to make me wish I'd bitten my tongue out before I did that telephoning. I suppose most girls would have been either bored or annoyed or both. But—being me, I—enjoyed it."

"You did? Gradually, I began to get the idea that my authentic study of the arch-bore architect had backfired."

It hit me. I was bored myself." Jeremy dumped the basket and propped himself against the sun-warmed wall. "This is good. Probe the provender, won't you, Vera? And will you come to dinner tonight?"

She looked up, her eyes dark and startled: "Oh, no, Jeremy. Thanks all the same. But you don't have to pursue this acquaintance any further."

"I know. I happen to want to."

"I still say no, thank you, Jeremy."

He sat bolt upright. "But you must!" She shook her head. "Look, mother told me to ask you. If you only knew how long she's been harping at me to—as she puts it—find a nice girl!"

Vera was very still, her arms clasped round her drawn-up knees. "And—you want to show your mother that you have found a—Nice Girl?"

FROM THE BIBLE

• "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation."

—James 1:12.

(Authorised version)

• "Happy the man who remains steadfast under trial."

—James 1:12.

(New English Bible)

James realises that all people suffer from temptation of some sort, but he says that the man who can resist temptation and gain the victory will be so much stronger because of his experience. God allows us to be tempted in order that our faith in Him may be strengthened.

All unawares, Jeremy plunged further: "Of course. Then I'll have some peace. D'you know, Vera, this morning, when I was working, mother came charging in and wanted to know all about you, and she was really mad at me because I couldn't tell her anything except that you had a sort of topknot with a flapping bow on it! Why, I couldn't even tell her your name—except that it was Vera something. Come to think of it, Vera, what is your name?"

No answer, and he opened sun-dazzled eyes. She was standing by the wall, and her lips were tight. "Vera—?" he began.

"So I'm to save your face again, Jeremy? So that you can show me to your mother? And then—you will have some peace? Well, you can begin having peace right away! Because I never want to set eyes on you again!"

Before he could collect his scattered wits and hoist himself to his feet, she was over the wall and across the parking-ground. He was just in time to see the car sliding off.

It took Jeremy two long hours to get home. He retired into the Huger-Muggery; there he tried to reason out the reason for Vera's wholly unreasonable behaviour. Mrs. Westley called: "Are you back, darling?"

He didn't answer, but seconds later she flung open the door and said concernedly: "Jeremy, what's the matter, darling?"

"Everything. I found a nice girl. Now I've lost her." "Oh, dear! I expect you said something wrong, darling. But don't take it too hard, Jeremy. Look. I heard the Stapletons' daughter is nineteen and rather

pretty. So I'll ring them up and ask them to bring her—and I'm sure she'll be much nicer than that Vera."

Jeremy said: "She will not. Vera is nice. She's sweet. She's—different."

"Oh. You feel like that? Then perhaps you'd better ring her and apologise for whatever you said and see if she—"

"I don't know what I said. I don't know her telephone number. I don't even know her name!"

"Garvin would know," said his mother.

"Of course. Why didn't I think of Garvin?" Jeremy was halfway to the telephone before Mrs. Westley caught him: "Darling—first, don't you think you ought to tell me what happened? I mean—then I might be able to tell you what went wrong."

He told her the whole story and ended: "And that's all."

"Quite enough," remarked Mrs. Westley, "to send any girl running home. Especially a sensitive type as Vera obviously is. You've got an awful lot to learn, darling."

"What am I to do?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Westley. "Yet."

"But, mother—I've got to talk to her."

"Naturally, and when you do, don't tell her what a brute you've been but what lovely brown eyes she has—"

"Blue," said Jeremy.

"Blue? Oh. And what color is her hair?"

"The color of finely waxed, bleached ashwood," said Jeremy poetically. "And she has a little round chin. Very firm and very stubborn. Nice hands, too. An artist's hands—smooth and strong—and she handled that car like a dream."

"Was it a sports car?"

"It was. How did you know? You peeked out of the window?"

"Not today. I did peek out of a window. At the Forbarnes—that was where I met the Stapletons. Mrs. Forbarnes said today she hadn't met the daughter—but she'd seen her driving a sports car."

Jeremy wasn't interested in the Stapletons' daughter. He ignored his mother's advice and rang Garvin, determined to find out about Vera. There was no reply. He tried three of the other men who had been at the party. Only one was home. He was frightfully sorry—he hadn't a clue about Vera.

His mother had shut herself into the bathroom and varied scents permeated the house. Jeremy was so deep in gloomy thought that he didn't hear her come out and go to the telephone. He didn't hear the ensuing conversation. All he heard was about an hour later, "Jeremy! They're here!"

He brushed his hair, assumed a pleasant smile, and surged into the lounge-room. "So this is Jeremy," said a smiling, vivacious-looking woman. "Glad to know you, son," said a tall man with very blue eyes.

And "Hallo, Jeremy," said a small, quiet voice. "I—came to dinner after all."

"I don't think," said Mrs. Westley, "that you know Vera Stapleton, Jeremy, darling."

"No," said Jeremy, and took both the artist's smooth hands in his. "But I intend to get to know her as quickly as possible."

The very blue eyes smiled up into his, and something was twanging at his heartstrings—something that made the most beautiful music. Quite a new variation to him. With romantic cadences.

But actually it was only a variation on his mother's theme.

(Copyright)



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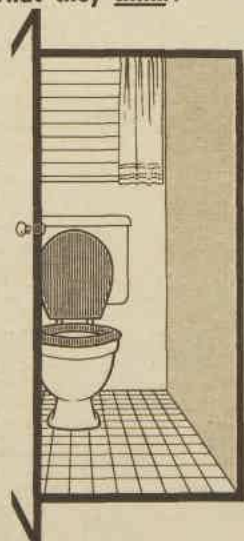
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Your friends may not talk about your toilet, but can you be sure what they think?

Now, there's a new, easy way to keep your toilet bowl fresh and bright—HARPIC!

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and leaves the toilet free of germs. Even that lime-scale caused by hard water is removed—the entire toilet bowl is kept sparkling and hygienically clean. And being delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or toilet sweet-smelling. Ask for Harpic at your store.



Harpic is made specially for cleansing all sewerage and septic tank toilet bowls.

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HARPIC REGD. TOILET CLEANSER

Safe for cleaning Septic Tank Toilet Bowls HPI157P

Mrs. Stitt stared at the locked door with a rising swell of panic. Doubling her hands into hard fists, she pounded against it as hard as she could.

"Miss Blanche!" she cried, "can you hear me?"

As her voice was absorbed by a sinister silence she turned away, trying to think what she ought to do. Miss Blanche was dragged in there, she was convinced of it. It was just like Jane — drinking like she was — to give the poor creature one of her sedatives and then go off and leave her. It was wicked — criminal!

With an air of sudden decision, she picked up the breakfast-tray from the floor and carried it out to the gallery and down the stairs. She had made up her mind. She was going to get that door open if it took her all day. And if Jane Hudson walked in and caught her working at it, well, that

Continuing . . . WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?

would be just too bad — for Jane Hudson.

Entering the kitchen she put the tray down on the table opposite the sink, then crossed to the tool drawer under the cupboards and pulled it open. She took out a hammer, the largest and heaviest there was, and a large screwdriver. Armed with these she started briskly out of the room and back in the direction of the stairs.

Mrs. Bates had spent so much time clipping the front hedge now that there wasn't much left to clip. Earlier, seeing Jane Hudson drive off in a car, she had quickly stationed

herself at the hedge where she could watch for her return.

She had a newspaper clipping she had found in the TV section of last night's paper "Crippled Star Regains Popularity, via TV," it said in the heading. And there was a picture of Blanche, too, back in the 'thirties. The article itself didn't say too much, but it was nice. If the Hudson sisters hadn't seen it, Mrs. Bates was sure they would appreciate her bringing it to them. Enough, she secretly hoped, that she might be invited into the house to meet Blanche Hudson.

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There was just one little trouble, though; Mrs. Bates wondered if Blanche Hudson's health hadn't taken a turn for the worst just lately. The thing that made her think so was that the window, the one at the centre of the upper storey that she had decided must be Blanche's, had stayed closed up lately. Before, in the evenings, there had always been a light in that window even when the rest of the house was dark. For the last four nights now, however, it had remained dark.

Mrs. Bates turned away and started back towards the house. She had just reached the wall when

she heard the sound of an advancing car and looked back to see the grey coupe cross the intersection. Casting down her shears, reaching for the pocket of her smock, she hurried eagerly forward.

"Miss Hudson! I have something here for you — for you and your sister!"

Jane Hudson, emerging from the black mouth of the garage, stopped short in surprise, then took a quick step back.

Mrs. Bates, stopping before her, smiled broadly. "I guess I really ought to introduce myself," she said. "I'm Mrs. Bates — Pauline Bates — your new neighbor."

Jane Hudson simply stared at Mrs. Bates made a gesture of sudden nervousness.

"Of course, I already know who you are. I would, naturally, though, because of your famous sister." Noticing what appeared to be a sudden coloring in the plump, unpleasant face before her, she hesitated. "I — I know how silly I probably sounds to you, and I'm sure you're sick of hearing it, but I really am one of your sister's most ardent fans. Ever since I was a young woman I've just adored her . . ."

Again she faltered, self-consciously aware that she was talking childish nonsense. "You must be very proud of her . . . with her new success . . . on TV. I mean, and all . . ."

Though her face remained blank, Jane Hudson nodded curtly. "Yes," she said.

Mrs. Bates held out the clipping. "Well, anyway, what I came over for — I ran across this in last night's paper and I thought — maybe, if you missed it — I ought to save it and bring it over."

After regarding the clipping for a moment with narrow suspicion, Jane Hudson reached out and took it. Again she nodded. "Thank you."

"Don't mention it," Mrs. Bates smiled stiffly but with determined friendliness. "And — and while I'm talking to you, I wanted to ask — is your sister all right?"

Jane Hudson's gaze, which had moved off again towards the gate, came back to Mrs. Bates' with fierce suddenness. "All right?" she asked. "What do you mean?"

MRS. BATES' smile fell away under a look of open alarm. "Well — nothing — really." For a moment she hovered on the brink of admitting her speculation about the window above the garden, but something in Jane Hudson's face made her reject the notion. "I just remembered that she was — an invalid. I just thought I'd ask."

Some of the tension seemed suddenly to go out of Jane Hudson's face. "Why, yes," she said, her voice just a shade more cordial than before. "I'll — I'll show the clipping to Blanche."

Hopeful that she yet might achieve the hoped-for invitation, Mrs. Bates hesitated a moment longer, but when it still did not come she turned away.

Then, with a sudden resolution born of an equally sudden resentment at Jane Hudson's determinedly distant behaviour, she turned back.

"Miss Hudson," she said with smiling bluntness, "I wonder — but do you suppose I could meet your sister some time? I mean, does she ever see anyone?"

"I'm sorry," Jane Hudson said abruptly, "my sister — Blanche — she won't be here any more. She's — she's going away. I'm sorry." She moved out towards the gate. "I have to go in now. The cleaning woman isn't here today, so I have to —"

"Oh, yes, she is," Mrs. Bates said, eager, even now, to offer a piece of helpful news. "Yes, she came. I saw her come up the hill to the house just after you left —"

Something in Jane Hudson's face stopped her. There had been a tightening, a draining, so that suddenly the woman's eyes, staring out of the pale mask of her face, seemed to grow larger, darker. And then she turned, hurled herself upon the gate, tore it open, and disappeared inside.

At the same time something came fluttering back in her wake, swooping up and out into the street. Crossing, Mrs. Bates looked down and saw that it was a newspaper clipping. With a feeling of dark dismay, she picked it up, and put it back in her pocket.

At first Mrs. Stitt had thought that she should be able simply to remove the lock and get the door open that way. Then, taking a closer look, she saw that this was plainly impossible. The lock, a piece of hand-hammered metal, had been somehow embedded in the wood and made secure there without the help of the usual screws and bolts.

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Ah—here's SURF cleanness! Ken's shirt welcomes a close-up look!

You can see that Ken's wife uses Surf — it's proved by the whiteness of his shirt! Look how clean it is! Even the closest, close-up look shows it's perfect — perfect cleanness everyone admires, perfect cleanness you get only with Surf.

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Abandoning this plan, then, she turned her attention to the hinges. They were fastened to the door in the same mysterious way as the lock, but the pins were exposed, so there was the possibility of prying them loose. Taking up the screwdriver and hammer, Mrs. Stitt knelt down to the lower hinge and set to work. Placing the edge of the screwdriver against the butt end of the pin, she lifted the hammer and struck it.

Engaged, finally, in a course of direct and positive action, Mrs. Stitt's spirits experienced a decided lift. The fact that Jane Hudson might return at any moment did not disconcert her in the least now. If anyone was going to be made out the guilty party in this affair, Mrs. Stitt had decided it was going to be Jane Hudson.

The thought had no more than passed through her mind when she heard the slam of the kitchen door downstairs, followed by a series of hurried footsteps in the lower hallway. Calmly, Mrs. Stitt put her tools aside and got to her feet. As the footsteps sped up the stairs and across the gallery, she turned to face the entrance, entirely poised and unalarmed.

"Well," she said evenly, "so you've decided to come back?" Jane, appearing in the entrance, stopped, stunned for the moment into silence. And then her face contorted with anger. "What are you doing here?" she demanded. "What was that pounding I heard?"

In answer, Mrs. Stitt pointed to the locked door. "What do you mean, going off and leaving your poor sister locked in like that?" Jane's expression, now, was one of uncertainty. "It—it's none of your business," she said with false bravado. Then her eyes widened with sudden realization. "You said you didn't have your key."

"Well, it just happens that I did after all. And a good thing, too, with this sort of thing going on. Suppose something happened while you were gone and Miss Blanche needed help. Suppose the house should catch fire."

Jane's face clenched again with anger. "It's none of your business what I do in my own house," she cried. "You're fired! Now go on and get out!" "Oh, it's none of my business, isn't it?"

"No! This is my house, and I'm ordering you to get out!" "Your house!" Mrs. Stitt took a threatening step forward. "This is Miss Blanche's house, that's whose house this is!"

Continuing . . .

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?

A light flamed wildly in Jane's eyes. "Get out!" "Oh, no. Not until I know exactly Miss Blanche is all right."

A flicker of uncertainty cut through the heat of Jane's gaze. "She's—asleep," she said. "I gave her a sleeping tablet."

Mrs. Stitt nodded in angry confirmation. "I thought so! I'm not moving an inch from this spot until you get out your key and let me see inside there."

Jane, her mouth still open, seemed to take in a great gulp of air. "I won't!" she said.

Mrs. Stitt took another step forward. "I think," she said

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around, do you hear me?" Jane, for the moment, could only stare at her and shake her head. "It'll be a lot better for you to let me have a look in there than to have to explain to the police."

Jane turned her head, and the bauble on her beret glittered there in the dimness with a sudden and obscene brightness.

Mrs. Stitt held out her hand. "Now you give me that key. I'll just look in and see for myself if she's all right. If she is, I'll go on away and leave you alone. I won't even need

forward, and her eyes widened with horror.

For a space of nearly fifteen seconds she stood breathlessly still and then, with a low, animal moan of numbed disbelief, she put out a trembling hand to the doorjamb for support.

Behind her, Jane reached down and picked up the hammer.

By narrowing her eyes until they were nearly closed she could begin to see the ocean. She could see the waves as they swelled out of the placid blue and came forward, reaching up and up, breaking, falling, dissolving upon the sand in a racing, giggling froth.

Sometimes it even seemed possible that if she would just turn her face upward she would feel the hot touch of the sun. But she wanted to go on watching the waves—had to go on watching them—so she kept her head down. All the time she could hear her father back on the porch beyond the dunes, playing his banjo and singing.

She loved the beach, loved it more than any other place in the world. It was special and warm, and Daddy was there with her all the time and didn't have to go away anywhere to take care of business. When she grew up she was going to live at the beach always, just her and Daddy. They would have a little house with a porch on the front where they could talk and play together and the people would stop and watch . . .

Say, mister, is that your little girl there?

All mine, friend. By golly, she sure can sing and dance. I'm serious, you ought to think some of putting her on the stage.

Well, friend, I guess you're just a year or so too late. Not that I don't appreciate your kind suggestion. I surely do. But—well, maybe you heard of my little girl somewhere by her professional name. We bill her as Baby Jane.

Baby Jane? Baby Jane Hudson? Mister, you're joking me, now, aren't you? That pretty little girl right there? Well, I swear! You know, I thought she looked mighty talented, the way she was singing and danc-

ing like that right out in front of everybody without being shy or scared or anything. By jings, mister, I sure bet you're a proud man to have a little girl like that.

Then Daddy put his arm around her and drew her close in a bear hug.

Friend, if I got any prouder I guess I'd pop the buttons right off my vest.

And when she grew up and she and Daddy came back to the beach to stay . . . Her eyes widened and the ocean started to go away, to fade back into the mirrors . . . along with the beat and the sound of Daddy's singing . . .

Her hand moved out and nearly upset the bottle on the floor next to her. She pressed the hand to her brow as if to clear her thoughts. Daddy had been taken sick in the

epidemic—he and Mamma—and they both had died. And she had never gone back to the beach; she had never seen it again . . . the little house with the porch . . .

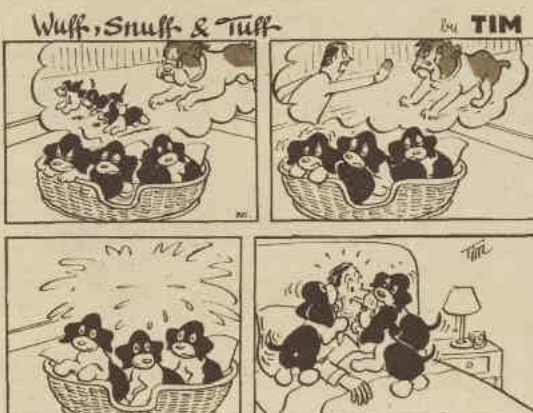
She and Blanche had come out to California to live with Aunt Jewel. And Aunt Jewel had started making a fuss over Blanche right away, telling her how pretty she was and that she had a friend at the studio who could help her get into pictures . . . Quickly Jane squinted her eyes again, tightly, tightly, trying to make the ocean come back . . . and the warm feel of the sun . . . and Daddy . . .

A bell rang somewhere, raucously, disruptively, and her eyes flew open, putting to untimely flight the surf, the sand, the song.

Her gaze lifted, and now, there in the mirrors, were only the piano and the bench and, back in the corner, wrapped round with shadows, herself. The ringing . . . it was the

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FOR THE CHILDREN



in a tone of deadly evenness, "that you'd better hand over the key to that door—if you know what's good for you."

Jane took a stumbling step backward. "I won't."

"All right, then." After a brief, effective pause, Mrs. Stitt went on. "Then I'll just have to call in the police, won't I? One way or another I mean to know what you've been up to here, signing Miss Blanche's name to cheques and locking her up in her room . . ."

Jane's face had gone white with terror. "I didn't!" she gasped. "I didn't, either!"

"Then why are you so scared?" Mrs. Stitt pointed a finger. "Now, you get that door open and no more fooling

to wake her up. Come on, now, give it here."

Slowly, her shoulders going limp in defeat, Jane opened her purse. She reached inside and produced the key. Looking up at Mrs. Stitt, her eyes dull and hidden, she dropped the key into her outstretched hand.

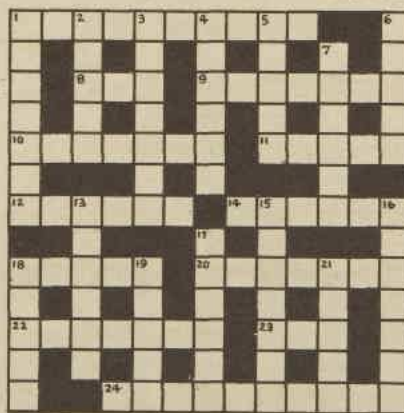
Mrs. Stitt nodded with satisfaction, then turned and fitted the key into the lock.

Throwing the door open, she found the room so shrouded in darkness that she was forced to stop on the threshold for a moment and wait for her eyes to adjust. Then, as the room and the objects inside began gradually to gather dimension and shape, she leaned sharply

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- These solid-hoofed quadrupeds can be found in orchestras (10).
- A vote against (3).
- This is often double-barrelled (4-3).
- Stern and when losing its head and half of us it remains a cubic metre (7).
- Dry as three feet several times (5).
- A stanza when unwilling (6).
- To be able twice is a dance (6).
- Revolving staff of an angler's reel (5).
- A person belonging to the Germanic people, who were conquerors of Italy in the sixth century (7).
- Russian poet of early 18th century, whose first name was Alexander (7).
- An excrescence on a tree made by an urchin (3).
- Listens in quarter pesetas for preparatory performances of a play (10).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Short lyrical drama set to music (7).
- Letters of the Futhork alphabet for a nurse (5).
- Boisterous girls (7).
- Reddish-brown color keeps us in disturbed rest (6).
- No bye (Anagr., 5).
- Pulls Americans (5).
- Mushroom for a cigar (6).
- Self-opinionated person (6).
- Hospital employee who is present when putting the palm on Eros (7).
- Small rounded lumps (7).
- Gleam, ending in an old-fashioned weapon (6).
- Part of a calyx, which leaps, or could do so (5).
- Opera by Delibes (5).
- Entrance halls in Roman houses (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

BACKACHE? like this



Can't move without agony?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

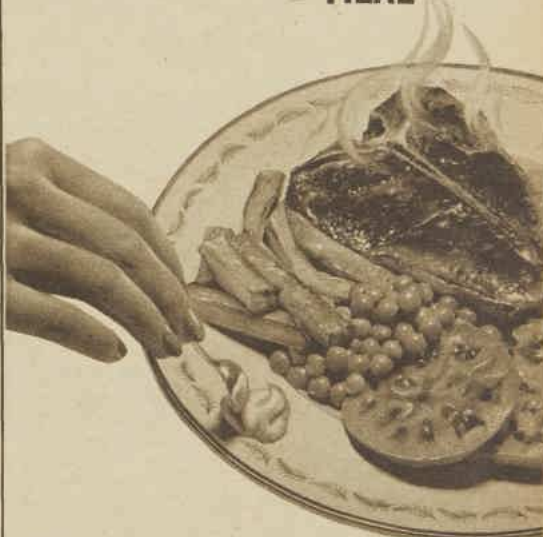
When your back feels in a vice—muscles stiff and sore—every move a stab of pain—it is often due to accumulations of uric acid deposits in your muscles and joints. The wonder-drug THIONINE, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS, helps your system throw off these harmful, pain-producing deposits.

If you or yours suffer rheumatism, aching muscles and joints, bad backs, neuritis, kidney and bladder weakness or constant headaches, start the MENTHOIDS treatment right away. MENTHOIDS, with helpful diet chart, see 15/-, 7/- or 3/- everywhere.



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SERVE mustard WITH EVERY MEAL



Mustard for man appeal—on food or in food, Keen's Mustard adds that tangy taste men really go for. It gives a fresher, more appetising flavour to sauces, dressings, savouries, relishes, pickles, hot or cold meats, fish and all seafoods. Be a clever cook—use mustard in all your cooking, and serve mustard with every meal. But—

Be
sure
it's...



Revlon lifts red to a new boiling point...



Revlon changes the recipe for red and fashion finds it absolutely candy-licious! and innocence from pink! BERRY BON BON is soft and warm looking by day ...brilliant by night (with plenty of color to spare). No gamble this! A "double-color" newly concocted ...bright berry red that steals a little freshness

... dips it in sugar ... m-m-m ... what a color discovery!

BERRY BON BON'

A strong-sweet red ... brilliant on lips and fingertips!

Wear BERRY BON BON wonderfully with the new smouldering fashion shades from Paris. Go ahead, indulge your taste for sweets with BERRY BON BON. You won't gain a thing ... but admirers!

In Revlon's extra-creamy "Lustrous" and extra-lasting "Lanolite" lipstick. Cream and Frosted Nail Enamels to match.



"Futurama" lipstick case and jewelry by Paris jewelers, Van Cleef and Arpels. Shoes by Delman.



All wool coat in Robert Burns Plaid

Continuing . . .

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?

from page 65

doorbell. Someone was trying to get in!

She shrank back against the wall, making herself as small and quiet as possible. The police. She paused, frowned. Why should she think of the police? She hated them. They had treated her horribly before, back during the time at the studio. They had always treated her like dirt and they wouldn't be nice to her until she said she was Blanche Hudson's sister.

For a moment she came close to remembering something, something with a dark, sad feeling to it, but then it faded away and she decided she didn't want to remember.

But she had to think who it was that kept ringing the doorbell in that persistent way. She really knew if she could just . . . And then she did remember, and it wasn't sad at all. Edwin! Edwin had said he would come back today and play the piano for her.

Edwin was at the door waiting for her to come and let him in.

Only by leaning forward and grasping the leg of the piano with both hands was she finally able to drag herself to her feet.

"Coming," she murmured. Balancing herself as best she could, she turned towards the door, but at the first step the whole room seemed to slide backwards in a quick counter-movement and she came close to falling.

Then the doorbell rang again. Turning, she shoved herself out into the hallway, holding her hands out at her sides to keep from bumping into the walls.

In a sudden flash of clarity she remembered that Edwin had said he would come at two. So much time, then, had passed since . . . She stopped, putting her hand out quickly to the library table. Since what? The dark, sad thing stirred again at the back of her awareness and for a moment

she was on the very brink of recall, but the bell rang again, and her thoughts were diverted. Edwin. Maybe Edwin would like to go to the beach with her.

They could find a little house somewhere with a porch that faced towards the sea . . . She needed to hurry to let him in, for if she didn't she would be all alone . . . all alone. She would let him in and give him the money she had promised him. And he would be her friend.

She stopped short as the thing—the sad, ugly thing she had forgotten—leaped out at her like a bogey from the shadows there upon the stairs. She turned then and lifted her eyes fearfully to the gallery—and beyond to the hallway—to the place visible only in her mind. Sobered all in a moment, she looked back towards the door where Edwin waited. Realising what she had nearly done, she recoiled in horror.

SHE put her hand out again to the table, waiting for the repeated sound of the doorbell, cringing in anticipation of its shock. But this time it did not come. A full minute passed, more. And then there was the sound of retreating footsteps.

"No," she whispered, "oh, Edwin, no . . ."

She hurried forward, past the door and to the tall french windows, and looked out towards the terrace.

She caught sight of Edwin just as he left the terrace and started down the steps. She remained still until he had disappeared. And then she turned back into the room, tears glistening in her eyes. She was to be alone after all . . . all alone . . . and lost . . .

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She started back towards the stairs as if drawn helplessly in that direction. At the bottom she paused, frowning, and then she made herself go on. At the top she started across the gallery, but here again she faltered, unable even to force herself beyond this point. She stood, undecided, and then turned, convulsively, as if to retreat back down the steps.

But suddenly her weary little girl's face crumbled, and she collapsed against the newel post, holding tight to it for support. A shuddering sound of pain escaped her lips, and then after a moment came back to her from the vaulted ceiling above in a sad, echoing sigh.

Just to add to his present mood of depression Del had fixed macaroni and cheese again for dinner. It was getting to the point where he considered hamburger a real treat. Also, Del had something to spring on him, some nasty little piece of news or gossip that he wasn't going to like. Maybe she knew that Jane Hudson hadn't answered the door to him today. Heaven knows it wouldn't surprise him any if she did.

She had been there all right; he had heard her moving about inside. And the car was in the garage; he had checked on that, too. So there it all went down the drain—the job, the fifty bucks a week she had promised him—the chance to get free of Del.

Del made an uncertain motion with her hand. "I don't think you ought to go back there to that place any more."

"Why not?" he asked. "You remember I mentioned her name was familiar—Jane Hudson?"

"Uh-huh?"

"I should have remembered right away, but it was so long ago, you know. Anyway, I was up at Hazel's—and I happened to mention, just in the conver-

sation, that you had this job with some actress. And I said her name—Jane Hudson, and she started reminding me—you know, of back in the days when we was both doing extra work in pictures—and all that went on . . . I don't guess you know who she is at all, huh?"

Edwin stared at her blankly; obviously this was to be even a bigger scoop than he had thought.

"She's Blanche Hudson's sister, Blanche Hudson, who used to be the big important star. Did she tell you that?"

Edwin kept his gaze blank. "You knew—the one that was crippled in that accident right at the zenith of her career?"

. . . at the zenith of her career. Mentally, Edwin turned his gaze to heaven. Merciful heaven, why did she always have to talk like a column out of some old fan magazine? Blanche Hudson—he supposed he had heard the name somewhere; it sounded familiar.

"Well, it was her that did it—that crippled Blanche, Jane Hudson, I mean. Crippled her own sister!"

Edwin stared in genuine surprise.

"They hushed it up at the time all right. They thought maybe some of the operations they tried on her might make her walk again—so she could go back to acting—so naturally they didn't want it to come out that her own sister had tried to kill her."

"Kill her?" Edwin asked. "You mean murder her?"

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The forest moaned loud and long. "My voice has come to grief. I haven't lived one hour this week. And wrecked is on the reef." "My dear," her fellow-wrecker said, "Wood's compound, I declare. Will fix your throat and soon your boat will founder everywhere."

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"Yes, I guess so," Del said. "It's the same thing."

"What happened?"
Del met his gaze across the table, pleased that she had managed to capture his interest. "Well, it all started at one of those big Hollywood parties where there are a lot of movie people. It was at some big producer's house."

"Anyway, Jane Hudson got drunk and started right in to make a fool of herself — like she always did — she was famous for it — only this time, well, I guess Blanche just decided she'd had all she could stand. They said she grabbed her right there in front of everybody — that Blanche grabbed Jane and told her they were going home."

"There was a big squabble between the two of them, and then, finally, when they got out of the house and out to the car, it started all over again. Jane was determined she was going to drive home, and Blanche was determined she wasn't. In the end, though, Blanche gave in — I guess just because she was so embarrassed and anxious to get out of there. And so — the next thing anybody heard the next morning there had been this awful accident, and Blanche was crippled up in the hospital."

"Well, then, it was just an accident."
"Well, yes, but then the real story began to leak out. Where it happened was right at the front gate to their own yard — a pair of big fancy iron things, they said they were, in front of the driveway. Nobody ever said what happened in so many words, but there wasn't much doubt about it. When Blanche and Jane Hudson got home that night Blanche got out of the car to work this trick gadget that made the gate open, and Jane Hudson tried to run her down and kill her."

"She just waited until Blanche was standing in front of those gates and she stepped down on the gas and drove right into her."

"But that isn't the worst," Del rattled on. "After she hit Blanche she jumped out of the car and ran off. Imagine that; it's a wonder, the way the car was smashed up, she wasn't killed herself. And I guess she would have been except she was so drunk. You know how drunk people never get hurt in a wreck because they're all relaxed? Anyway, she must have known Blanche was hurt bad and she just went off and left her to die."

"Later on they found her in some cheap hotel downtown, drunk as a lord and out of her head. They tried to smooth it over by saying she had gone into shock and didn't remember anything. They said she didn't mean to hurt Blanche, that her foot just slipped on the gas. But there was some on the inside who seemed to think different. Everybody knew Jane was jealous of Blanche."

DEL paused, shook her head. "But the awful part is that Blanche Hudson would have died, too, right there in the street, only she managed to crawl up on to a neighbor's porch and get help."

Edwin lowered his gaze. "It's probably just another studio story," he said. "It was an accident, like they said."

"Well, a lot of people said it wasn't — people who should know."

"Maybe I'll ask her about it next time I see her," Edwin said.

"You're going to see a woman like that again? A woman who'd try to kill her own sister?"

Edwin began to laugh then.

"Don't worry," he said, his voice still unsteady with his hysterical mirth. "I'm not going to see her again. You're right, you're absolutely right, you shouldn't hang out with deadly types — not the quick-killing kind. Give me that old slow-poison every time. Blood's a lot thicker than arsenic."

Del frowned in bewilderment. "You shouldn't talk like that," she said.

Edwin didn't answer. He had said he didn't believe the story. But he did believe it. He believed it partly because it explained so much about Jane Hudson that had baffled him, and partly just because he wanted to. It established a kind of kinship between him and Jane Hudson; they both had good reasons to not like themselves; they were both outcasts. And — even if belatedly — that made them friends.

"Did Blanche Hudson show herself while you were there?"

Edwin glanced up, startled. Then he shook his head. Blanche Hudson hadn't shown herself. As far as he could remember, there hadn't been even so much as a sound to indicate her presence in the house. And Jane Hudson hadn't even mentioned her. It was curious. And then there flashed into his mind the empty silver frame on the mantel and the ruined photograph in the piano seat.

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"She was a very rich woman," Del was saying. "Blanche Hudson really made a pile. And now — I guess they're just closed away together up there in that big house. But can you imagine it, the two of them living together after what happened? Wouldn't that be awful?"

"But I guess misery loves company."

Edwin looked away. Maybe he would be seeing Jane Hudson again after all. If her sister had been a big star and had invested her money well . . . Maybe he should be a bit more persistent, a little less sensitive about today's slight. Jane Hudson

had hired him and promised him a salary. If he could just get to her sister, Blanche, who undoubtedly controlled the money . . . Glancing back at Del, he smiled. Misery, it was quite true, did love company. He knew all about that.

Jane awoke in darkness, her heart pounding. She reached out in a frightened, tentative effort to determine where she was. Her hand touched a warm softness, and then it came to her that she was lying on the divan in the living-room. And then she began to remember.

"Edwin?" she called. "Edwin?"

There was no answer. And, then she realised that there could be none because he was not there. He had been there, though — Edwin, Edwin Flagg — but he had gone away. And then — she had gone up the stairs to where Mrs. Stitt lay in the hall . . . And then it all came back to her — her decision to wait until it was dark when it would be safer. But now the darkness had come: it was here.

By clawing at the back of the divan she managed to pull herself up into a sitting position. Pain

stabbed inside her head and even there in the darkness there appeared a dull, ringing redness. Mrs. Stitt. Edna. She held her breath against the name, trying to make it leave her mind. Just to think the name made her want to cry, on and on, helplessly. Getting to her feet, she made her way unsteadily into the hall.

In the kitchen she found the light-switch and turned it on. The room sprang into being with cruel clarity. The litter on the drain. The bottles, two of them, one all but empty. She crossed the room, opened the door, and stepped out on to the porch.

Next to the utility sink, leaning against it, was the wheelchair, the light collapsible one Blanche had bought to carry in the car for the times when she had to go out.

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Continuing . . .

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?

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How did it all happen? How had she been able to do such terrible things? She hadn't meant to hurt anyone. But they had been at her, devilling her, forcing her. It wasn't her fault—if only someone somewhere would understand that.

"Edwin . . ."

He was a nice person, a good person, mild and polite. But they would never be friends now. She cringed inwardly before the thought of what Edwin Flagg, in his goodness, would think of her if he knew the terrible things she had done. Turning away from the thought, she reached out and picked up the chair. If she could just get through this last terrible part of it, she promised herself, this would be the end of it. Tomorrow she would wake up and she would be different. She would be good—like Edwin—and she would never do anything bad again.

On the deck of the ocean liner, the girl with the lovely sooty eyes turned to the young man with the dark, wavy hair and smiled.

"Oh, Mike," she breathed, "what a silly little fool I've been. Do you think you'll ever be able to forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" the young man said. "Kathy Anderson, I can do a lot better than just forgive you—if you'll just give me the chance."

They fell into each other's arms and kissed. The night sobbed with music. The scene faded.

Mrs. Bates rose from her chair with a little sigh of pleasure and crossed to turn off the set.

Now that the picture was over, however, Mrs. Bates felt restless. She was alone tonight; Harriet had gone off somewhere with some relative from out of town. She looked out through the french windows and across the garden to the Hudson house. It was so dark over there, so quiet. A vision of the girl with the sooty eyes rose in her mind. No matter what Blanche Hudson's life was now, it was surely some compensation to her to know that she once had been that beautiful creature on the screen.

Crossing to the glass-paned doors, Mrs. Bates opened the nearest and looked out into the night. A mild breeze touched her cheek. Perhaps, she thought, a short walk would tire her and help her to sleep.

Slipping a light coat over her shoulders, she moved down the length of the walk, stepped out into the quiet street, and started up the hill. The Hudson house loomed large and ghostly in the moonlight. It was quite dark; there didn't seem to be a light on anywhere. She hesitated for a moment, then turned away to her left, keeping to the wall that enclosed the Hudsons' yard.

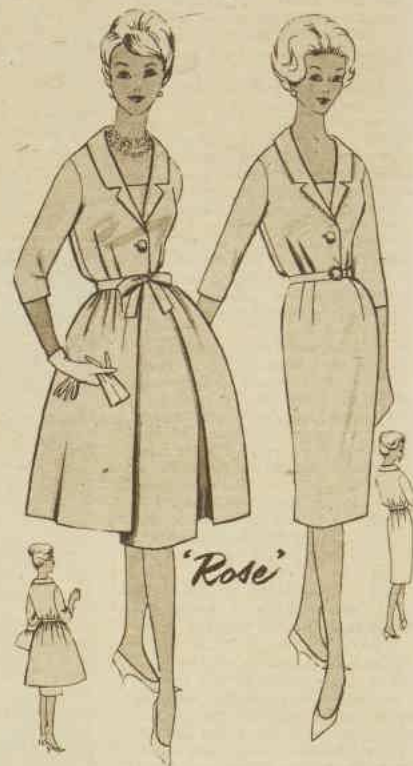
She had taken only a few steps in that direction when she heard a sound and looked up ahead to see the gate to the backyard swing open. She stopped and waited as, dimly, two figures, one of them seated in a wheelchair and pushed by the other, emerged through the gateway and out into the street in the direction of the garage.

After her encounter with Jane Hudson that morning, Mrs. Bates was not eager to

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approach her again. But surely, she reasoned, Blanche Hudson was not like her sister. And there was still the clipping to be used as an instrument of introduction. Raising her hand, she started forward.

"Miss Hudson!"

The shadowed figures, close now to the open door of the garage, stopped abruptly. Jane Hudson whirled about, peering through the darkness at Mrs. Bates' approach. Turning back to the wheelchair, she rapidly and very deliberately pushed it ahead of her into the obscuring darkness of the garage. Mrs. Bates stopped in astonishment.

For a moment she could only think to retreat, but then hot anger began to boil up inside her and with it a determination to force Jane Hudson to offer her a polite and civil introduction to her sister. Hastening to the garage, she peered inside just in time to see the light go on in the car as Jane Hudson opened its door. She saw, too, with a sense of wonderment, that the figure in the wheelchair, despite the mildness of the evening, was swathed from head to toe in a heavy blanket. My sister, Jane Hudson had said, is going away.

"Miss Hudson . . ." Mrs. Bates said.

Jane Hudson froze for a moment where she was and then quickly slammed the car door, cutting off the light. There were quick footsteps and then she appeared in the lighter area just inside the doorway. Looking out, she cast Mrs. Bates a glance of pure fury and then she pulled the garage door

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WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?

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down, directly in Mrs. Bates' face.

Mrs. Bates could hardly believe it. For a minute she was too stunned even to move. Then in a flush of anger Mrs. Bates turned and stalked away from the garage in the direction of the corner. Just wait, she thought furiously, just wait till I tell Harriet! Why, I've never been so insulted in all my life!

Wearily, Jane carried the wheelchair back into the porch and returned it to its place beside the sink.

Making her way into the kitchen, she turned on the light and stood for a moment looking down at her begrimed skirt and shoes. For a moment it threatened to come back to her, that terrible moment in the darkness there in the park when she had dragged Edna Stitt's body from the car and sent it rolling down and down into the pitch-blackness of the ravine.

But then, shoving the memory back and away from her where it belonged, she turned her attention to the sink and the nearly depleted bottle that stood there. She tilted it to her mouth and drank deeply.

Taking off her beret, she dropped it to the table. The brilliant in the pin winked up at her, catching her eye, and she stared down into their glinting, many-pointed brightness with a fascination.

Nothing, she thought sadly, was every really what it seemed to be.

Jane was lost. Lost and terribly frightened. In her fright, she turned back upon the bleak vista of the day, trying to discover by what wrong turning she had arrived at this moment of lonely desolation.

She had been led, helplessly, by elements and forces beyond herself. None of it was her fault; it had been forced on her, relentlessly, cruelly. But, forced or not, she saw in her fright that she must escape while escape was still possible.

SHE was not alone in this day. Edwin Flagg was here, too—just back a bit, just there where the shadows began to deepen—rotund, smiling, watchful. But when she reached back to him, trying to make him see her and help her, he turned away, watching her covertly from the corner of his eye with a frown of disgust.

He knew, Edwin knew what she had done. He was good and so he had a special sensitivity to evil. And now he stood ready to flee at the first step she might take in his direction. But then suddenly there was the way she had been searching for all along—there just beyond Edwin. As the light turned casting its beam in a new direction, Blanche appeared, holding out her hand, offering it to her . . .

"Blanche!" Jane cried out suddenly, her voice shrill with both fright and relief.

You are sisters, her father's voice answered her, the same flesh and blood. And that means that you're always got to stick together, no matter what.

Her head jerked up, and she glanced around her with a kind of stunned perplexity. She was so tired, so terribly, terribly

tired. But still she could not rest, not just yet. With great heaviness she got up, moved to the cupboard, and opened the door. Taking out a glass, she filled it with water. She found a box of soda crackers and reached them down. Carrying these, she turned and walked into the hallway.

Crossing the gallery into the upper hall she stopped in front of the door to Blanche's room. For a moment she thought, with a sickening thrill of horror, that she could feel, even through the soles of her shoes, the damp spot on the carpet where she had wiped up the blood which, even now perhaps, still contained some faint stirring of life, some small, glinting part of the brief illusion which had been Mrs. Stitt. Putting the box of crackers under her arm, she reached into the pocket of her jacket and brought out the key.

Even when she had unlocked the door and shoved it open she did not immediately go inside. She hesitated on the threshold, aware only in the first instant of the stench that reached her nostrils from inside. Finally she took a reluctant step forward, found the panel that contained the light-switches, and turned the nearest of them on.

At the edge of the bed she stopped, staring down at the still, sprawled figure that lay there, at the twisted and soiled nightgown, at the pallid face upon which the mouth had been obliterated by a wide strip of adhesive tape.

The face of Blanche Hudson, its precise features pinched and somehow diminished, was as quiet and bloodless as a plaster death mask. The eyes remained closed and unmoving in heavily shadowed sockets, and across the left cheekbone was a slanting bruise.

Her hair, a dull grey in this light, radiated from the still face and out across the pillow in a matted tangle. Her wrists, lashed together with a piece of

stout brown twine, were tied to the headboard of the bed. The bedclothes, twisted around and beneath her like her night-dress, gave mute testimony of a vain struggle for freedom.

Jane put down the crackers and water. Leaning down close to the still figure on the bed, studying it closely, she reached out to the adhesive on the mouth, worked it loose at one corner, and tore it off.

"Blanche?" Her tone was flat, unmarked by any decipherable emotion. "Blanche?"

The white, withered lips of Blanche Hudson remained still. "Blanche?"

The name hung upon the foul air for a moment, then drifted away into the eddying silence. Jane reached up to the bound wrists, found the knotted cord, and worked it loose. The hands, numbed, grasping claws,

fell stiffly to the pillow, just above the head, and lay motionless.

"Blanche?" Jane said. "Blanche, wake up!" And then the emotion came as her face contorted with a spasm of terrible doubt. "Blanche!"

For a moment longer the face upon the pillow was still and then, in apparent answer to Jane's sharp command, the slack folds over the eyes stirred.

"Blanche! . . . Blanche!"

The eyes flew open suddenly, going wide so that they looked up with a bright terror that seemed surely to contain all the remaining life in the pathetic body. Blanche Hudson stared up at her sister, her eyes crying out in silent, eloquent alarm.

"I brought you something," Jane said softly.

The eyes continued to stare, fixedly and utterly, without comprehension.

"Your dinner!" Jane said suddenly, her voice strained and sharp. "There!"

At that the eyes blinked as if

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YOUR BOOKSHELF

With Joyce Halstead

"The Reluctant Farmer"

Margaret MacDiarmid (Arthur Barker). Price 15/6.

Taking over a rugged farm in the Western Highlands of Scotland, knowing nothing about farming and hating cows and sheep, anyway, was a challenge which faced the author after the death of her husband, a retired Royal Navy captain who had satisfied a lifelong ambition to own land in his native country. When he died suddenly after only one year, Margaret decided to carry on for his sake.

Her resolve led her reluctantly to cope with intractable Galloway cattle, a difficult shepherd ("A man hasna time to be everywhere at once"), and the mysteries of Department of Agriculture forms. At her first sheep sale she was the only woman with sheep to sell, and felt a freak.

Margaret MacDiarmid is the nom-de-plume of Mrs. Margaret Campbell, an English radio and TV personality, who was in Sydney recently when she described incidents from this book on A.B.C.-TV "Woman's World" programme. With its chatty style, lively humor, engaging studies of Scottish characters, and tragicomic situations, the story would lend itself well to dramatisation.

"David at Noon"

Mario Prodan (Hutchinson). Price 18/6.

David is a young British Army officer in a small Italian town during World War II, billeted in the home of sculptor Paolo, whose daughter Gabriella becomes David's sweetheart. Other town characters seem mainly concerned with the black market. The story is hinged on the post-war visit to the town of David's mother and her niece Susan. Their mission is to discover what sort of a man David had become. Paolo shows them the sculpture he did of David just before he was killed. David had found the truth of life through Gabriella, but the expression Paolo has put on his face does not satisfy his mother, who wants him to have the face of a hero. There is a great deal of psychological probing and questioning—some of it crystallises, much of it is left hanging in mid-air.

with understanding, and the white lips, beginning to show a faint bruise of color, formed some silent word. Then the eyes turned and strained in their sockets to follow the direction Jane had pointed. When they found the glass of water, they stopped, and the lips moved again. A faint whisper, the sound really of an indrawn breath and no more, issued into the room. Blanche's lips formed the word, "Water!"

Above the wasted head, the hands stirred and a look of surprise came into the fevered eyes.

"Water . . ." Blanche breathed again, pulling her hands down stiffly next to her face. "Water . . . please . . ."

Jane's gaze, though it had remained fixed on Blanche, was unseeing. Then, quite suddenly, her eyes shifted and came alive.

"Blanche," she said almost breath-

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lessly, putting her hand out to the edge of the bed, "it wasn't really my fault. It wasn't . . . I told her to go away . . . I told her she was fired . . . but she came back . . . she sneaked back . . . after I was gone . . . and she said she was going to call the police."

Her face collapsed upon itself in a spasm of self-pity. Bringing her hands up to her eyes, she began to make moist, snuffling sounds.

On the bed, her eyes fixed with glittering brightness on the glass of water, Blanche inched her hand down and down, slowly, painfully, towards the edge of the filthy pillow.

"Listen to me!" Jane cried.

Bands of sunlight fanned out wanly from either edge of the heavy drapes, and Blanche knew by their short reach that it was still morning.

In her fright she had lost track of time there in the darkness and now she had no idea how many days had passed since she had been locked in the room, how long it had been since that first awful moment when she had regained consciousness and found herself trussed up on the bed.

After the first day when she realised Jane had started drinking and

that she might be held captive indefinitely, she had begun to hover, it seemed, in some teeming panic-filled middle distance, in some desperate walled-in place where time and space and light would never penetrate. Now that she was free again it was all so mixed up.

Her head lolled on the pillow, and again her eyes closed. Then suddenly her lips parted as if to cry out, and in her mind there was a terrible vision, a vision of someone standing in an open doorway . . . But almost instantly it was gone again, forgotten. She sighed and drew her hand down across the pillow.

Aware, then, that she had moved her hand, she opened her eyes again with a quick thrill of pleasure. She had forgotten that her hands were free and that she could move them. Turning her head so that she could look at her hand, she flexed her fingers and smiled at the accomplishment. Dry twigs, she thought, twigs within which life still stirred.

Hope, she supposed, was the thing which had sustained her in that first awful day of imprisonment. And hope was the thing she had lost when she had let herself drift off into the limbo of unknowingness. Now, like the life ebbing back into her fingers, hope had returned.

And then she had a memory of Jane sitting there in the lamplight, her face so close—so sad and lost. Her gaze moved beyond her hand and caught a glimpse of the glass on the table and the bit of water that remained in it.

Remembering that she had spilled some of the water before, she reached out to the glass with both hands and wrapped them carefully around it. At the same time she tried to lift herself up slightly so that she could drink more safely and comfortably, but the effort was too great for her, and after only a moment she was forced to relinquish her hold on the glass.

At the same moment, however, she heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and she looked up in bright alarm. Her thoughts following what she had been through, were automatically those of fear and self-preservation. Jane was coming to take the water away.

The water was hers, and she meant to have it. She moved too swiftly, too carelessly; her stiffened fingers struck against the glass instead of curving around it, and she could only stare in horror as she saw it fall, heard it crash to the floor. She collapsed to her pillow, her body racked with dry sobs of despair. The door opened and Jane, wearing her soiled white wrapper, came in.

BLANCHE turned her face away. If Jane had come to tape her mouth and tie her hands again she didn't care; she wouldn't resist. She had lost the water, and next to this tragedy nothing else mattered.

Through her near-hysterical misery she was only faintly aware of the sounds of movement in the room, the opening of the door into the bathroom, the hiss of running water. She was still lost in her own wretchedness when something moist and warm softly touched her face. Her eyes flew open, and she saw that Jane was bending over her, washing her face with a damp cloth.

"Blanche," a voice said softly, "Blanche, please . . . I'm sorry . . ."

A sigh, a faint breath of relief, touched Blanche's lips. Then it was over, the horror, really, really over, at last. She looked up at Jane, feeling a sudden and totally unreasoning rush of love. Too weak still to speak without an effort, she nodded her head to indicate her forgiveness.

The damp cloth left her face and moved upon her arms and her hands. It felt good, good . . . She let her eyes close again and felt herself drifting off into a state of blissful suspension. She did not actually sleep, for she was aware of Jane lifting her up to change the bed linen, and then again, to put a fresh pillow beneath her head. Then Jane's voice brought her gently back to full wakefulness, and she was given food, warm soup from a cup, one careful spoonful at a time.

"Blanche? . . ."

She looked around to find Jane sitting close to the bed.

"You'll help me, won't you?" she said. "I'm—I'm so afraid. Blanche—and there's nobody but you. If they find me—if they find out—I don't know what they'll do to me!"

"It was her own fault—you heard what she said. She wouldn't go away. I told her to go—and she wouldn't. You have a right, don't you, to—to do something—when a person won't get out of your own house? Oh, Blanche! I didn't know—I didn't mean to kill her!"

Kill! The word leapt into Blanche's awareness as if it had been shouted. Again a vision rose mistily at the back of her mind. There was a figure—falling—falling—and then—the slam of a door. It hovered briefly on the threshold of recall and then abruptly vanished. If only she were strong enough to think clearly.

"We have to stick together, Blanche, you and me," Jane was saying tensely. "Daddy always told us that, remember? Why don't you talk to me?"



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PRODUCTS OF Johnson & Johnson

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Striped jacket in mohair

● Bold stripes make this an eye-catching jacket to wear without a topcoat on mild winter days. And it's easy to make in stocking-stitch and a simple ribbing.

THE correct tension for this jacket is 5 stitches to the inch and 6 rows to the inch. Before starting to make it, work a small sample to ensure that you are knitting to the correct tension.

Materials: 6 (6, 7) balls "Peacock" mohair main color; 5 (6, 6) balls "Peacock" mohair first contrast; 5 (6, 6) balls "Peacock" mohair second contrast; 2 pairs needles Nos. 7 and 10; 7 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 23½ (23½, 24) in.; bust to fit 34 (36, 38) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17 (17½, 18) in.

Abbreviations: M, main color; C1, first contrast; C2, second contrast.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and M wool, cast on 88 (92, 98) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in., p last row. Change to No. 7 needles and work as follows: Using C1 wool, work in st-st. for 2½ (2½, 2½) in. Change to C2 wool and work in st-st. for 4 (4, 4) in., change to C1 wool and work in st-st. for 2½ (2½, 2½) in., change to M wool and work in st-st. for 5 (5, 5) in. Work measures 16 (16, 16) in. Change to C1 wool and work in st-st. for 2½ (2½, 2½)

in., and at the same time shape armholes by casting off 3 (4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 3 (3, 3) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (3, 3) times. When this stripe is completed, change to C2 wool and cont. in st-st. When armholes measure 7½ (7½, 8) in., shape shoulders by casting off 7 (8, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 7 (7, 7) sts. at beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off loosely.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and M wool, cast on 52 (54, 58) sts. Work in rib of p 1, k 1 for 2 in. Work last row as follows: Rib 8 sts., p to end of row. Change to No. 7 needles and work in patt. as for back, keeping the 8 border sts. in rib. When work measures 16 (16, 16) in., shape armhole by casting off 3 (4, 5) sts. at armhole edge of next row, k 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 (3, 3) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (3, 3) times. When armhole measures 5 (5½, 5½) in., shape neck by casting off 9 (9, 11) sts. at neck edge of next row, k 2 tog. at neck edge every row until dec. to 21 (22, 22) sts. When armhole measures 7½ (7½, 8) in., shape shoulder by casting off 7 (8, 8) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 7 (7, 7) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working in rib of k 1, p 1

instead of p 1, k 1 and working shapings and border at opposite ends. Make buttonholes as follows, 1st one being ½ in. from lower edge and 6 more evenly spaced about 3 in. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Rib 3 sts., cast off 2 sts. loosely, work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts. loosely, rib 3 sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and M wool, cast on 50 (52, 56) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in., p last row. Change to No. 7 needles and work as for back, working the first C1 stripe for 2½ (3, 3½) in. to allow for extra length of sleeves, and inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 68 (72, 76) sts. when M stripe is complete and sleeve seam measures 17 (17½, 18) in., shape the top by casting off 3 (4, 5) sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 46 (46, 46) sts., then every row until dec. to 20 (20, 20) sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles and M wool, cast on 31 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 24 in. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch sleeves around armholes, sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew on buttons and attach collar.



SOFT, SILKY MOHAIR has been used for this bulky jacket. Directions are given at left to fit 34, 36, and 38 in. bust sizes. Number 10 needles are used for the ribbing and No. 7 for main part of jacket.

"Blanche, I'll take care of you — I will — and you'll see — you'll like me again. I'll comb your hair and fix it so you'll be pretty. You're the pretty one, Blanche — everyone always said so. I'll be good to you, Blanche — if you'll just help me and not leave me alone."

Caught and held by the intensity of Jane's gaze, Blanche could only stare back at her. Still she was unable to understand. Jane wanted something of her, that much was clear, but she didn't know what it was. Nonetheless, the black dizziness of fatigue beginning to turn inside her head, she nodded.

"If they come, you'll talk to them. You won't let them hurt me . . ."

Blanche managed a second nod; poor Jane, she looked so sad, so desperately sad. Her eyelids drooped and closed. She heard Jane leave the room and shut the door, and she let herself go completely limp. The feeling of dizziness gradually passed away and she experienced a pleasant floating sensation.

Almost at once she was falling asleep.

After the last two days of recuperation, Blanche was feeling better, much more alert; the real had begun to unravel itself from the unreal. Aware, as she awakened on the morning of the third day, of an intermittent scratching sound coming from somewhere beyond the drapes, she realised almost at once that it was only the branch of the eucalyptus touching the sill outside and she thought she must ask Jane to draw the drapes back.

Jane had spent considerable time at Blanche's bedside these last two days. There had been times when her voice seemed to fill the room endlessly with its murmuring, but Blanche, in a

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state of dozing unawareness, had not quite been able to comprehend. Meanwhile, Jane had fed her and cared for her with an almost feverish solicitude.

Flattening her hands out upon the bed, Blanche attempted to shove herself up into a sitting position, but without success. She hadn't regained nearly the strength she had thought.

She turned to the button that rang the bell downstairs in the kitchen. But then, with a sudden, strange feeling of bleakness, she hesitated to use it.

She lay for a moment, pondering this curious thing she had felt, wondering what had prompted it, what fleeting impression or memory had brought it on. There was still so much she didn't remember.

LET it go, she told herself firmly. All she needed to know for now was that the worst of it was over. Jane's anger, her drinking, and even, perhaps, this last painful period of extreme contrition, were at an end, and everything should go on again as it had before. Still something nagged at her, a feeling of uneasiness; there was something impending that needed her most urgent attention.

At a sound she looked around just in time to see Jane come into the room carrying her breakfast-tray.

Blanche felt herself tense slightly at the first sight of the tray and she made herself relax. Jane, quite noticeably, was not dressed in her soiled wrapper this morning but in a freshly laundered house-dress of pale

green. Her hair was combed back neatly and plainly, and her face was scrubbed clean of make-up so that she looked, in contrast to her accustomed appearance, oddly pale and washed out. Her manner was one of unnatural composure.

"You're better?" Jane fussed with the things on the tray, avoiding Blanche's gaze.

Blanche nodded. "Yes."

Jane reached out and helped her gently into a sitting position against the pillows. Blanche studied her sister's face with a faint expression of incredulity. In Jane's lowered gaze and meek demeanor was a touch of saintliness that, under different circumstances, might have been very close to comic.

"It—it seems a little cooler — today," Blanche managed in a hoarse rasp.

"I'll get the robe," Jane said.

When she had helped Blanche into the robe, she retreated to the bathroom and brought a warm cloth, and, again, bathed Blanche's face. That done, she placed the breakfast-tray on the swivelled invalid's table and swung it forward across Blanche's lap. Retreating to the door, she paused to look back.

"I'll be back when you're done — to clean up."

Blanche looked after Jane's departing figure with a frown of troubled speculation. This mild, pious tone, this self-effacing manner — neither of these was natural to Jane; it hardly seemed possible that they could be genuine. But if Jane was shamming, what pur-

pose could there be in it? Blanche picked up a piece of toast, took a bite from it, and absently began to chew.

Jane returned half an hour later to straighten the room and carry the tray back down to the kitchen. Again there was the air of calm restraint, of concentrated subservience, and again Blanche suffered a curious reaction of apprehension. As Jane started from the room, Blanche remembered about the drapes. She started to call out, but she had only managed to speak Jane's name when her gaze fell to the hallway carpet and the words died abruptly in her throat.

"Yes?" Jane asked, turning back in the doorway.

The sight of the stain on the carpet had stunned Blanche into a paralysed silence. The thing that had remained obscured in the dimness at the back of her mind was suddenly thrust forward into the blinding light of complete recall.

Angry voices echoed clearly against the inner ear of her memory; and the figure was

there again before her, silhouetted sharply in the doorway. And then there was a second figure, holding something in its hand, raising the thing and bringing it down viciously upon the head of the other. The rest was as it had been before. The first figure fell. The second stepped forward and slammed the door.

"Blanche? What's the matter?"

BLANCHE looked up, drawing her gaze by force from the carpet. "Nothing," she said quickly. Her breath, though, was so constricted in her lungs she could hardly get the words out. "I—I just had an attack of dizziness. It's nothing."

But Jane lingered in the doorway, one hand on the knob, watching her with a strange air of indecision. She finally turned away and pulled the door closed after her.

Blanche sat staring into the shadows, thoughts of feverish, remembered terror winging through her mind like screaming black devils. I didn't mean to kill her, Jane had said. Kill . . . Blanche brought her hand up to her mouth against an inadvertent sob of anguish. She knew now who the figure in the doorway was. She knew — that Jane had killed Edna Stitt.

Mrs. Stitt had tried to warn her and she hadn't listened. Tears of remorse burned her eyes and she let her hand fall away. All these years she had gambled blindly. And she had thought herself so wise. Now she saw that her blindness had destroyed two precious lives—

that of the person who had served her all these years — Jane — and that of the one who had tried to save her — Edna Stitt. The guilt, then, was hers just as much as Jane's.

So Jane's present mood of contrition was explained; she was trying, in her own pathetic way, to atone. For murder. It was too horrible, too ugly . . . Blanche wanted to cry out against the nightmare she now shared with Jane, but she forced herself to be still. Evidently Jane's crime had not been discovered; she must have managed somehow to conceal Mrs. Stitt's body. Perhaps in this very house.

Blanche stopped, forced all at once to the realisation that she was no less at Jane's mercy now than before. Possibly Jane still controlled the telephone from downstairs. Slowly the old panic began to build up inside. She had to get out . . . had to find some way to reach help . . .

Her gaze came to rest on the draped window. Before she had started to drop a note to the woman next door, Mrs. Bates. Perhaps, if she could only manage to get out of bed and across the room . . . Guided by the memory of her previous effort, she reached into the pocket of her robe, found the piece of paper that she sought.

Thank heaven Jane hadn't found it; it was a sign perhaps from divine providence. Blanche read the note over carefully. It would serve.

Taking a deep breath, she shoved back the covers and turned to the curtained window.

Frightened determination became fearful doubt. She could never make it that far; she simply hadn't the stamina. Still she looked around for some source of help. Her wheelchair was there against the wall just beyond the bedside table, just out of reach.

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She had to get to the window; she had to think of a way. In a surge of frantic determination, she reached up to the lifting-bar, grasped it with both hands, and this time, with the advantage of being propped up on the pillows, managed to pull herself up into a sitting position.

She returned her attention to the chair. It was so terribly far away. But then, catching a glint of light reflected from some polished, curved surface just behind the bedside table, she remembered her cane and brightened. Bracing herself with one hand, she reached out and drew the cane out of its hiding-place.

That done, she began to inch herself around on the bed. Using the lifting-bar to keep herself upright, shifting so that she moved just a bit at a time, she angled herself around until she faced the wheelchair. When she had finally achieved this, she brought

her hands down carefully beside her. Clinging to the edge of the mattress, she swung her numbed legs out and down.

Fighting down a new feeling of dizziness, she turned her attention to the bedside table and reached out for the cane, drawing it up close beside her. Then, sucking in another deep breath, she extended her arms before her and leaned forward.

Her hands struck against the top of the table joltingly, but her arms held.

After a moment she removed her left arm from the table, reached back for the cane, and extended it towards the arm of the wheelchair. She was

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able to reach the chair easily. Hooking the handle of the cane in place, she pulled. The chair remained stubbornly immobile exactly where it was, and with a sinking sense of disappointment she realised the brake was set.

For a moment she panicked, but then she began to see a way around this obstacle. Drawing the cane back to the table, reversing it, she aimed it at the foot lever that operated the brake and prodded.

It took several tries before the brake finally gave. Breathless from the exer-

tion, Blanche lowered her arms to the table and leaned forward to rest. When she felt better she pushed herself back again into a sitting position. Then, reaching out with the cane she hooked it around the arm of the chair again and pulled. The chair moved easily forward.

When she had eased the chair into position, she looked down at her dangling legs, wondering if the right one still contained its fraction of strength and would support her for the instant needed to see her safely from the edge of the bed into the chair. She paused, listening; Jane still seemed to be moving about down in the kitchen.

When she felt steady enough, she reached out with the cane, jabbed at the brake, and set it again. Bracing herself with one hand on the arm of the chair, she brought the cane down to the floor and lowered her feet to the footrest. Moving quickly, she threw herself bodily forward.

Using her arms to support and guide herself, she swung out for a moment into space, rested her weight for one instant on her right leg, twisted about as best she could, and fell back into the chair. She landed with a jolt, caved, breathless with triumph.

She remained quite still for several minutes, becoming slowly aware of an ominous silence from downstairs. She looked towards the door, straining for any disruption at all in the still pose of the house.

She reached out to the footrest, where the cane lay at an angle across her leg; it would serve as a weapon of defence if need be. But then there was a sound quite distinctly from below, and she leaned back with a sigh of relief. After a moment, taking a firm grip on the wheel, she turned around towards the window.

At the drapes, putting her hand to the centre where they divided, she lifted the nearest, held it as far as possible away from her chair, and, moving forward, let it fall behind.

The bright sunlight assailed her eyes painfully and for a moment she was blinded. Blanche opened her eyes slowly, giving them time to adjust. She pulled out the other drape and swung it behind to join the other.

Reaching out to the clasp, Blanche opened the window and drew it back. The breeze hurried itself in upon her face, then fell away into an abrupt and complete stillness. Straining forward, she peered down into the garden below. It was deserted and utterly still.

She turned her gaze back to the sky, trying to guess the time of the day by the slant of the sunlight; it was possible that Mrs. Bates had made her first visit of the day already, which could mean a long and disastrous wait.

At last a sound came—she recognised it instantly, even without seeing she was able to trace Mrs. Bates' progress as she opened one of the french windows, came out on to the walk, took up the hose, and turned on the water. Taking the note tremblingly from her pocket, she reached out to the grillework and drew herself up.

Yes, she was there! Mrs. Bates, wearing her smock and her big floppy hat, had already started along the flowerbeds at the side of the lawn beneath the hedge. Blanche put down forcibly an impulse to cry out, fearful of what unknown horror might befall her if Jane should hear and come upstairs. She let go and dropped back into her chair; she needed to conserve her waning strength until the sound of the water told her that Mrs. Bates was directly below.

The waiting was nearly unbearable. Reaching back, she parted the drapes and listened. She thought she heard a sound from downstairs, but at the same moment the eucalyptus slapped suddenly against the window, making her uncertain. She turned back again. Gradually the sound of the water came nearer, until she was certain Mrs. Bates had reached the corner nearest the window. She reached up to the grille.

Mrs. Bates was almost exactly where she had guessed. As the woman rounded the corner, Blanche strained anxiously forward. Holding herself close to the grille, she tried to attract Mrs. Bates' attention by waving the sheet of paper between the bars. Mrs. Bates, however, her face totally hidden beneath the wide brim of her hat, remained concentrated on her chores. Again Blanche needed to restrain herself from crying out.

Mrs. Bates' next move brought her almost precisely into position beneath the window. More than ever, though, her face was hidden beneath the brim of her hat. Blanche pressed forward, totally unaware of the cold bite of the bars against her cheek. Reaching the note out as far as she could into the open, she released it.

And then she knew that she would cry out, knew that she must; now that Mrs. Bates had the note it couldn't really matter. She parted her lips. But she did not speak. Instead, hearing a sound close behind her, she whirled about, her face taut with fright.

A hand tore at the drapes, stirring them into violent life, hurling them back. Blanche dropped into her chair, fumbling frantically for her cane.

(To be concluded)

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning May 1



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, green.
Lucky days, Monday, Sat.
Luck in business affairs.

If you're hunting a job, seeking promotion, eager to drive a bargain, or make a major investment, push your interests and make valuable contacts with an eye to the future so you can jump in when an opening presents itself. Check facts so that you cannot be led down the garden path. Keep sentiment strictly subordinate to business judgment.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, green.
Gambling colors, green, gold.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
Luck in personal relationships.

If you've been on the outer with one or two people, if you've been criticised by elders, the boss, or the man-in-your-life, this can be mended by dropping the subject and being extra tactful and efficient. Further discussion will achieve nothing. Just go along as if differences are merely ancient history. Someone may apologise to you for a hasty speech.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
Gambling colors, navy, red.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Luck in silence.

Be a good listener; let others do the talking even if you are one jump ahead of their thoughts. There is the danger of brooding, casting a secret which may not be yours to tell. Others may try to use you for their own ends. A discreet silence is your best weapon. Do not commit yourself out of politeness to ventures of which you disapprove.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, pastels.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck through organisations.

If you belong to a sporting group there is likely to be more social activity and probably new developments which affect the group. In some games, the season may be just beginning. If a member of a society working for community welfare, you may have the chance to shine. Some of you, young and fancy free, meet your future life mate.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 23

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, violet, grey.
Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
Luck in a new deal.

Major changes bring fresh opportunities to the career girl, to the Easter bride settling into her new home, to younger people still in the early stages of being launched in the business or professional world. A lucky break could lighten the work of unfamiliar tasks. For certain older people a burden may be lifted. Avoid worry.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, green.
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
Luck in travel.

Whether the trip be long or short, that long leave for which you have waited, or merely a journey to a place not far from home, there's magic in crossing distance. Some of you will be busy planning a wonderful journey later on. Bookings are under smiling stars. You might hear news of a loved one coming to join you.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, rose.
Gambling colors, rose, silver.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.
Luck through a disappointment.

Your beloved may call off a date to which you'd been looking forward only to sweep you off your feet later on a thrilling occasion. You may miss the bargain which sent you dashing into town, only to discover something better suited to your purpose. Some of you apply for a job which would have been difficult, only to be offered one better.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, mauve.
Gambling colors, mauve, rose.
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
Luck in the team spirit.

It's no use supposing you can do it on your own; you'll need helpers for any project. Don't be afraid to delegate authority if you're in charge of a project, and don't forget to give credit to fellow workers. Accept efforts not quite up to your perfectionist standard, but make friends and you'll find people eager to co-operate with you next time.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, grey.
Gambling colors, grey, red.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun.
Luck in authority.

If a parent, you may refuse permission where you think the idea is undesirable. Suggest alternatives, if possible, to prevent hurt feelings. If quite young, you appeal to an elder to get your own way; this could be successful, preventing disappointment or injustice. Some of you desire a ruling on one point; the powers that be sustain your contention.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, brown.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Thurs.
Luck in love.

For those who have just met their romantic ideal these days are filled with glory. If you have been going steady, your engagement will be announced shortly. If a young married, there may be an addition to the family. Older subjects rejoice in the romance of a son or daughter. If alone, a companionship could turn into an autumn love affair.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, white, black.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sun.
Luck in staying put.

Changes, unless very minor ones, are not well expected. Hold what you have before grasping the new and untried. Play safe in finances and consider the present groove, although perhaps dull, a good bet for some time. Explore your own neighborhood for amusements and new friends. Experiments with money are best postponed.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, yellow.
Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Luck in a communication.

This could be a wedding announcement, a form to fill out for a job, an invitation to a ball or some other outstanding social event, a letter of importance, an article or advertisement which arouses your interest, perhaps a telephone call. In some cases it might take the form of a conversation which gives you information on which to act.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

BE REALLY REFRESHED...PAUSE FOR COKE!



FIRST CHOICE FOR FUN! Friends drop in to enjoy a pleasant evening. How welcome they'll find the bright refreshment of Coca-Cola. Its happy little lift is in tune with fun—and its gay sparkle adds pleasure to the moment. Be smart—keep ice-cold Coca-Cola on hand—always. Everybody loves Coca-Cola!

FOR THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

COCA-COLA IS BOTTLED THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA BY INDEPENDENT BOTTLING COMPANIES UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

May 3, 1961

Teenagers

WEEKLY

Lois

Briggs
(at right)

models

teenage

wool

fashions—

pages 6, 7



Supplement to Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Silly high-school snobbery

IS there as much snobbery in city high schools as there is in country ones? In my school the girls taking language courses do not deign to speak to those taking "lower" courses, even when forced to mix with them in extra-curricular activities such as the school choir. Then those who take commercial courses do not talk to those doing domestic science, and so on "down the scale." Sometimes those doing language courses fail to make the grade at the end of first year and have to go down to commercial or domestic science courses. Other girls choose to do these courses because they prefer them, which makes the snobbery all the sillier. My girl-friend and I, after topping our commercial class, decided we would prefer to do the domestic science course, and our teacher was delighted with our decision. We want to be domestic science teachers or perhaps dietitians or food demonstrators, but we find the way we are looked down on by the higher classes in our year is very hard to take. What's so degrading about domestic science? After all, that is what 99 per cent. of women have to undertake once they are married and have children.—"Domestic Science," Lithgow, N.S.W.

Timely tip

HORAE percutit et nobis imputantur. That's a Latin saying meaning "The hours perish and are charged to our account." I keep it in mind all the time, and I think if others did, too, it would help them to make better use of their time. I don't mean everyone should work all the time. The line must be drawn somewhere. I mean we should use our time wisely—working, playing, developing our talents, following our hobbies, and, above all, helping to make others happy. That way we'd all become happier, more interesting people. Think of the time we waste dreaming about things we can't have, wishing we could do things beyond our capabilities. —"Jay," Redcliffe, Qld.

Appreciate Mum

MY mother died a few years ago and I have missed her very much. I have no one to confide my problems to, except my father or aunts—but that is not the same. You may think of your mother as the "old woman at home," but please be more considerate and when she tells you to do something you do not like do it! It is for your own good, as I have realised.—M. Jones, Newcastle, N.S.W.

THERE are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

It's not fair

DO any other readers think that University students on teaching bursaries (which pay all fees, and a living allowance of over £7 a week) should be granted large concessions on all public transport, as well as on most general merchandise? These students who receive the same or more than most young office girls have a perennial cry of "but look at all the money we have to spend on text-books." However, the majority of such students that I know take well-paid jobs over the long vacation and return for first term with ample money for text-books. They can easily bank the fat cheque which awaits them, yet are still granted concessions amounting to many pounds because they are "poor University students." —Helen F. Pearce, Box Hill, Victoria.

Arty adolescents

I READ somewhere that today's teenager has a unique and valuable contribution to make to the fields of art and literature and that only a little organisation was needed to make use of this talent. A very attractive theory, granted, but

I cannot believe it. As I see it, this idea springs from the conception of the teenager, or, more correctly, the adolescent, as having a different, complete, fixed type of intellect: that is, of being something more than an inexperienced, immature adult. Adolescence is no more than the period of transition from childhood to maturity. What contribution of any nature can the teenager make that he will not do better as an adult? —W.L., Ballarat, Vic.

Schooldays . . .

SCHOOL is such a waste of time,

It seems to have neither rhythm nor rhyme.

Teachers delight in giving detentions,

A word which we should never mention.

P.E. lessons are such a bore, Doing them is such a chore, It's "Touch your toes, don't bend your knees."

Beverly, be quiet, please! "Prima luce" means at dawn, In Latin all I do is yawn.

If Julius Caesar could have seen my Latin

Brutus would never have been an assassin.

French, history, maths, and science, too,

These are enough to make me blue,

But when day's done, and school is through,

The day I left is the day I'll rue.

—Beverley Walsh, Mt. Druitt, N.S.W.

Child endowment

IF a child is under the age of sixteen, I think if the par-

BEATNIK



"Okay, okay, you win . . . women and children first."

ents have sufficient money to clothe and educate her it would be nice to allow her to receive the money as a monthly allowance. On the other hand, if the parents need the money it is only fair for them to have it or to put it towards her education.—"H.B.," Launceston, Tas.

Precocious prefects

RECENTLY the election of prefects at school for this year was held, and the results show that those most likely to be elected prefects are those who: (a) have had the most different boy-friends in one year; (b) have seen the most SOA films in the year; or (c) are good-looking and wear the latest styles in haircuts. —"Bewildered," South Tamworth, N.S.W.

NEXT WEEK

MANY girls have written to us asking that we publish fashion pictures and information about clothes suitable for younger teenagers, so next week we have two pages in color showing a basic winter wardrobe specially designed by Candy Hardy for girls up to 16 years old . . . ALSO, a big surprise — Robin Adair has joined our staff and will be writing special articles in addition to his column. So for his fans and "snafs" we are giving you his pin-up in "glorious technicolor." AND, Carolyn Earle talks about winter skin problems, and there's a page all about the etiquette of letter-writing.

CONNIE FRANCIS' BEAUTY TIPS

● Our pin-up this week, on the opposite page, is American singing star Connie Francis, who is currently appearing in a Lee Gordon Big Show touring part of Australia.

CONNIE'S co-stars in the show are Bobby Vee (he was our pin-up last week), The Ventures, Troy Donahue (whose love story appears on page 5), and Johnny Burnette (picture page 5).

The most interesting story 21-year-old Connie has told us is how she made, and keeps, herself trim and beautiful.

Connie says her parents (she was born in Newark, New Jersey) are Italians and love two things—good music and good food. And her mother always has believed in serving generous helpings of eats!

So Connie became quite plump. She didn't, however, give a thought to this—she was five feet tall and weighed 140lb.—until at 12 she first became a TV artist and compared herself to her colleagues.

But remarks by others only made Connie stubborn about her weight and she continued to wear size-14 dresses.

Then love stepped in. "I met a boy I wanted to impress," says Connie, "and I told myself I would try dieting for just one day and see what it was like."

"I knew what to do to lose weight. I had no starches, sweets, or snacks for 24 hours. The next morning I told myself, 'Try again.' This went

on for 60 consecutive days. I was not held to any promise or plan because each day was to be my last to diet."

"This psychology worked so well with me that I slimmed down painlessly without any frustrations or setbacks. And I didn't talk about it to my friends. Sometimes our enthusiasm dies in talk."

"I wear a 12 now, and someday perhaps I'll wear a 10. Once you have found a way to reduce, fat is never a problem."

Connie reveals she has faced—and overcome—another beauty problem. Once, for almost a year, she suffered from bad acne.

She tried everything anyone suggested, but nothing helped.

Finally she went to a doctor and within three weeks was largely cured. After several months the complaint was completely gone.

Connie's tip: If acne is stubborn, don't try to treat it yourself.

She says that beauty is, in her opinion, MORE than skin-deep.

It calls for a conscious watching of mannerisms, gestures, walk, and behaviour patterns.

"I believe anyone can make a dream of beauty come true—but you get nowhere with a dream," she says.

Well, certainly the trim, talented thrush is a dream come true!



**CONNIE
FRANCIS**

Here are some ideas for you... END-OF-TERM PARTY

- School's out soon and holidays have a way of scattering friends to the far ends of the world.

IT'S a golden opportunity to make plans for a party where you can compare notes on school, and make the first moves towards friendship with those schoolmates you'd like to know better.

Let's begin with the time and date. Best time, of course, is the day school breaks up, before anyone goes away.

Because it's a big-eating party,

why not start it about six in the evening? That'll give the kids time to change after school. Then you'll have an hour of dancing, talking, planning before serving the buffet.

And, that over — it takes a good hour to fill boys full of food—you'll have another few hours for more partying.

Set the tone of your party immediately by making your own invitations. Fold a rectangular piece of thin white cardboard in

half and print "Come to an end-of-term party . . ." on the outside.

Decorate it with anything appropriate you like (for instance, a jazzed-up version of your school badge) and write the time, place, etc., inside.

Limit the number of guests to about 12—it's a good number to cater for. And don't stick faithfully to the old gang. Try to include at least four people you'd like to know better.

You're going to make sure that everybody, but everybody, gets friendly quickly.

To coax people into getting round, why not try Musical Partners?

Simply tell guests that when the music stops they are to change partners. Then every few minutes lift the needle from the record and let them scramble.

Another ice-breaker is 20 Questions. One guest is chosen, and he has to answer 20 questions about himself.

These questions should be aimed at "getting to know him," so it'd be best to pick someone you don't all know too well.

There is one catch to make it a little tougher. The person who's "it" can't answer with a single word but has to talk a full minute.

Now that everyone knows everyone, on with the food! It's buffet, of course, because it's simplest and most attractive.

Use your mother's prettiest linen and silver (with her permission) and decorate a centre-

piece that echoes the school theme.

Get out that little plastic Christmas-tree, surround the base with small flowers, and decorate it with ballpoint pens, paper-clips, and your school colors in small ribbon bows.

To keep things easy to serve, easy to eat, why not have individual baskets? You'll buy them (reed, plastic, or paper) at any chain store for a small sum.

Fill one for each guest with cold fried chicken, green salad, potato salad, bread rolls, hunks of cheese, pickles, potato chips, and anything else you can think of.

Have some luscious nut-sundaes prepared just before the guests arrive and leave them in the fridge till they're wanted.

Serve huge jugs of apple cider or pineapple juice as a finishing touch.

After the meal is over, you can relax. Everyone will be so happy, well-fed, and at ease that they'll take care of themselves with your pile of records and polished floor, and you can have a ball.

- In The Lifetime Reading Plan, adapted from the book by American literary critic Clifton Fadiman, we have so far studied ancient Greek writers and this week turn to two of the famous Romans. Next week we take a step forward in history—to the Middle Ages.

THE LIFETIME READING PLAN

- VIRGIL (70-19 B.C.): "The Aeneid"

THIS poet, who wrote so much of the glories of Rome, was not a Roman, but a Gaul.

He had a very quiet life—studying in Rome, and spending years in contemplation.

Virgil spent the last 10 years of his life working on his masterpiece—"The Aeneid." He felt the "Aeneid" to be unfinished, and, when he was dying, ordered the work to be destroyed. This was prevented by Augustus, ruler of the State at the time.

Homer may be said to have started European literature and Virgil to have been the forefather of one of its subdivisions—the literature of nationalism.

The "Aeneid" was written with a deliberate purpose: to dramatise through the use of legends the glory and destiny of Rome, which had reached its high point in Virgil's own time.

The whole theme of the "Aeneid" may be found in the three famous lines of Book 6: "Romans, these are your arts: to bear dominion over the nations, to impose peace, to spare the conquered, and subdue the proud."

Because this nationalist ideal is one of the keys to Virgil's mind, the reader should be aware of it. But for us, it is not the important thing. The "Aeneid" today is a story, a gallery of characters, and a work of art.

Its characters have remained fresh for 2000 years. The art of the "Aeneid," hard to summarise, is not always immediately felt. It is based on a wonderful sense of what words can do when carefully, and sometimes strangely, combined and subdued to a powerful rhythm.

And behind the story and the characters there is a sense of Virgil's own curious sense of life's melancholy, rather than its tragedy, which continues to move us, even though the Rome he wrote about has long been dust.

The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" influenced Virgil quite decisively.

But Virgil is not as easy to read as Homer.

He does not have Homer's great vigor, nor his simplicity and directness. Virgil has effects of great subtlety, many, though not all, lost, even in the best translation.

- MARCUS AURELIUS (121-180): "Meditations"

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS, ruler of the Roman Empire from 161 to his death, is the outstanding example in Western history of Plato's ideal Philosopher-King.

His reign was far from ideal, being marked by war against the barbaric Germans, by severe economic troubles, and by plague.

It will be remembered not because Marcus was a good emperor (though he was) but because during the last 10 years of his life, by the light of a campfire, resting by the remote Danube after an exhausting day of marching or battle, he set down in Greek his "Meditations," addressed only to himself but, by good fortune, now the property of us all.

The curious charm, the sweetness, the melancholy of the "Meditations" are his own. The moral doctrines are those of the popular philosophy of the time, Stoicism.

This philosophy may be summed up in two words, "Endure" and "Abstain."

Man's whole duty was to discover how he could live in harmony with nature, and then to do so. Stress was laid on peace of mind, service to one's fellow man, and the brotherhood of mankind.

Stoicism's watchwords are Duty, Imperturbability, and Will.

Though it is a philosophy suited to a time of troubles, its influence has never stopped during almost the whole of 2000 years.

It is at its most appealing in the "Meditations." It is an easy book to read. It is the record of the thoughts of a man—virtuous, with a firm sense of responsibility (less to his empire than to the Stoic ideal of the perfect man), untouched by passion, generous by nature, and not affected by good or ill-fortune.

Next week:
Dante and Chaucer.

Shyness is for the birds

By a reader in Tasmania

- After years of misery and heartache I have finally decided that in these modern times there is definitely no time for shyness.

MY shyness is now a thing of the past, and I am only too glad. I have had enough of standing back while others get ahead.

I want to get the full enjoyment of life. It's short enough as it is.

Being one shy outcast at social gatherings is a misery, and I should know, because until recently I used to be one of the worst offenders.

People used to give me winks and encouraging glances every now and then, and it made me furious, but I now realise that they were only trying to help me to relax and enjoy myself. However, instead of getting the encouragement they intended, it just made me feel like a freak.

My sister, on the other hand, has always been one of those happy-go-lucky people every-one more or less likes on sight, and I found it very heart-breaking to stand back while she went ahead and had a good time.

I remember one incident last year when a few visitors came up to our house for a birthday celebration. I was rather dubious about going into the

lounge where the visitors were, but after a while I plucked up all my courage and more or less crept in and made myself as inconspicuous as possible by standing against a far wall.

I just stood there looking stupid, or so I thought. I happened to be standing near one particular woman as she began to talk to my mother.

Not noticing me she said: "I think your daughter is quite nice, but she IS very shy, isn't she? Not at all like your other daughter."

That's what kept nagging at the back of my mind: "Not at all like your other daughter." After all, I thought, the way she said it you would think it was a crime to be shy. Now I am beginning to wonder if perhaps it IS, in a way, a crime—a crime you are committing upon yourself if you are a shy person.

Why stand back? Why look at others enjoying themselves? Have fun yourself. Do what the others do, and if possible join as many clubs and organisations as you can. That's what I did, and I can, without a doubt, say that in my case it was successful. Because now I

● To page 9

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Detective Troy gets his girl

● If tall, talented television heart-throb Troy Donahue ever loses his job as a screen "private eye," he could probably join the Canadian Mounties.

THE Mounties, who always doggedly "get their man," would surely welcome the "Surfside 6" show's shamus—who has at last "got his girl" after a patient trackdown.

Troy has proved that he is as tenacious in real life as the detective he portrays on TV by his long pursuit of a girl called Lili Kardell.

Lili, a lovely young Swedish actress, has finally agreed to marry him—after five years of courting!

"I first spotted Lili at a Hollywood party," Troy said in an interview recently on the Warner Brothers sound stage in Hollywood.

"She was surrounded by five or six guys and she didn't even look at me." (Perhaps Lili is nearsighted—it's hard to imagine any girl being in the same

room with "beefcake" like Troy Donahue and not noticing him!)

"About two years later I met Lili again," Troy recalled. "I got my courage up and asked her for a date. No dice. I tried twice more in the next year or more. All I got was a brush-off—polite, but still a brush-off."

Troy became friendly with Lili's theatrical agent, who lived near him, and they hatched a plot.

The trap was set

"The agent agreed to ask Lili to come to his home to sign a contract or something," Troy said. "Just before their appointment the agent slipped out of the house."

"Lili came to his door and stood there ringing the bell. I saw her from my window and sauntered over, striking up a conversation. She agreed to come over to my flat and wait for the agent.



HUNTED: Lovely young Swedish actress Lili Kardell was the real-life prey of TV private eye Troy Donahue. The case is now closed—he has caught her.

"I had a fire going and drinks ready. My trap was set. The agent never came back, of course, but Lili stayed for dinner with me."

"That was six months ago. We have been going together since then and she has said 'yes' to marriage."

Troy said no date had been set for the wedding, but it would not be soon and would not be an elopement in the traditional Hollywood manner.

"We both believe marriage is a serious step and should not be taken lightly," he commented. "We also believe in long engagements and think elopements are silly. I think it will be six months to a year before we marry."

"We spend as much time as we can together, but we are both too busy to arrange a honeymoon now. We want to have enough time for a real wedding and real honeymoon."

Lili came to Hollywood from her native Stockholm six years ago. She won a part in the late James Dean's film "Rebel Without a Cause," and has since appeared in various TV films, including "Route 66."

Troy had been in Hollywood for several years when he was "discovered" by Warner Brothers in 1959 during that studio's nationwide search for new personalities.

Shot to the top

He was immediately given a leading role with Sandra Dee in "A Summer Place." The film made him a star and moved him to a top spot on the list of teenagers' favorites.

Troy Donahue was born in New York City, the son of Merle and Edith Johnson. His real name is Merle Johnson, junior.

His mother is a former actress. His father, who died when Troy was 14, was head of the motion-picture division of General Motors Corporation.

Troy was a star athlete, winning honors in football, basketball, and running at the New York Military Academy. He always wanted to be an actor, but his parents had hoped he would seek some other career.

He applied for admittance to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point,

but a severe knee injury during an athletics meeting disqualified him physically.

He attended Columbia University for a while, taking courses in journalism, and at the same time studied acting with Ezra Stone in a Broadway theatrical school.

He acted in summer stock in Pennsylvania and on Long Island, but Broadway parts eluded him.

Crash hurt career

Troy went to Hollywood in 1956 when a friend of his father offered him a job with a commercial film company. A producer spotted Troy dining with friends in Malibu one night and offered him a screen test at Columbia Studios.

The test never took place. Troy was involved in a car crash the day before, suffering severe head lacerations. With his head shaven, Troy was forced to bow out of the screen test and lost that chance to display his talent.

While he was recuperating, Troy was introduced to agent Henry Willson, known for his "name-changing" techniques. It was Willson who induced an actor named Arthur Gelien to become Tab Hunter and another named Roy Fitzgerald to become Rock Hudson, with dramatic results!

Willson prevailed upon Merle Johnson, junior, to become Troy Donahue.



HUNTER: No, not Tab!—it's Troy Donahue, who will put the manacles of marriage on Lili. The blond bloodhound now has only his rising acting career to pursue.

ON TOUR, TOO



CO-STAR of Troy and Connie Francis on their current Australian Big Show tour, Johnny Burnette is a blue-eyed, brown-haired singer from Memphis, Tennessee.

Teen fashions for real



LIGHTWEIGHT wool version of the "shirt that grew." This casual dress is fastened from neckline to hem with small gilt blazer buttons. It's a dress you can dress up!

SEVEN-EIGHTH-LENGTH topcoat, handwoven in white, brown, and tan. The black lining is also handwoven, and the cosy cuffs and front facings are handknitted.

● The all-wool fashions on these pages are by Lois Briggs, the first aboriginal girl in the Australian model school. She was chosen to appear in 14 Australian cities to promote the award-winning fashions of the Australian Wool Textile Corporation. The round-Australia trip covers 12,000 miles. In Geelong can still see the show on a boat. She is of a family of seven girls. She lives in Geelong, about 100 miles from Melbourne. She has a lovely olive skin, opal black eyes, and a good money for her modelling school fees. Now her ambition is to become a television star and make a second career in television appearances in Melbourne.

OUR COVER: Loose-fitting fringed sweater in a soft shade of ivory, with a wide black belt. Wool slacks in bold checks in a men's summerweight suit, now adapted for women.

Pictures by staff photographer Adeline Hurley



Australians

...were specially made for
graduate from an Austra-
seven other mannequins
note the 1961 Gold Medal
Wool Bureau contest.
0 miles, and women living
April 29. Lois, just 18, is one
with her parents at Sheppar-
Lois, who is 5ft. 8ins., has
a graceful walk. To raise
she worked in a hosiery
a successful mannequin
She has already made TV
bourne.

...with a novelty lattice-
...worn over lightweight
...usually reserved for
...for feminine casual wear.

WOOL EVENING GOWN with a
permanently pleated skirt has
the draping qualities of pure
silk. The softly draped neck-
line is trimmed with rich fur.



SOFT WOOL SKIRT, the perfect foil for
Lois' jungly ocelot print blouse, also
in wool, which fits loosely over the hips.

"OUT FROM UNDER," which looks like a
chunky wool sweater under an almond-green
two-piece dress. It is, in fact, only one gar-
ment, skillfully made to give the three-
garment impression. It's set off by a "tea-
cosy" hat in matching almond-green.

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Teenagers' Weekly — Page 7

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

He's a bad bet

"I HAVE been engaged to a boy for six months now, and I am still in doubt whether he really loves me. Although he comes to see me just about every night, when he has to go to parties or to the pictures he always goes with the boys he works with. Then, on the following night when he comes to see me, he never tells me where he's been. And I don't think that's nice."

"In Doubt," N.S.W.

I don't think it's nice, either, and I don't know how you've put up with this treatment for anything like six months.

By this I don't mean that even the most devoted fiancé shouldn't spend some time with "the boys." Just because you become engaged doesn't mean you have a right to possess every moment of your fiancé's time. You wouldn't like it if he stopped you having the occasional outing with your girl-friends, and it works in reverse.

But no fiancé has the right to go to parties (unless they're strictly office ones) without taking the girl he's asked to marry him. And he has no excuse for not telling you where he's been.

Either he doesn't love you enough to put you before his freedom or else he is weak enough to be talked into doing these things by his boy-friends—against his better judgment.

Either way, he sounds a bad bet for marriage.

I'd advise you to tell him of your doubts and to put him on trial. Tell

him you're tired of staying at home, and think it's time YOU went to the pictures or a few parties.

If he doesn't improve, you'd be wise to think again. Remember, he's far from being the only boy in the world.

School first

"EVERY year at school I have gained good marks, and now at 13 I'm doing my third year. This is a very important year, but I'm afraid my standard will be considerably lower than usual, because I go round with a 14-year-old girl who is always flirting with boys and wasting her time. Although I feel very strongly towards this girl, I feel I won't do as well as I should if I continue my friendship with her. What do you think I should do? Her messing round even distracts me in class, but I don't want to tell her all this as I'm sure it would hurt her feelings."

"Worried," Vic.

Friendship is a very valuable thing, but so is your schooling. You'll make new friends as you grow older, but it's not so easy to make up for lost learning.

If I were you, I'd put my school-work first, but I'd try to make this a case of both having my cake and eating it.

Explain to your friend that you're worried about your work, and that until the exams are over at the end of the year you won't be able to waste

time flirting with boys, etc. Tell her that because of this, and because you don't want to act like a wet squib on her fun, you think you'd better spend less time with her for the rest of the year.

If she's worth having as a friend she'll understand, and you'll find you'll still be pals years from now.

If she's a complete scatterbrain—and she sounds as though she might be—this could mean the end of your friendship. And, if this happens, don't be too upset. It means she wasn't really worth calling a friend, and you'll soon find someone more worthy of you.

Naive bachelor

"I'M a 32-year-old bachelor, and I've just returned to Australia after spending many years both working and travelling in all parts of the world. I am a school-teacher, and now that I've seen everything and all wanderlust has died, I'd like to settle down. Could you please tell me the chances a man in my age category has of finding a suitable partner? Most women seem to be married by the age of 26, and even though I'm reasonably handsome, I'm not trying to kid myself that I can attract women much younger than that."

"Returned Traveller," Vic.

You poor old thing! With all those years behind you, I don't know how you managed to muster enough strength to write to me.

What are your chances of finding a suitable partner?

None, I'd say—at least not till you smarten up your thinking. Haven't you thought about the fact that many of the most eligible bachelors escape matrimony until they're your age, or even a few years older, and every pretty girl in the place is trying to catch them.

Although most men marry a few years younger, 32 is a good age for a man to settle down. You've done all your wandering, you should have achieved some standing in your career, and you should be a more mature judge of women.

A girl of about 26 probably would be most suitable for you and, as everyone knows, there are some mighty attractive girls still not married at that age. In many cases they've had plenty of offers, but they're still looking for "Mr. Right." And, who knows, you might be the man for one of them.

But it's also quite possible you'll find someone quite a lot younger than 26. I'm sure you know of many marriages where the husband is more than 10 years older than his wife.

Silly mistake

"RECENTLY I broke up with my boy-friend, whom I'd been going with for a year and two weeks. I started going out with one of his mates, and when he came down the next night I told him about it. He said if I did it again he wouldn't go out with me any more, and to my regret this happened. He found out I'd done it again without even telling him, and I haven't seen him since. Now I have realised my mistake, and found that I don't like the other boy, and would rather be back with my former boy-friend. Could you please advise me? I am 17 years of age."

"Silly Girl," Vic.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

TO be a keen teen these days you really must keep up to date with the changes in your special jargon.

If you watch enough TV, there's not much danger that you'll become a real language square, but you might still like some of the latest American expressions to add to your vocabulary.

For instance, if anyone calls you a "blip," take stock of yourself. This means you're "a girl who floats from one boy to another."

If, on the other hand, you're a "snoff," it means you're not his steady-girl, but just "his Saturday-night friend."

A "bash" is an exciting party, and "night people" are nonconformists.

If you say anything is "blinger," you mean it's either the greatest or the worst. For "blinger" is an extreme example of something whether it's good or bad, and it can refer to anything from a wonderful romance to a miserable cold.

For anything wonderful you have, of course, a wide range of neat adjectives. Take your pick of "blip," "munchy," "bong," "terrificackulous," and "wild."

If, however, you think anything is really corny and awful, take your choice of "r a u n c h y," "out-to-lunch," "roachy," "wasted," and "10V" (opposite of A1).

And, finally—just to help your vocabularies a little further along the way—a male square is a "hamburger" or "slow-beat buv," and a female square is a "Zelda."

There's nothing in this world harder to heal than a man's wounded pride, and nothing wounds a man's pride faster than a girl two-timing him with one of his own friends.

You chose a good pen-name for yourself, for you really were a silly girl.

It would have been had enough if you'd gone out with someone your boy-friend didn't know. Then, though his feelings would have been hurt, he wouldn't have had the added misery of being made a fool of in front of one of his own pals.

While anyone can make a mistake like this, particularly at your age, there is little excuse for repeating the mistake, and I'm not at all sure that you deserve him back.

However, he must have been very fond of you to give you a second chance, and, if you apologise and assure him that you realise your mistake, he might consider having you as his girl-friend once more.

If your apologies fail I think the only thing you can do is look for another boy-friend and make up your mind to treat him more fairly.



AM I MY (YOUNG) BROTHER'S KEEPER?

By June Page

● This morning I've been offered five cups of coffee by three different colleagues in the office. I'm grateful, but not fooled. I know it's not me, they're so fond of. It must be my younger brother, Azim.

OF course I don't tell them—these gay, giddy girls—that, as Azim's big sister, I'm pretty used to being pampered by gay, giddy girls. Nor that, by pressing me to have cups of coffee in the hope that I'll press their suit with young brother, they're barking up the wrong tree.

For lots of reasons. One is that Azim doesn't think that my taste in girls is one-third as good as his own.

So, a honeymooned recommendation from me carries just as much weight as a death-kiss.

And I'd hate to scotch the girls' chances. Especially after all those lovely cups of coffee!

There's another angle, too. Take that young Miss V in the office. Such a nice girl with a smart head on her attractive shoulders. But wouldn't she be too, too smart for Azim?

I mean, he might fall in love with her. And, after all, he IS only 19. Too young to be trapped. It's my duty to protect him from all these scheming young women. Or is it...

What's my duty?

For it would be so easy for me to organise an accidental meeting of Azim and the fascinated Miss V— And I know exactly how she feels, because I've felt all "tingly" about certain boys, too. Surely I ought to step in and play "fairy godmother."

What IS the duty of an older sister in a case like Azim's and Miss V's? Where should her sympathy lie, if anywhere?

That's just it. Maybe I shouldn't have any sympathy for either party. But it's so difficult to be uninvolved. Has been since the boy was in short pants.

At first I thought it was just, by-the-way, that my school friends would nonchalantly ask if I'd like to bring my young brother along to, say, a party, too.

He'd have been about 14 then. Quite unattractive, but with an uncanny knack of swinging feminine attention round to himself, without saying much more than "Please"

and "Thank You," and having reasonable manners.

It's all been Mum's fault, of course. "If it's the last thing I do," she used to say, "I'll turn that boy into a good husband for someone. He's got to learn to be nice to the women."

With horror I suddenly noticed how fast he was learning, when a married friend remarked after one coffee session, "Gee, I think I could fall for young Azim. I can't help flirting with him."

Relief in sight

Help! It was quite a relief when he started flirting with his own girlfriends. Until, that is, I gradually realised that I was getting the cold shoulder from the local grocer.

Azim's romance with the grocer's daughter was the cause of my endless waiting to be served in the shop. Apparently he'd "dropped" her in favor of the hairdresser's daughter.

Naturally, the grocer was furious. And then I had to change grocers, which was a bit "touchy" in such a small town.

Azim might have been happy about it all, but, having restored grocery harmony in the house, I then had to cope with some pretty painful hair appointments.

"And does your brother take out many girls?" the hairdresser would ask, giving my locks a vindictive snip. "And do you know what time my daughter got home last night, having been to the pictures with him?"

I sighed deeply and settled for long hair in future, when Azim brilliantly decided that, after all the nice quiet girl up the road was just his cup of coke.

Did I say quiet? Well, she didn't say much, but the telephone started to ring any old hour of the day or night.

And she still didn't say much. At the hark of the bell and at a beseeching look from Azim, I'd pad over to the telephone and find my cheerful "hello?" greeted by silence or a click.

Or worse, an explosion of childish laughter and sounds of wallops which would continue till I eventually hung up. Azim later confessed that the quiet girl had six younger brothers and/or sisters who were learning to use the telephone.

After this, Azim seemed to be

tired of scatty women. He took up with an old jalopy instead. At least I thought that was his preoccupation of the moment when I bumped into the electrician in the village one evening.

Was I aware, he asked, that my younger brother, Azim, was having a romance with the daughter of one of the local city councillors?

In fact, the electrician was sure of this, because he had just happened to notice Azim-kissing the city councillor's daughter in our kitchen. The electrician was just doing a routine job on a plug. But he was shocked!

So was I. Mainly because this revelation solved the mystery of the disappearing food in the house. So Azim had been inviting the councillor's daughter for lunch every single day of the school holidays! Lunch that I'd buy to prepare for him before going off to work.

More trouble

Azim sensed my disapproval and became all cool and secretive. Indeed, he'd been so unpleasant to have round the house that I wasn't at all sure that I should get him invited to a super-duper party which one of my more eligible bachelor friends was giving.

But I did. There was a shortage of young men, you see. And I thought I'd help out my host. After all, I had been to numerous interesting parties at his house.

After Azim's debut, however, I was smartly dropped from future invitation lists.

Oh, Azim enjoyed the party all right. He swept the local beauty queen right off her feet, head over heels. Much to the host's chagrin, because that's just what he had been planning to do.

And now all this trouble in the office! Three dear, gay girls whose voices changed alarmingly when young Azim just happened to drop in to see me, who've been plying me with their home telephone numbers, with kind questions about Azim.

No, dear girls. Let's stick strictly to work. This is one of Azim's escapades I'm NOT taking any part in.

But, thank you, Miss V... I'd just love another cup of coffee.

Early to rise...



GIRL GYMNASTS Joy (left) and Barbara Cage, of Brisbane, practising on a beach. Barbara, 19, now is Queensland's champion woman gymnast (Joy is runner-up)—but a year ago she was bedridden.

SHYNESS

● From page 4

can speak freely and I have more confidence in myself.

Instead of waiting for a person in the street to speak I let myself be the first. Smile at the people you hardly know and soon you will get to know them really well is my advice now.

If you are ignorant on many subjects of general interest, spend a little time each day reading good books, magazines, and newspapers. Don't, and I repeat, don't spend all your pocket-money on buying useless comic books.

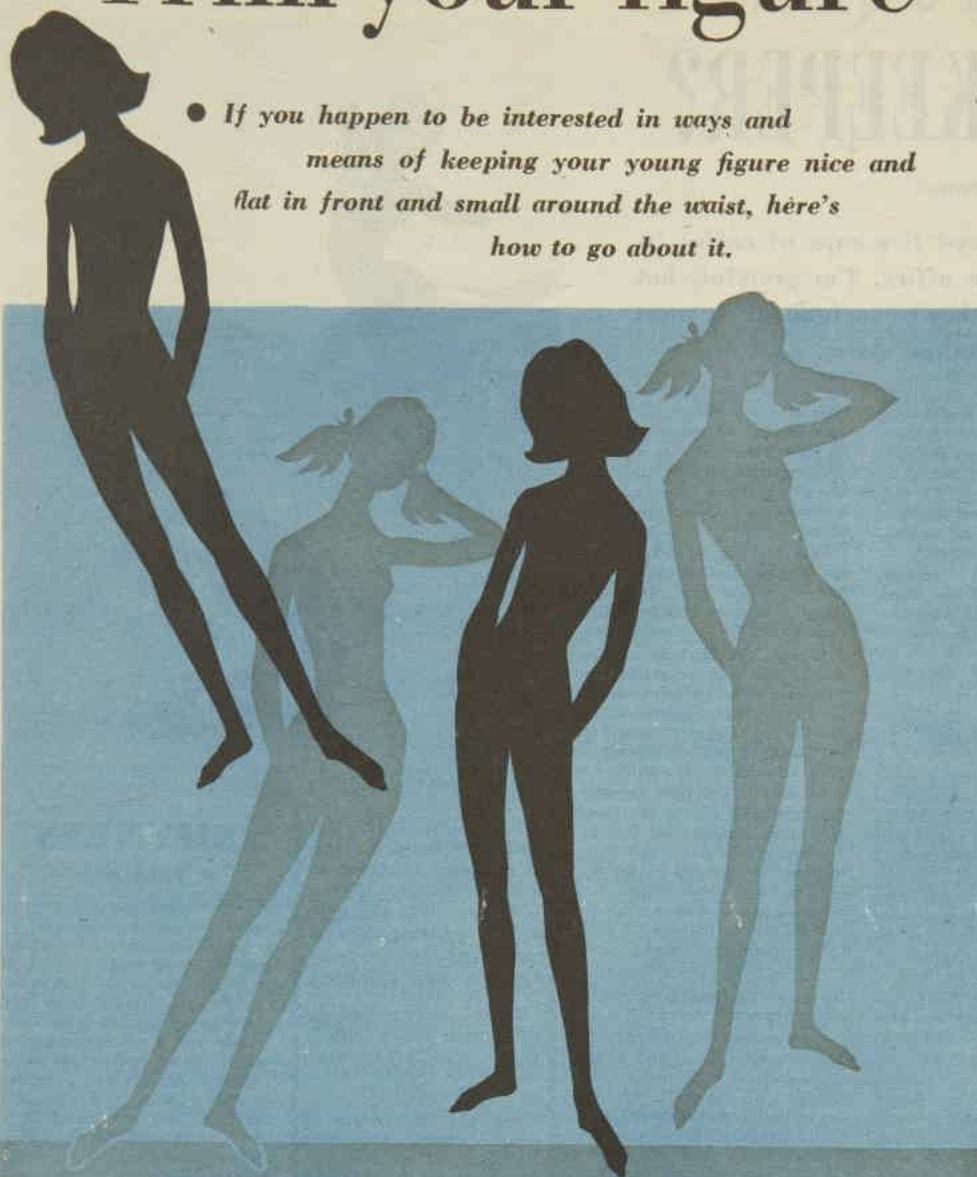
I don't mean to give them up altogether. After all, some are good for laughs when you are feeling pretty blue. But generally leave them for other important things in order to gain some really worthwhile knowledge about the world and its people.

I was once mistaken by a lot of people to be a snob, a pseudo-sophisticated Miss. I know many used to talk about me behind my back with remarks like, "There goes —, doesn't she think she's wonderful?" or "Look, there goes Her Royal Highness!"

This can happen quite a lot to shy people, being mistaken for a snob, when all the time they are only afraid to speak in case they say something wrong.

But once you see the light there is no looking back, I can assure you. Since leaving school last year I have gained more friends than I thought possible. I have met more people, and really I am beginning to enjoy life as it was meant to be enjoyed by all.

Trim your figure



- If you happen to be interested in ways and means of keeping your young figure nice and flat in front and small around the waist, here's how to go about it.

By Carolyn Earle

A FLAT tummy and tidy waist is good at any age, but it's real necessity for the short-waisted girl—and there are lots of you around—who, with less space to spare between the lowest rib and the top of the hipbone, can ill afford any extra thickness there.

A handy stand-by exercise which children try to do for the fun of it will help you towards a flatter middle.

Lie on the back, arms at the sides. Keep the legs stiff on the floor, then raise them as high as possible without bending the knees, and try to bring the toes to the floor behind your head.

More than likely your stomach and back muscles will yell for mercy, and your toes will miss touching the floor by inches at first, but keep at it and you'll get satisfying results fairly quickly.

Of course, a bit of weight, all by itself,

wouldn't account for a stomach that sticks out. Another likely cause is that old bugbear, poor posture. It's not unusual for growing girls (and boys) to slouch, and you must always take this possibility into consideration, too.

For a smaller waist . . . stretch. Begin by sitting up straight on the floor, legs wide apart. Lie back, spread-eagle fashion, arms out and back.

Now, pull yourself up and bend to the right, touching right foot with both hands. Roll back and repeat to the left. Repeat the entire exercise six times each night or morning.

Finally, do be fitted for your girdle and brassiere. Your girdle should give you a neat middle without restricting your movements, and your bra should support without compressing the bust.

Even a small girlish bust needs support, so wear your bra regularly, particularly when playing vigorous sport of any kind.

UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES!

- Guys and dolls, I read, will soon be wearing square-toed shoes—unless they want to be branded "square"!

THIS truly blunt ultimatum comes from Paris and London.

No longer, coo the designers there of fellers' and females' footwear, will there be any point in wearing pointed-toe shoes—winkle-pickers as they have been called.

The new blunt toe—labelled the chisel-toe—will eclipse the winkle-toe apparently so completely that a kid in a few months might well handle her mummy's cast-off, unfashionable foot-coverings and hiss:

"Winkle, winkle little toe,
How I wonder where you go . . ."

But there's another, more interesting aspect to the problem of keeping in step with instep fashion.

Namely, this is the answer to the question what's in a name?

Consider shoe names: Chisel-toes replace winkle-pickers, for dancing there are pumps, and let's not forget stiletto heels.

The conclusion I draw from all this is that shoes and parts thereof are named after tools (chisels, winkle-pickers), machinery (pumps) and weapons (stilettos).

Now, in this mechanical age, how far can this trend go?

Surely the shoe designers who pour out their diatribes (or Diatribes?) against dull old fashions could pick more dramatic and up-to-date examples of tools, machinery, etc., with which to make wearers toe the line?

I'd like to see them, for instance, forget the rather common chisel and make, say, a circular-saw toe.

No trouble fitting this slim, elegant little number. The retailer simply cuts the feet to measure!

In children's shoes the wood-plane toe would be wonderful—for young shavers!

Then, in the line of machinery names, the old pump surely doesn't hold water any more (come in, suckers!).

So let's have a Sputnik shoe—guaranteed to cause a fashion revolution (around the earth) and be as satellite as a feather!

As for the lethal labels of weapons, I believe an H-Bomb heel would make any woman look daggers at a stiletto spike (sharp, aren't I!).

My H-heel is, naturally, shaped like a mushroom (it's like walking on a cloud), and although a shoe with this heel is hard to keep on (fallout, y'know!), generally speaking it's a bang-up job!

Well, that's about the end of my putting in the boot—complaints, I realise, which will have no effect.

You could almost say the thong is ended but the malady lingers on!

All I can finally say is that those darned designers should, before they announce a new style, act like a turn-of-the-century boot.

And button-up!

—Robin Adair

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● The man who discovered Paul Anka thinks so highly of his find's future as a composer that he tips Paul, now 19, to have a hit musical on Broadway by the time he's 21.

I RECENTLY met the man, Samuel H. Clark, president of the American Ampar Recording Corporation, at a party held by Festival to launch the Ampar and Impulse labels in Australia.

He recalled that about five years ago a weedy, undersized boy with a really Roman nose came into his New York office wanting to play a song he had written. Mr. Clark said, "Okay, but sing it, too."

The song was "Diana," and you know what happened to that — it sold a million.

"Paul Anka's Great Hits—Strictly Instrumental" (Ampar LP) might make you agree that Paul could one day rank with the Berlins, Porters, Rodgers, and other Broadway greats.

Mr. Clark says Paul didn't have his mouth as well as his nose reshaped by plastic surgery, but that the new nose corrected the mouth.

Jazz: The other new label to make its bow in this country is the American all-jazz Impulse. "The Incredible Kai Winding Trombones" is the one I selected to take home and listen to. Winding, who used to work with J. J. Johnson, has a lot of interesting jazz ideas — among them an all-trombone frontline. You'll hear "Speak Low," "L'il Darlin'," and "Black Coffee," among others. (Mono or stereo.)

Jazz jumps right out of the cellar and into the jungle with Machito and his Afro-Cuban Jazz Ensemble on a Roulette Birdland LP (stereo only), "Machito With Flute To Boot." To offset the weird, wild rhythms, there's "Calypso John" and the cha-cha-sounding "Davis Cup."

Local talent: Latest local girl singer discovery is 11-year-old Michelle Myers, who makes a very bright record debut with the delightfully Australian "Joey Jump Jump" (H.M.V. 45). There's a cheerful, young-sounding American song, "Lift Up The Latch," on the other side. Michelle, who loves pretty clothes, has already done TV work, is in first year at high school, and lives with her parents, brother, sister — and three cats (her favorite one is "Kookie") — at Beacon Hill, Sydney.

Pops: People with an eye for value will be glad to see the return of Popular Record



Paul Anka

Club's "Tops in Pops" LPs. As I understand it, they became so up to date in material that they had to wait for more pops to become tops! Anyhow, the new release, No. 14, is right back in form, with "Pepe," "Exodus," and "Angel Baby"—to name just three of the 16 tracks.

LIKE to have little Jacqui (Suzie Wong) Chan whispering sweet nothings into your ear? That's just about what she does on a Pye 46 with "But No One Knows" and "Gentlemen, Please!" She's no great singer, but has a sort of endearing way, and the "But No One Knows" lyrics are smart and original.

IF you haven't heard "The Fantastic Lloyd Price" (W. and G. LP) do yourself a favor by catching up with it. It's an all-standard programme bar one item, "Little Volcano," specially written for the singer. "Let's Fall In Love," "Mean To Me," and "Jeepers Creepers," etc., have seldom been revived with such a kick.

ORIENTAL cymbals and tinkles, a big beat, and the likeable, outgoing singing style of Buddy Knox make "Ling-Ting-Tong" (London 45) a pleasant little near-novelty. The flip, "The Kisses," is more conventional, quite nice.

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Rod Lauren is the latest to plant a firm foot in the grown-up camp with his R.C.A. LP "I'm Rod Lauren." There's "Body And Soul" and "Serenade In Blue" for the more mature, and "A Wild Imagination" and "Too Young" for his former fans. All are pleasant.

Humor: Ever wondered what the bright people of the 'thirties used to laugh at? "Laughter Unlimited" (Columbia LP) provides the answer with some of the most celebrated sketches of English humorists John Tilley, Oliver Wakefield, Harry Tate (who

goes back still further), and the never-bettered "Cinderella" pantomime of an all-star cast. The best of them are still pretty funny.

Show tunes: A handful of well-loved tunes from shows such as "The King And I," "South Pacific," and "My Fair Lady" are sympathetically recalled by the Norman Leyden orchestra on a nostalgic Camden LP, "Broadway Spectacular." Everybody knows the music, yet it's always pleasant to hear again.

Classical: Dynamic A.B.C. guest visiting conductor Lorin Maazel and the Berlin Philharmonic present an impressive performance of Beethoven's rural masterpiece, the Sixth (Pastoral) Symphony on a D.D.G. LP. Side two is particularly interesting with Beethoven's seldom-heard 12 Contra-Dances. (Mono or stereo.)

FOR a light pop-classical interlude with two of London's symphony orchestras, Decca's Ace Of Club LP "Showpieces For Orchestra" will give those interested the "Cavalleria Rusticana" Intermezzo, Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Overture Di Ballo," Percy Grainger's lively "Shepherd's Hey," and Stanley Black's "Overture To A Costume Comedy." Pierino Gamba conducts the London Symphony, and Anthony Collins the New Symphony.

WORTH HEARING

SCHUMANN: Carnival Ballet

MUSIC intended in the first place for other purposes has often been taken over and rearranged as the accompaniment to a ballet. Although musicians generally frown on the idea of anyone tinkering with another composer's works, this particular practice is taken in good part because it serves a useful purpose and introduces the music to a lot of people who might not otherwise know it. Sometimes the music in its new form has had a popular success quite away from its use as strict ballet music. Notable examples of this are the scores of *La Boutique Fantasque* (arranged from Rossini, by Respighi), *Les Sylphides* (from Chopin), and Schumann's *Carnaval*. This last appears in a spirited new recording by the Covent Garden Opera House Orchestra, under Hugo Rignold (R.C.A.).

Carnaval, in its original form, is one of Schumann's finest works for piano. It is a long suite of fanciful pieces into the titles of which Schumann introduced the names of imaginary characters: Columbine, Harlequin, Pierrot, and so on.

In 1910 the Russian choreographer Michel Fokine turned *Carnaval* into a romantic ballet in which Schumann's imaginary characters were brought to life; it has been one of the most popular of all ballets ever since.

The "fill-up" piece on this disc, *Les Patineurs* (The Skaters), is also an entertaining (though less distinguished) piece of music. It is a ballet arranged by Constant Lambert from music of Meyerbeer, a once-prominent French opera composer whose complete operas are seldom staged these days.

—Martin Long

A new star in the ascendant

By GARY YEANG

● To break into big-time singing is as difficult as trying to break a steel ball-bearing—but a Singapore boy is steadily doing so in Western Australia. His name is Mervyn de Souza.

FOR 10 weeks Mervyn appeared at the Highway Hotel in Bunbury — the second largest city in the State. He sang every night and packed them in like sardines.

At the end of 10 weeks he seemed to be more popular than when he first appeared. He endeared himself to the Bunburyites; they, in turn, have accepted him as their local boy and their "Our Merv."

Mervyn came to Perth early last year. Within weeks he had formed his own singing group, "The Malayanares."

Within two months the group carried off three first places in local talent contests and made their debut over TV.

Mervyn's voice is strong, clear, vibrant, and versatile. He has an easy-going manner, is good-looking, and shy.

Keith Hancock, proprietor of the Highway Hotel, told me: "Mervyn has no gimmick. He sings to the people. Of all the singers I have engaged, he has been the only one who has been able to sway the audience and retain his popularity."

At the end of the 10 weeks Mervyn returned to college to finish his two-year course in commercial art.

Mervyn specialises in singing songs with a slow but catchy beat.

He wants to graduate, make a trip to the eastern States to try his luck and gain Australia-wide recognition as a singer.



Mervyn de Souza



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Teenagers' Weekly — Page 11

For your Mother on Mother's Day (May 14)



Do you usually spend weeks wondering what to give Mum on her Day? And then end up buying something in a rush, and paying more than you can afford?

NO NEED TO THIS YEAR. Here is a very special gift with its message aimed right at your Mother's heart. The Popular Record Club has produced a wonderful new 12" L.P. Monaural record containing fourteen tunes which have been selected by a panel of experts for their special appeal on Mother's Day. The jacket is beautifully printed in full colour as illustrated at left, and the record itself is of very hi-fi unbreakable vinyl.

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Call in and listen to this record yourself at the Club Room, 153a Clarence Street, Sydney (at the top of Barrack Street), or phone BX4710 or

THE CONTENTS

Let your Mother enjoy these beautiful old favourites — "M-a-t-h-e-r," "The Lord's Prayer," "Stay As Sweet As You Are," "That Wonderful Mother of Mine," "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," "Silver Hair and Heart of Gold," "Always," "Old Rocking Chair," "Smilin' Through," "A Mother As Lovely As You," "My Mammy," "Mother Machree," "Home, Sweet Home," "When I Grow Too Old To Dream."

The record will open and close with a personal message of appeal to any mother, specially recorded by Miss Goodie Reeve, well-known radio personality, herself a mother.

THE ARTISTS

Presenting the fabulous **HOWARD MORRISON QUARTET!** Recently these four New Zealand boys completed a highly successful tour of Australia, on their own, and with the Kingston Trio. They are at their heart-warming best on this record — they created their own arrangements for each tune to suit their happy style. Their renditions are certain to be appreciated by ANY mother (or mother-in-law).

Critics have said of the Quartet: "A happy group"—Sydney Sun; "Four boys who made a big impression at the recent Kingston Trio Show—most of us would have liked to hear a lot more of them"—Sunday Telegraph.



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This record is exclusive to the Popular Record Club, and can only be purchased through the Club, so complete the coupon NOW to ensure that YOUR Mother may receive this fine tribute on HER day. By purchasing this record, the recipient of the disc is also automatically entitled to FREE membership to The Popular Record Club for 12 months, and each month will receive, post free, a copy of the 12-page monthly, Club Digest. Membership of the Club entitles members to purchase the highest possible quality 12-inch L.P.'s covering the Pops, Evergreen, and Classical fields. Records are available in both monaural and stereophonic at the same price, and may be selected from the monthly Digest. They can be posted, or auditioned and collected at the Club's premises, 153a Clarence Street, Sydney. Members are entitled to select records from world-famous catalogues featuring such outstanding artists as Bing Crosby, Sammy Davis Jun., Guy Lombardo, Kitty Wells, Kurt Maier, Al Hibbler, Bob Crosby, Teresa Brewer, Rosemary Clooney, Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, Tommy Dorsey, etc. Over 150 to choose from.

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ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

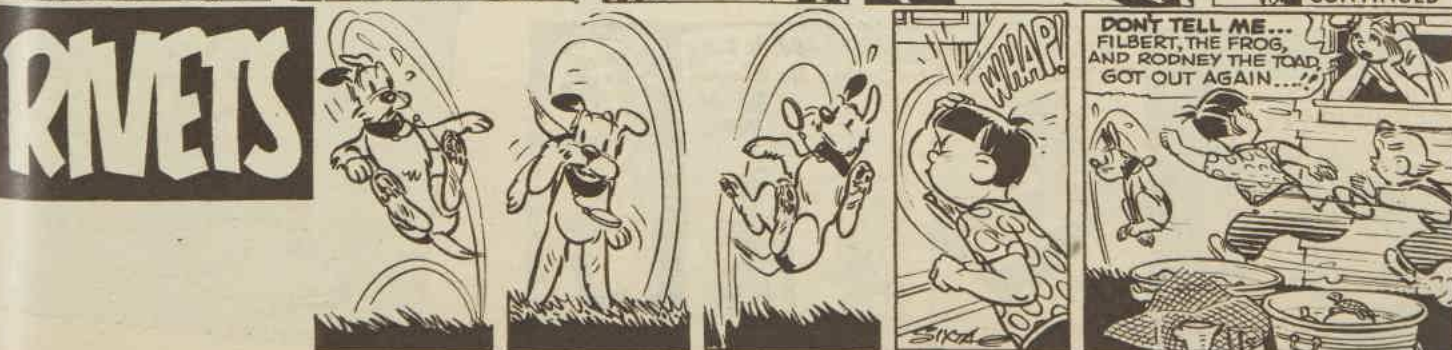
I enclose cheque, P/M, or M/O for £ _____ d. to cover full cost of record(s) ordered above at 32/6 each, plus 3/- per record to cover postage and insurance. Please add exchange to all but Sydney cheques. (TWB/S/61)

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

SANDRA has been modelling a selection of trousseau fashions for Lady Diana of Melbray Castle, who is to marry a wealthy and handsome man, Hugo Drake. During the parade, Lady Diana seems upset and sad, and says she is "bored" with the clothes. Sandra senses something more is wrong. NOW READ ON...

By BILL SAWYER

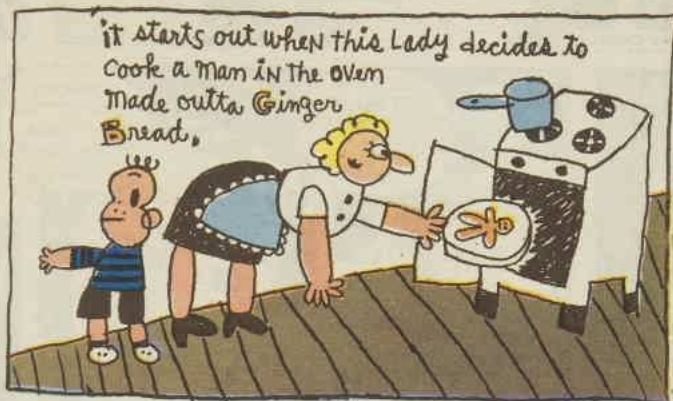


Jackys

DiARY.

By 
JACKY MENDELSON
Age 33 1/2

Last night Mommy started reading me an other Fairy Tail.
This one was called "THE GINGER-BREAD MANSS."



P.S.: To be continued Next Week.

J

TIZZY by Kate Osann



"I've started to read the whole thing anything you'd like to know about"

BUTCH



"Oh, oh, we'll have to be careful. They got detectives minglin' wit' the crowd."



TEENA[®] *by Linda Terry*



"Any girl wishing a date should stand apart from the crowd. Above all, do not appear too anxious. If a boy looks your way, return his gaze calmly, then pretend to be busy... assume an attitude of mild disinterest..."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY
by RUD.



MANDRAKE



MANDRAKE, Master Magician, is waiting at the airport to pick up Narda, who is returning from a trip out of town. However, Narda has been taken hostage by two bearded men who held up the crew and robbed the passengers. The hold-up men forced Narda to put on a parachute and jump from the plane with them. NOW READ ON . . .

A HOLDUP - AT TEN THOUSAND FEET IN THE AIR!



Family Comic - Page 4

CHRIS WELKIN, planeteer, has been threatened by a powerful Martian leader, Ragat. Ragat has formed a group called "Planetees Oppressive," and has warned Chris to keep away from Mars. To prove his power he has directed a powerful missile at a tiny asteroid in outer space, knowing that Chris will see the result. NOW READ ON . . .

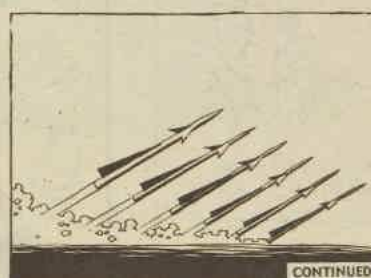
CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham

CHRIS AND ROCKY WATCH THE DESTRUCTION OF A TINY ASTEROID BY A GUIDED MISSILE FROM MARS.



ON MARS, RAGAT HAS BEEN INFORMED OF THE APPROACH OF THE TINY PLANETEER SQUADRON



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